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THE NEW YORKER

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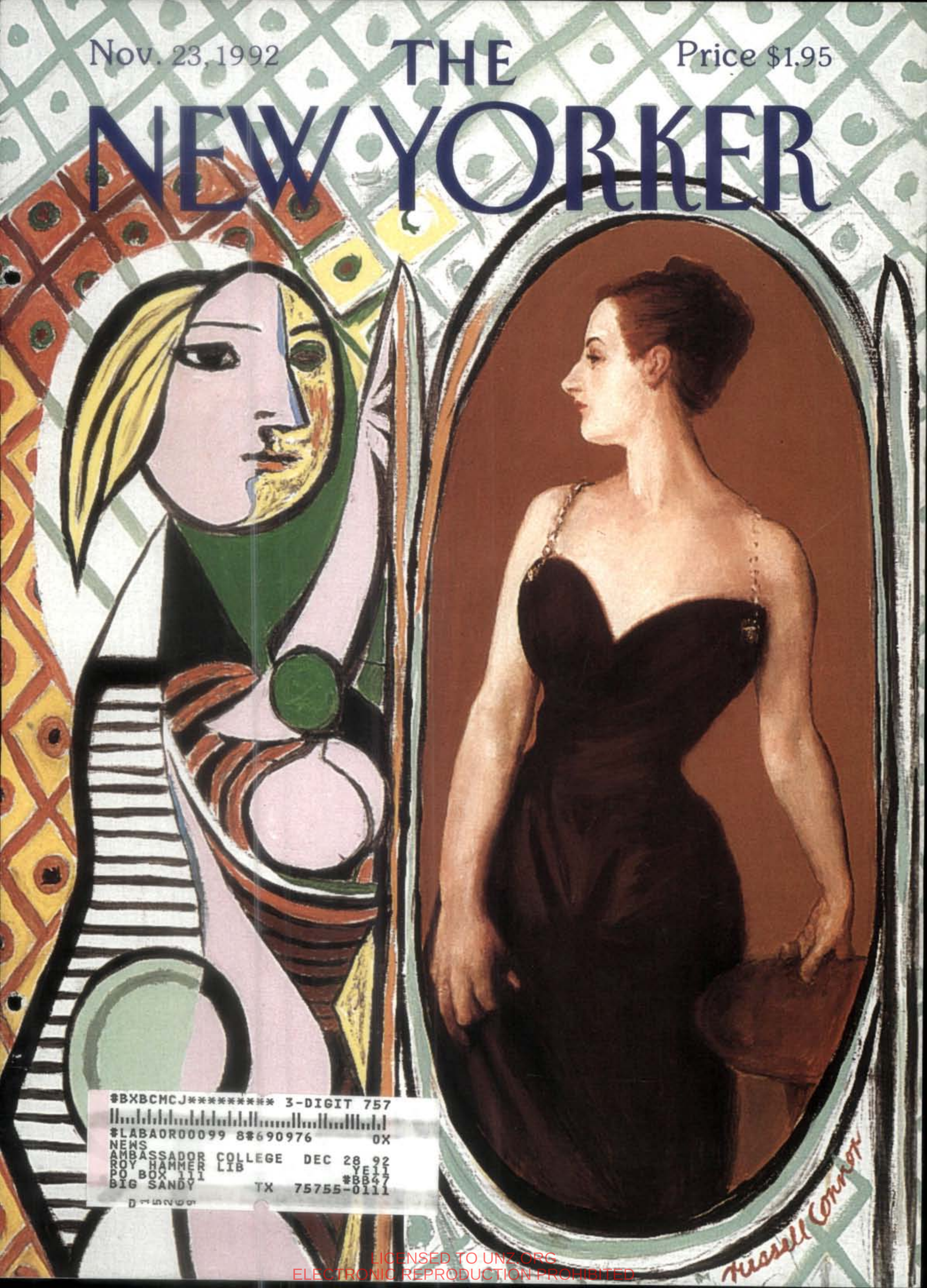

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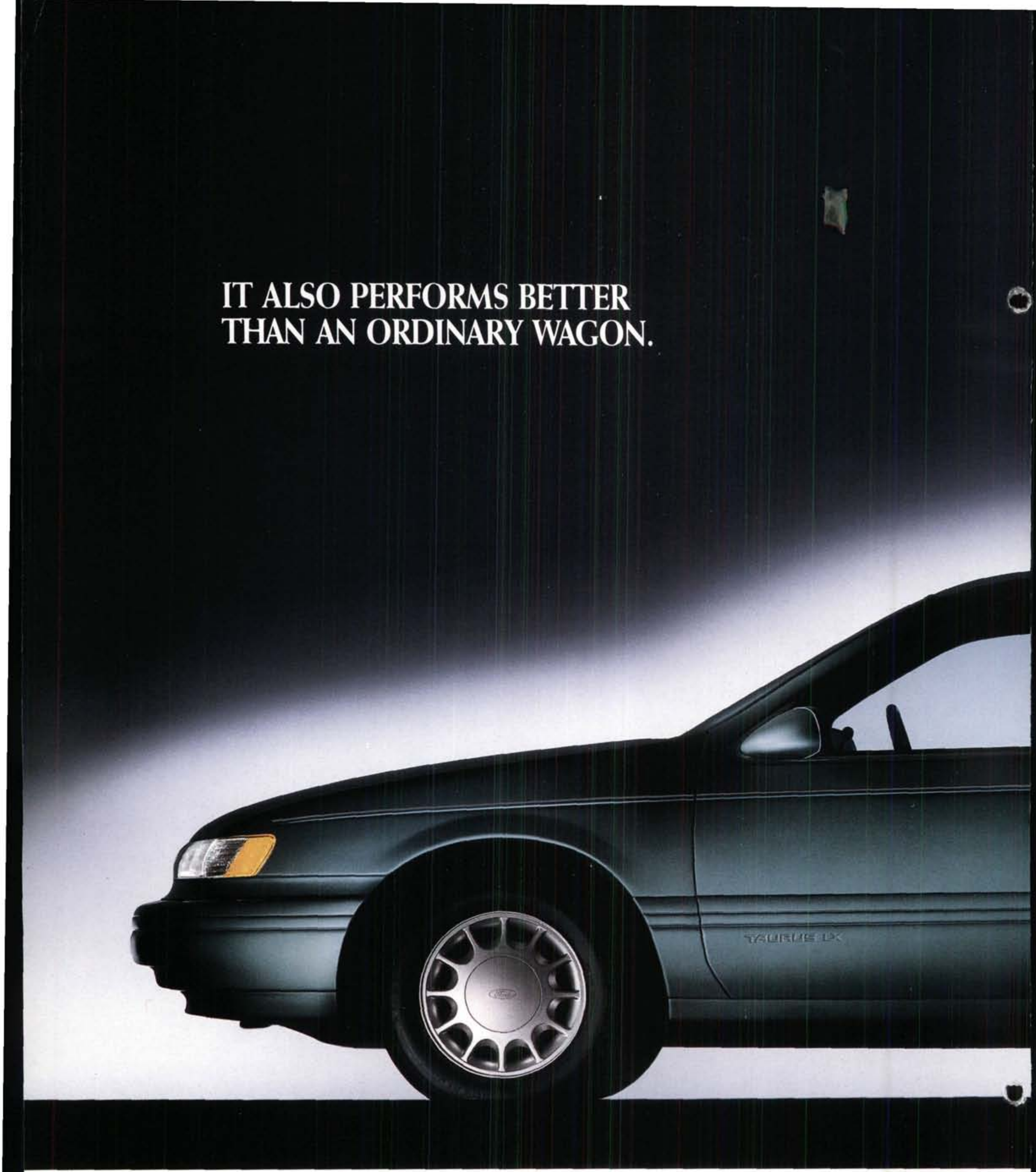
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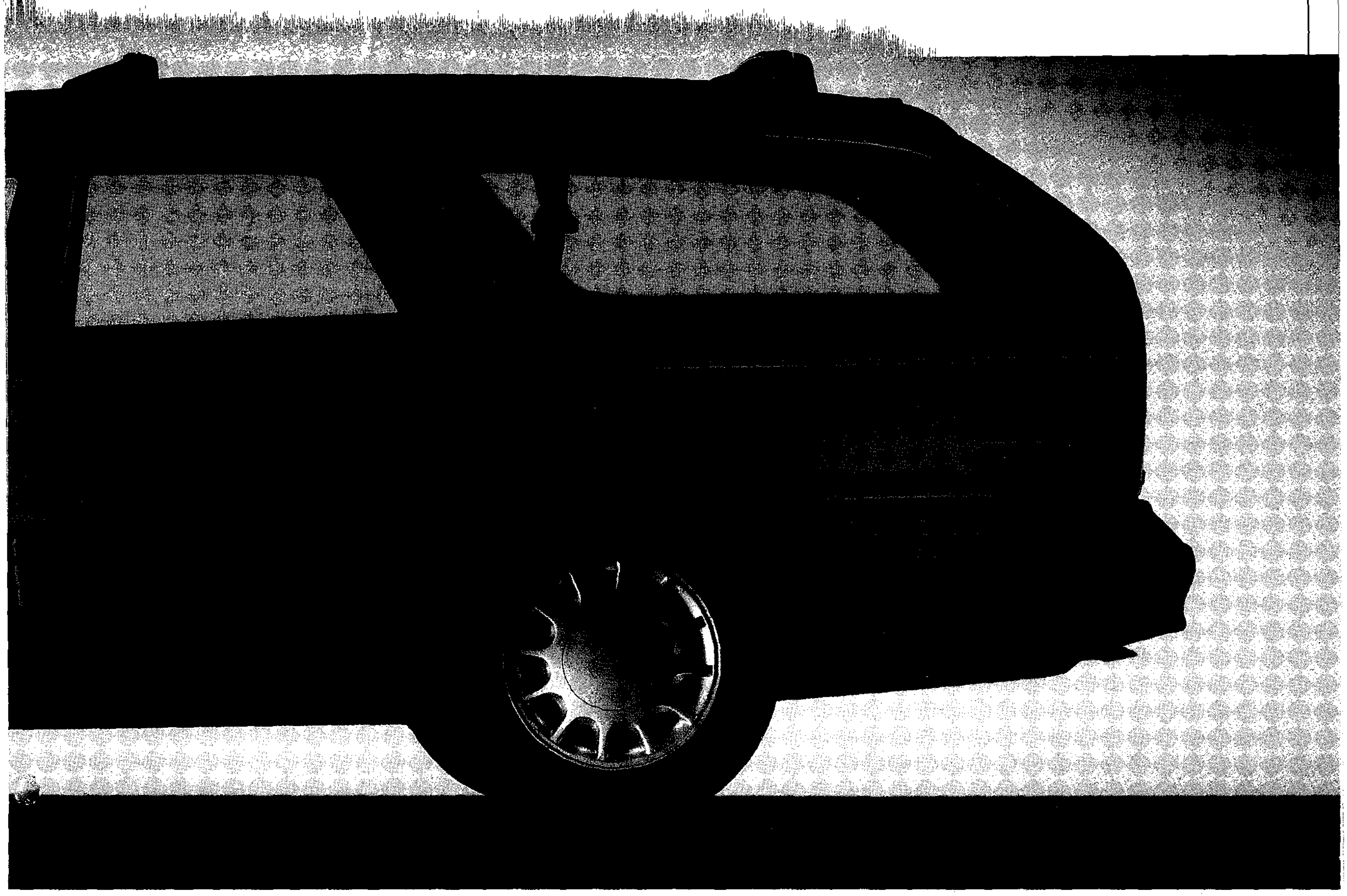

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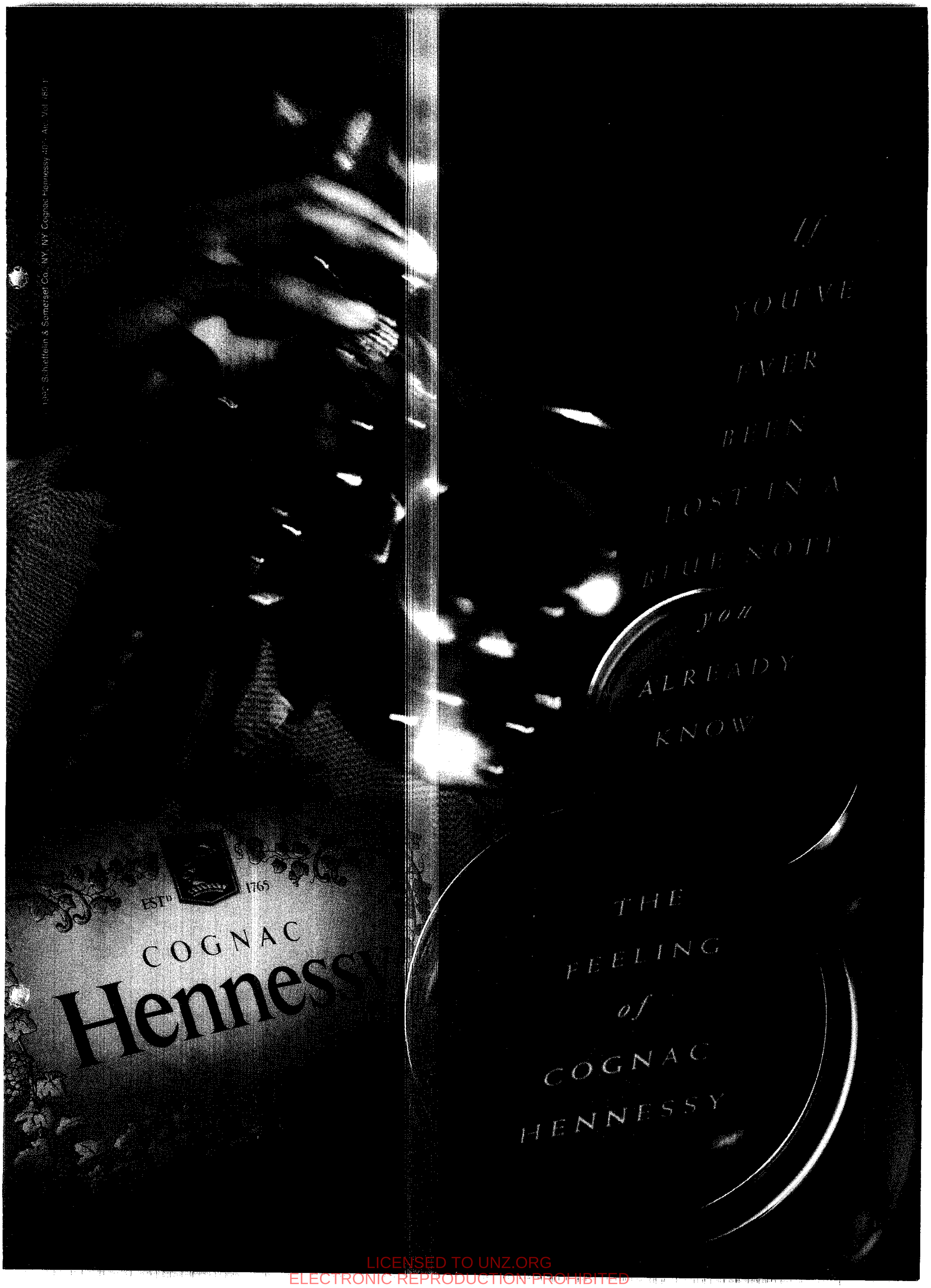
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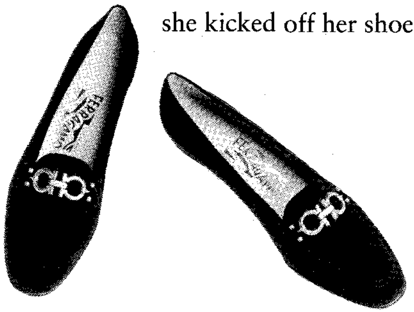
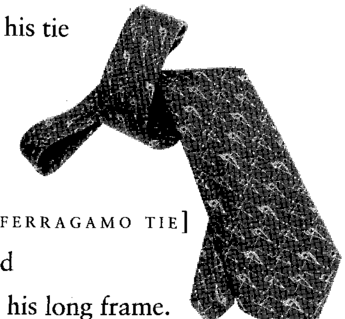
She took him to her favorite spots
in Little Italy.
Here for fresh pasta, there for cannoli,
upstairs for biscotti,
downstairs for truffles.
When they finally paused,
exhausted, for a cafe latte,
she kicked off her shoes



[FERRAGAMO LOAFERS]

under the table.
Encouraged by her lack of formality,
he loosened his tie



[FERRAGAMO TIE]

and stretched
out his long frame.
"I have a surprise for you,"
she said fishing around
in the
depths of her
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COMMENT

TAKE FIVE

ALL right. Here was a guy who endured a *non-stop thirteen*-month coast-to-coast ordeal of schmoozing, speechmaking, and handshaking perhaps more arduous—more barbed, baited, and booby-trapped—than any other in the history of American Presidential politics, a man who submitted himself to more questions and attacks and psychological dissection than the average politician (to say nothing of the average human being) would experience in ten lifetimes, a suitor who courted the public with an assiduousness and complaisance unexampled since Lancelot. To be sure, he went through all this for reasons of ambition and power as well as of service and altruism. Still, one would have thought he had earned a a little respite from relentless scrutiny and criticism. He was practically voiceless. He was white in the face and red in the eyes. He needed a rest. Everybody needed a rest. But the press, whose attention to the person of Bill Clinton had attained the speed of light, the second-guessing capability of a chess grandmaster, and the attention to detail of electron microscopy, knows no rest. Last Wednesday, barely a week after the election, Thomas L. Friedman reported on the front page of the *Times* that, whereas in his campaign Mr. Clinton had been "decisive, vigorous and remarkably open," he was now seen "only rarely" and had become "as obsessed with holding information close to the vest as any President." The story went on to say that press briefings in Little Rock were "portraits in minimalism," and that "tiny shreds of information . . . are padded out . . . to make the puny sound Presidential." One reason for what the *Times's* Mr. Friedman and other papers and commentators saw as a rather alarming sluggishness (instead of as a pause for everyone to recuperate and regroup) was, according to the same story, "the natural state of confusion that follows any Presidential campaign." But what the story gave with one clause it took away with the next, by citing remarks by unnamed aides of the President-elect to the effect that that the confusion is going on just a bit too long. The piece hit its harshest note when it said that "the scene around what is left of Mr. Clinton's campaign head-

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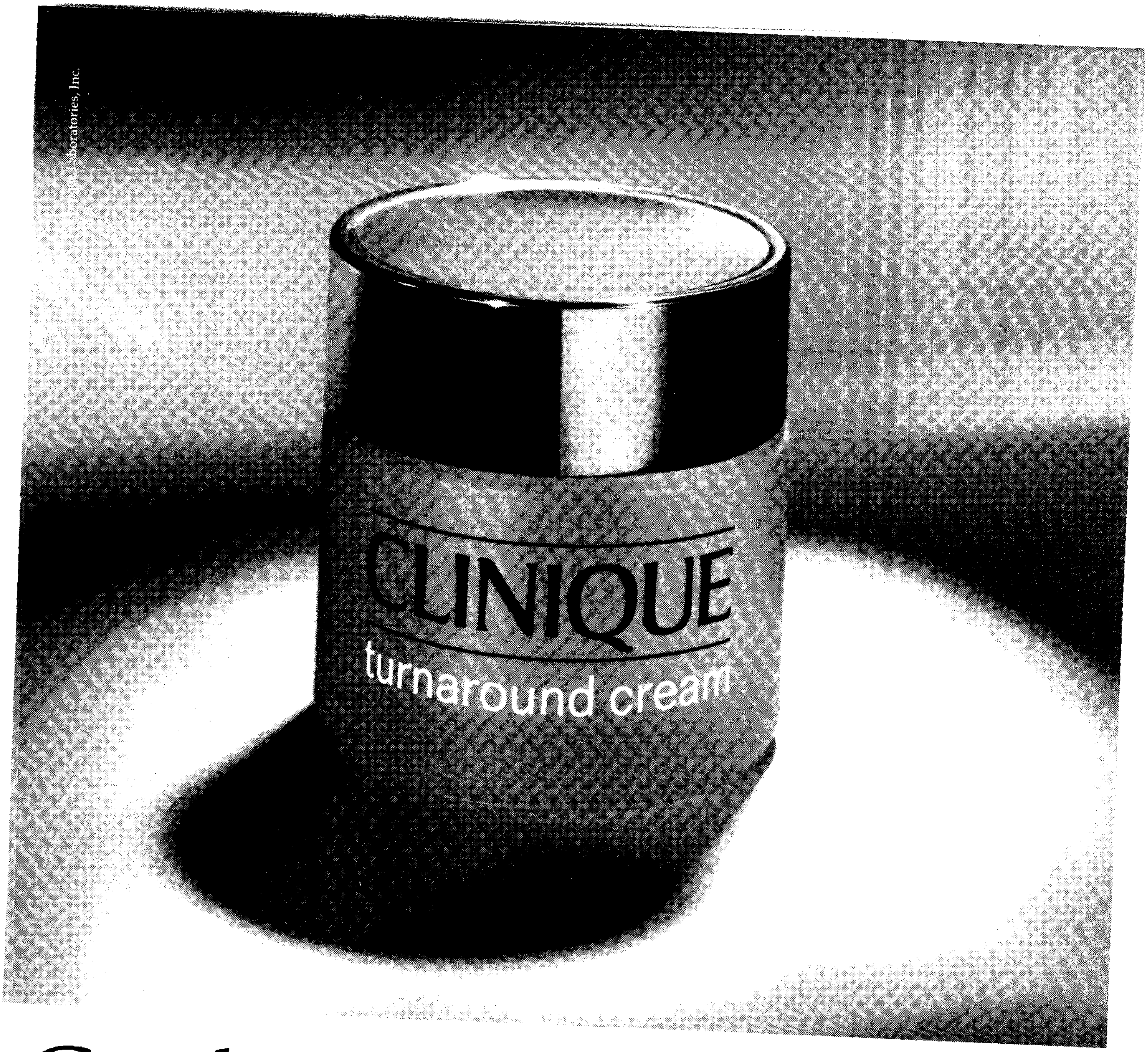

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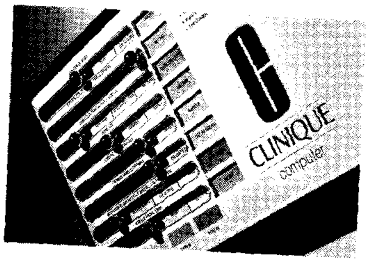

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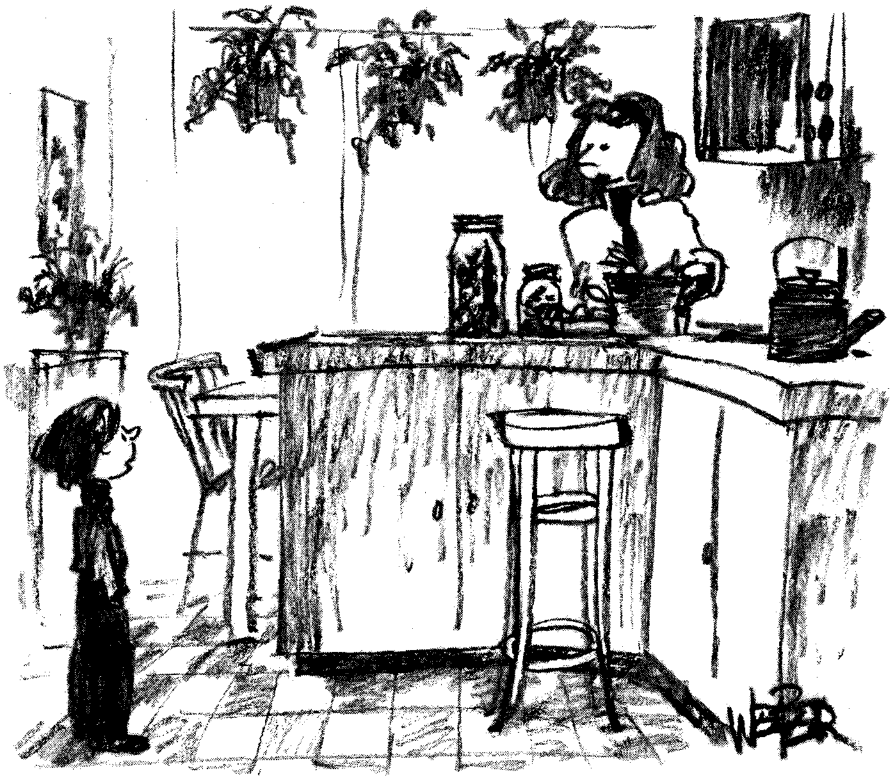
quarters evokes ambiguity and awkwardness." Even the syntactically neutral and technically accurate phrase "what is left" is loaded with negative connotations.

The voice of the *Times* was only one in a chorus of journalistic doubt and concern. Evans and Novak were also getting ready to toll the bell: "Clinton's transition has begun looking more like Jimmy Carter's than Ronald Reagan's, an ill omen if what is happening now foreshadows the kind of administration that will follow." Other oracles predicted trouble for still-two-and-a-half-months-from-being-President Clinton in dealing with looming foreign-policy crises, in getting his economic agenda whipped into shape, in trying to assemble a broad-based Administration. You might have expected a Fourth Estate that had speculated so often, especially during the primaries, that the Governor of Arkansas was down and out of the Presidential race to show a little restraint about matters of wild surmise. But no. In the short time since the election, it has sometimes seemed that the Clinton Administration was being pre-reviewed, that maybe he shouldn't bother to show up for work next January, because everybody is already looking back at the record of his Presidency—and it doesn't look too good. A large national press contingent assembled in Little Rock for Election Night, and a lot of its members are still there, running up hotel bills, and they are hungry and demanding to be fed. Mr. Clinton had to call a press conference on Thursday, in large part, it seemed, to pacify a press corps that was complaining not about what he was doing but about what he wasn't doing. To some degree, it worked. There were fewer back-to-the-future pans in the press on Friday, and the *Times's* R. W. Apple, Jr., even had kind things to say about Mr. Clinton's rhetoric. But a few ripe tomatoes were still whizzing toward the President-elect. The Washington *Post* warned that Clinton's moderate statement about admitting homosexuals to the military might "buy him time in his presidential transition, but he cannot easily dodge the question once he takes office." And Joan Beck, in the *News*, said, "What Clinton has offered as his health-care plan so far . . . is full of double-talk and financial bombs." Some of the questioners at the press conference sounded, on occasion, less like adults and professionals than like children who were upset because they weren't allowed to stay up and listen to Mommy and Daddy's conversation. One still had the impression that the honeymoon that even Bob Dole was willing to allow the President-elect (with Mr. Dole as chaperon, according to the lugubrious senator himself) was ended by the press before the groom had got to the church, before he'd bought the ring, before he'd even made the proposal.

The same Friedman piece in Wednesday's *Times* had to concede, in the jump, that John F. Kennedy didn't make any Cabinet appointments until December 1st, and that Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan had waited until December 11th. Indeed, the *Times* coverage of Mr. Reagan's activities a week after the 1980 election—the last time the Presidency changed parties—had been restrained, straightforward, and factual, focussing mainly on the feasibility and the possible size of the federal spending cuts the new Administration planned to seek after the Inauguration. In 1960, a week after the election, Senator John F. Kennedy—on vacation, of all things—was reported by the *Times* to have played a round of golf with Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. There was a definite sense in the piece that space was being asked for by the President-elect and space was being given by the press: the report ended with a description of the golf course, what par was, and what Ribicoff scored. Evidently, no one tried very hard to find out what Senator Kennedy scored; he held it as close to his vest as any President. And a week after the Presidential election of 1932 Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, still recumbent with the aftereffects of a bout of influenza (imagine how *that* would be covered today), received a few reporters, including one from the *Times*, in his bedroom and joked them out of their feeble efforts to ask the sorts of questions that—then, as now—during the earliest stages of the transition of power in the mightiest office on earth would have to be classified as premature. The reporters back then didn't seem to mind. The story in the *Times* of November 16, 1932, appeared on page three.

No one would wish for a return to the comparatively docile press corps of the nineteen-thirties. Mr. Clinton, in due course, will have to be watched with a cold and steely eye. But yo! Observers, analysts, and experts! Let this man *up!* Give us all a tiny break! ♦



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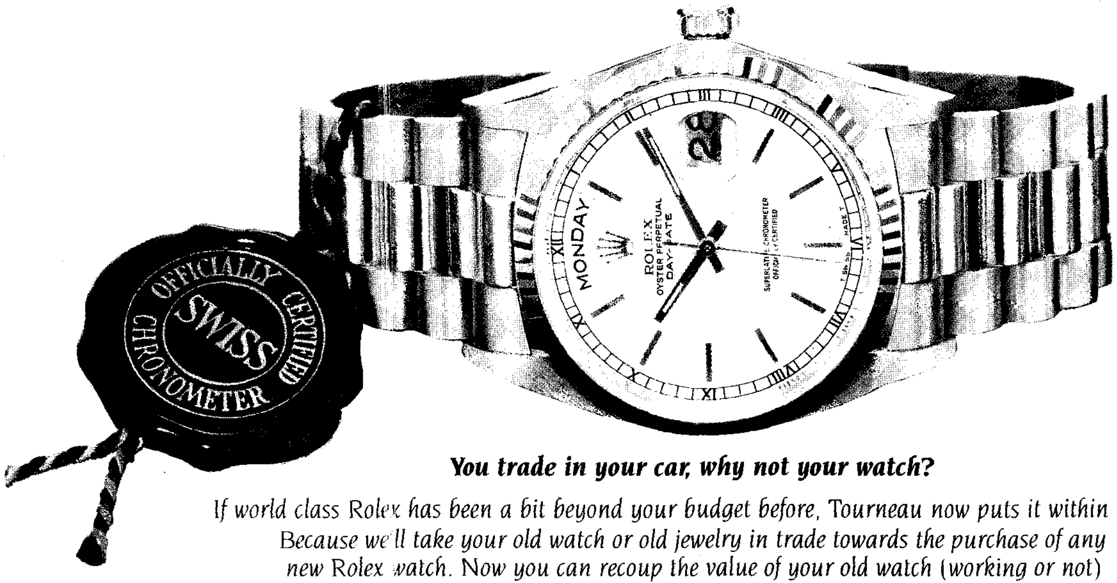
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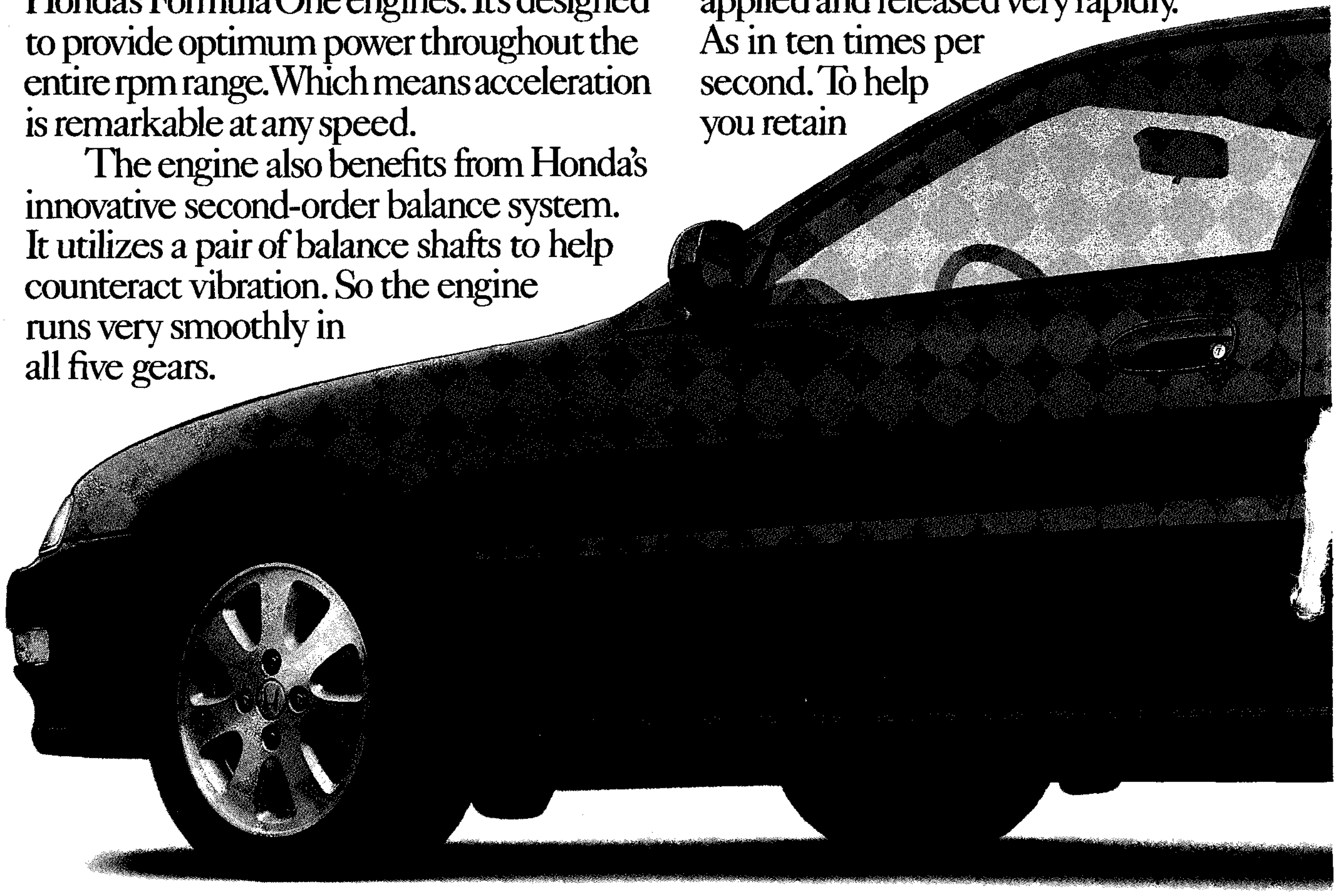

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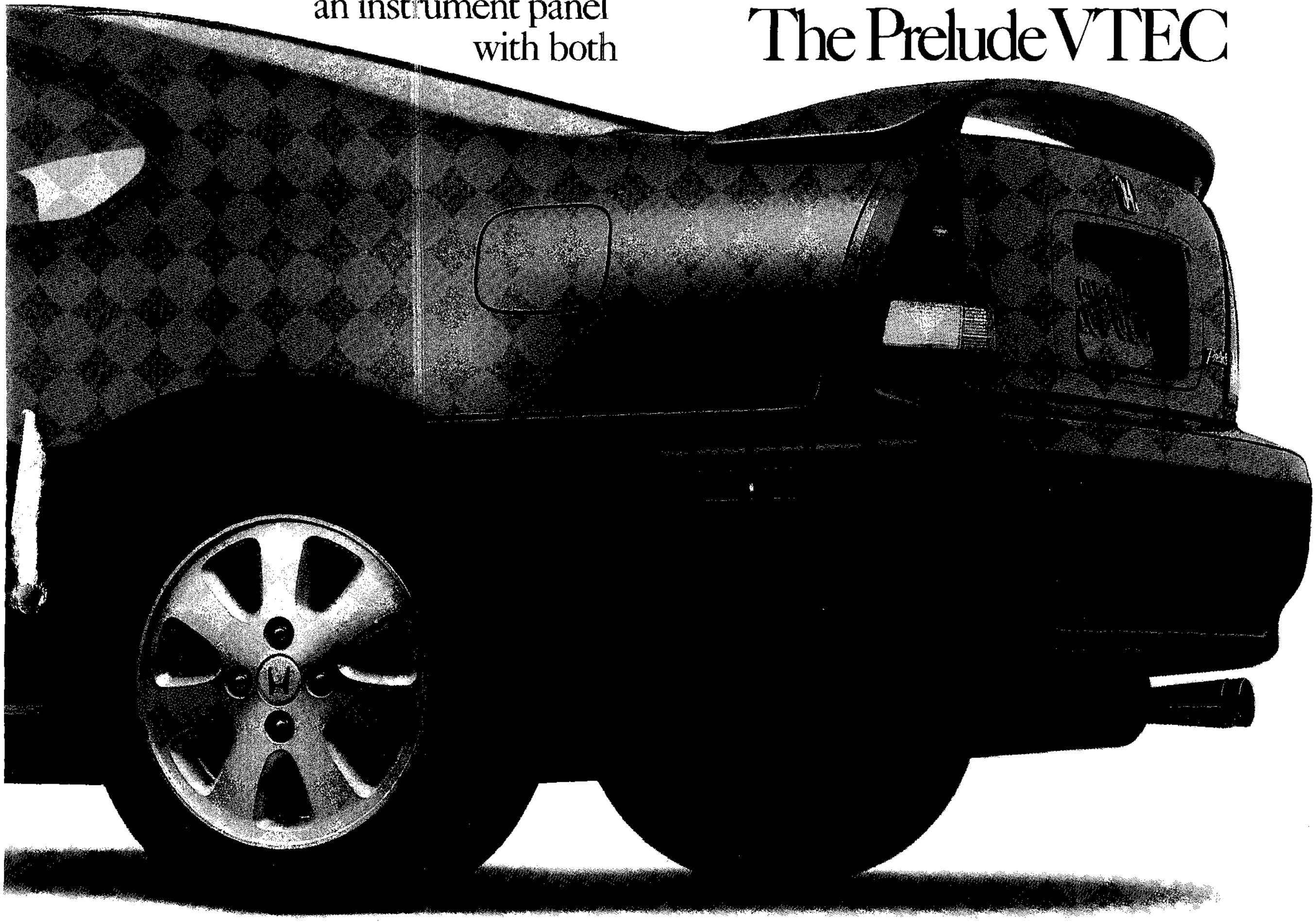

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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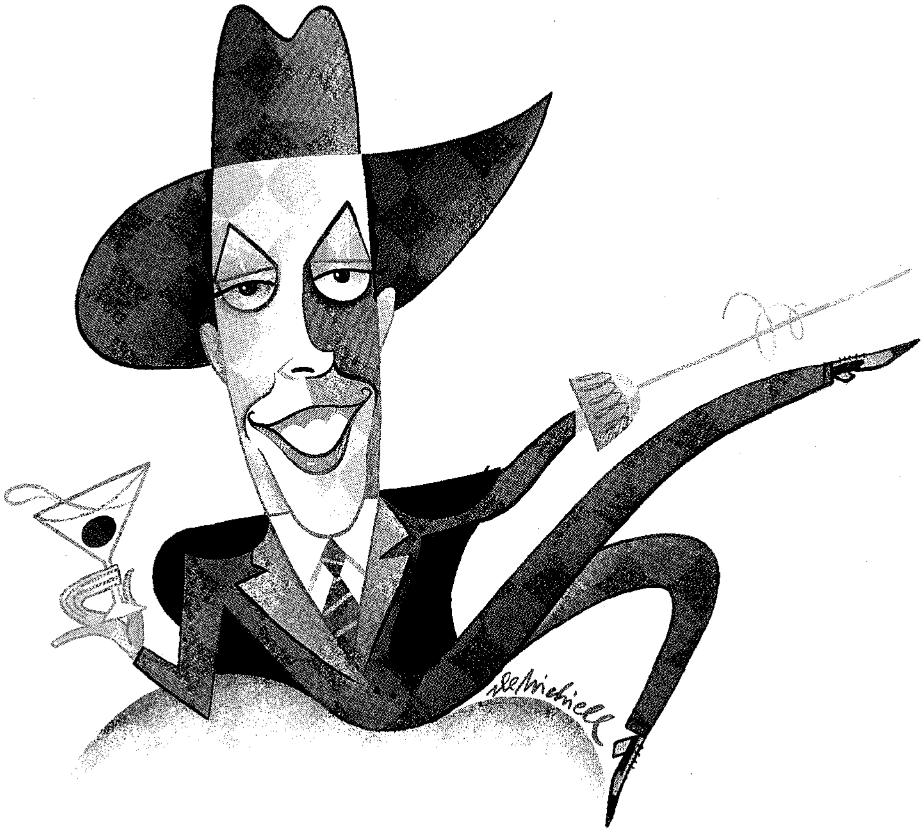
22	23	24	25			

THE THEATRE

Uncompromising Acts

JAMES MCDANIEL insists that his role in "Someone Who'll Watch Over Me," which begins previews this week at the Booth, is *not* one of the more intense gigs of his career. Given that the thirty-four-year-old actor spends the entire play chained to a wall, this statement says a lot about his recent résumé. As the scam artist in "Six Degrees of Separation," he was caught with his pants down. As a person with AIDS, in "Before It Hits Home," he seemed, over the course of two hours, to shed thirty pounds. As Earl Grant in "Malcolm X," he endured the "fishbowl life" of a shoot with Spike Lee.

In Frank McGuinness's "Someone," he's an American hostage in Beirut, sharing a cell with an Englishman (Alec McCowen) and an Irishman (Stephen Rea). McDaniel's character is able to move only within a seven-foot radius, so he becomes a fitness freak to stay sane. "All the pushups got me ready for New York," the actor jokes, referring to the cast's recent run in London, where, despite effusive appreciation of the play's gallows humor, they hit the economic wall of the West End. Broadway is just as dicey, so McDaniel has already lined up his next move: he has one of the leads in Steven Bochco's series-sequel to "Hill Street Blues."



Tim Curry in "My Favorite Year"

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

A . . . My Name Is Still Alice—A sequel to the 1984 musical revue "A . . . My Name Is Alice." Conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. Previews through Nov. 21. Opens Nov. 22 at 3. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

A Backer's Audition—A new musical by Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell. Previews begin Nov. 21. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Christchild—An allegorical play by J. e Franklin. Previews Nov. 20-22. Opens Nov. 23 at 8. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 576-9028.)

Gypsy Passion—Eighteen Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians in the return engagement of a flamenco revue. Previews through Nov. 23. Opens Nov. 24 at 8. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

My Favorite Year—A new musical, based on the movie of the same name, by Joseph Dougherty, Stephen Flaherty, and Lynn Ahrens. Evan Pappas, Tim Curry, and Lainie Kazan have the leads. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

On the Bum—Cynthia Nixon in a comedy by Neal Bell. Preview on Nov. 17. Opens Nov. 18 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Program for Murder—A thriller by George W. George and Jeff Travers. Preview on Nov. 16. Opens Nov. 17 at 7. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 982-5800.)

The Seagull—Chekhov's play launches the second season of the National Actors Theatre. With Tyne Daly, Jon Voight, Laura Linney, and Ethan Hawke. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. In previews. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

The Sheik of Avenue B—A Jewish ragtime and jazz-era musical revue conceived and written by Isaiah Sheffer. Previews run through the Nov. 22 matinée. Opens Nov. 22 at 5:30. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Alec McCowen, James McDaniel, and Stephen Rea portray three hostages in Beirut in a drama by the Irish playwright Frank McGuinness. Previews Nov. 19-22. Opens Nov. 23 at 6:45. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

3 from Brooklyn—A comedy-and-music revue conceived by, written by, and starring Sal Richards. Previews Nov. 17-18. Opens Nov. 19 at 6:45. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Words Divine—The Mexican actress Ofelia Medina stars in a work, by Lorenzo Mans, that is an English-language adaptation of a 1920 play by the Spanish author Ramón del Valle-Inclán. Max Ferra was the director. Previews through Nov. 21. Opens Nov. 22 at 7. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6551.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Best of Forbidden Broadway—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but the sharpest sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Big Butt Girls, Hard-Headed Women—Rhodessa Jones' one-woman show. With music and direction by Idris Ackamoor. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Nov. 22.)

Brother Truckers—Murder and mayhem from the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, which, at its best (as it is here), gives excess a good name. Everett Quinton, who plays a rich bitch, and Elizabeth Fried, who is Quinton's real-life costumier, are chiefly responsible for the evening's success. The playwright is Georg Osterman. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Bubbe Meises, Bubbe Stories—A musical in which a granddaughter recalls her grandmothers and their stories. Written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Cambodia Agonistes—A music-theatre work by Ernest Abuba and Louis Stewart, which opens the season for Pan Asian Rep. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Nov. 28.)

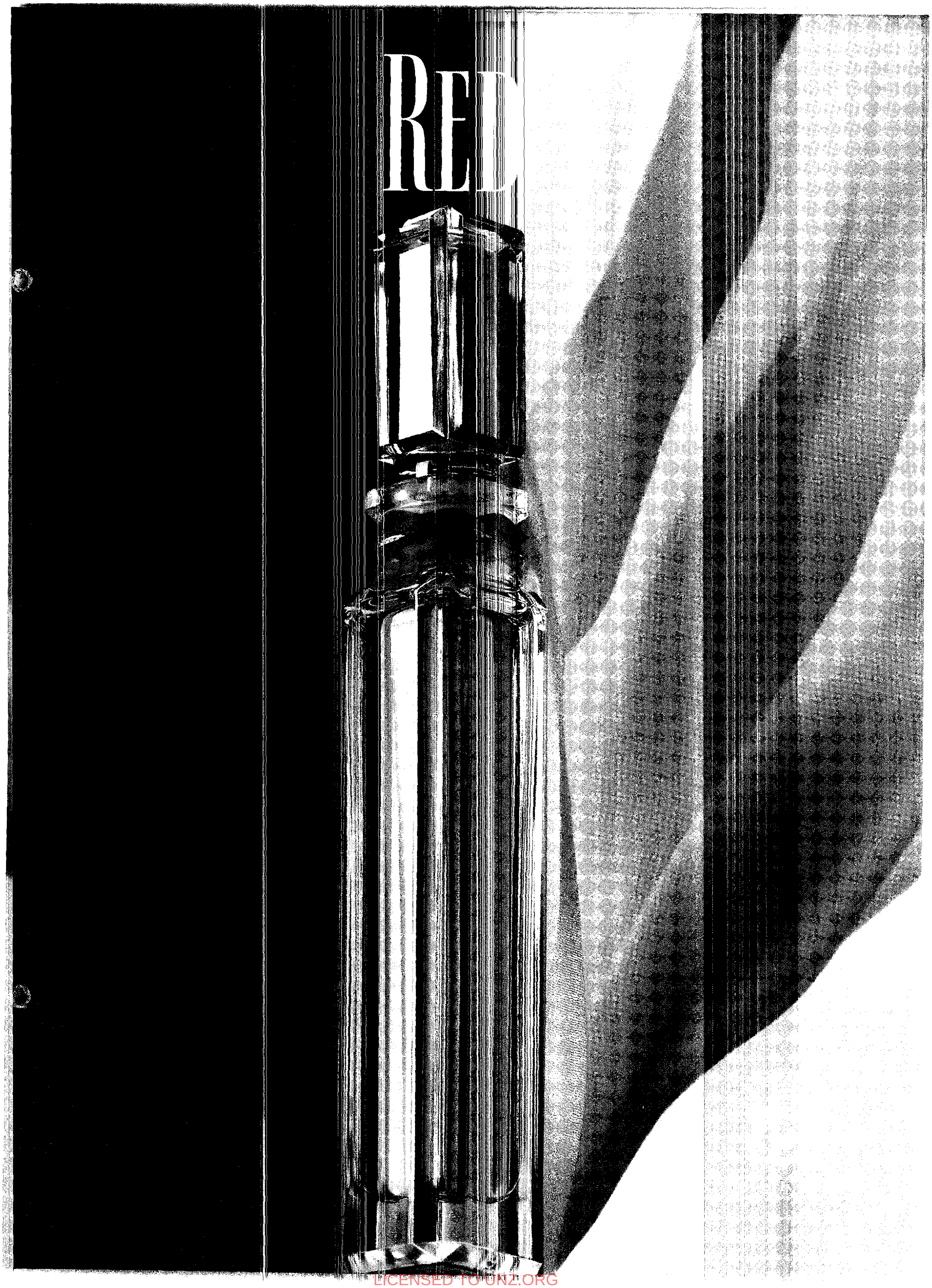
Camp Paradox—A play by Barbara Graham that is set at a girls' camp in 1963. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Nov. 22.)

Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. Staged by Daniel Sullivan, with a cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Destiny of Me—A new play by Larry Kramer. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Dog Logic—A dark comedy by Thomas Strelich, with Darrell Larson, Lois Smith, Karen Young, and Joe Clancy. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his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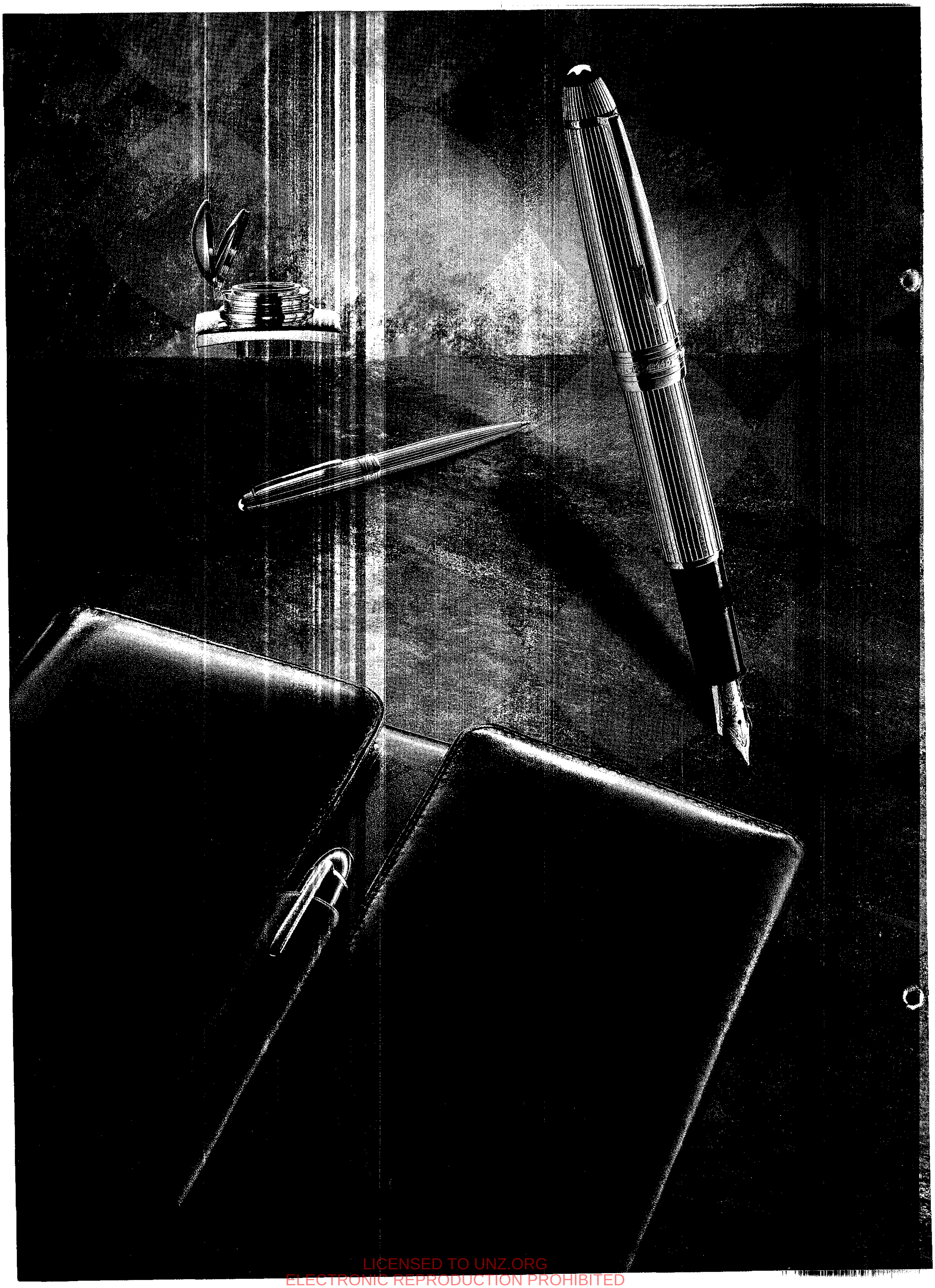

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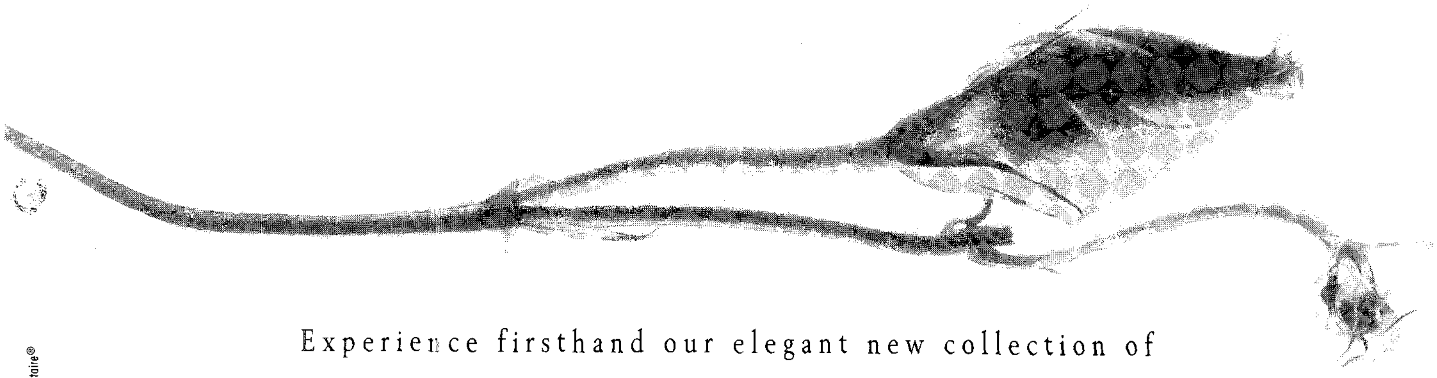

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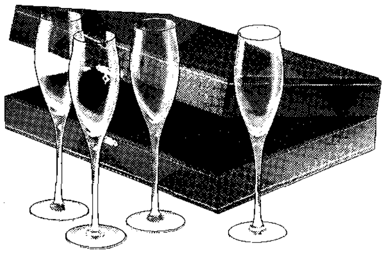

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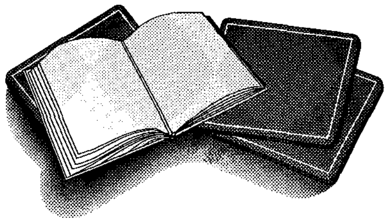

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. The appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy has always been puzzling. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. But it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)—Cherry Jones has the lead in a comedy by Ann-Marie MacDonald. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Nov. 22.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Adam Arkin and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Irish Repertory Theatre Company—Two one-man shows, presented in rotating repertory: **JOYICITY**, based on the writings of James Joyce (through Nov. 21), and **FRANKLY BRENDAN**, taken from the works of Brendan Behan and Frank O'Connor (through Nov. 22). The actors Vincent and Chris O'Neill manage to convey their enthusiasm for the rich material. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if there ever was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. With Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Joined at the Head—A play by Catherine Butterfield. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Lament for Arthur Cleary—Jenny Conroy and David Herlihy star in the New York première of a 1989 play by Dermot Bolger. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Nov. 22.)

Mad Forest—A cast of eleven accomplished American actors re-creates British playwright Caryl Churchill's examination of the effect of the fall of the Ceausescu regime on two Romanian families from different social strata. Repression and resignation feature in equal parts in Churchill's well-researched and well-written drama. Superbly staged by Mark Wing-Davey, who conceived the piece in 1990, the minimalist production is elegant and unforgettable. (10/26/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Nov. 29.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A series of vignettes, by the rising writer/performer David Drake, about gay life in the age of AIDS. Mr. Drake is more gifted as a performer than as a writer, but his show is frequently absorbing—by turns silly and poignant. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Nothing Sacred—George F. Walker's skillful adaptation of Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons" is graced by Larry Bryggman's upright performance as Pavel. Members of the Atlantic Theatre Company round out most of the cast. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes Nov. 21.)

Oleanna—William H. Macy and Rebecca Pidgeon in a new play by David Mamet. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

Remembrance—Set in Belfast, Graham Reid's absorbing and often entertaining play tells the story of a man and a woman—he a Protestant and she a Catholic, and both of them widowed and in their sixties—who meet regularly at a cemetery (each there to mourn a son who was a victim of the current "troubles") and who slowly fall in love. Milo O'Shea and Frances Sternhagen can seldom have been better than they are in the leading roles, and they are ably supported by Mia Dillon, Caroleen Feeney, John Finn, and Terry Donnelly. (10/12/92) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

The Show-Off—George Kelly's beguiling, irresistible comedy, about a young braggart who woos and wins the daughter of a North Philadelphia family, has been given a splendid revival by the Roundabout, under the canny direction of Brian Murray. First produced in 1924, the play is still fresh as paint. Boyd Gaines, tall and skinny and unable to leave any mirror unglimpsed, is the flamboyant hero, and Pat Carroll, as his mother-in-law, is his toughest antagonist, with a repertoire of some of the funniest lines a character has ever been awarded. Both of them are very good, and they are well supported by Laura Esterman, Sophie Hayden, and Tim DeKay, among others. (11/16/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Dec. 6.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's comedy with serious undertones is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who professionally dispenses advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Frances McDormand, and Madeline Kahn, each of whom proves worthy (and then some) of her role. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Solitary Confinement—Stacy Keach in a thriller written by Rupert Holmes and directed by Kenneth Frankel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 307-4100.)

Spic-O-Rama—John Leguizamo's latest one-man show. (11/9/92) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Texts for Nothing—"There's nothing like breathing your last to put new life in you," says Bill Irwin, in this adaptation—by Joseph Chaikin and Steven Kent—of two prose texts by Samuel Beckett. Seeing this sixty-five-minute piece may give a similar jolt to theatregoers tired of the fare around town and anxious for resuscitation. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 22.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SECRET GARDEN:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

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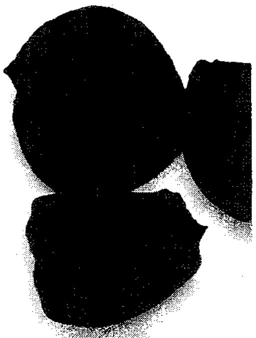

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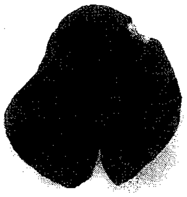

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DANCE

Ballroom Scents

RICHARD POWERS has much to tell you about ballroom dancing. Pick a subject—say, the tango between 1900 and 1927—and within a few minutes you learn that what was happening to the dance (and the music) in Buenos Aires was different from what was happening to them in Paris or New York, and that the foxtrot, which is not a step but "a concept," borrowed Parisian tango steps but not the tango rhythms and deployed those steps with a new, looser energy.

Mr. Powers, a dance historian at Stanford, recently conducted two daylong workshops in vintage ballroom dance at Lincoln Center. The participants included some of the most serious ballroom dancers in New York, among them Peter di Falco, whose "Tango" suite was given its première by American Ballroom Theatre last season, and whose solo for Pierre Dulaine, the company's co-founder, will be performed during A.B.T.'s current season, at the Joyce. Mr. di Falco was pleased with the workshop. "Powers showed us some steps I'd never seen," he said. "His knowledge is very vast." One discovery for everyone was how fast early tango music was, and another was how colorful the song titles were. Some sounded like the names of perfumes: "Rosendo," "Persian Gardens," "La Bicicleta," and the irrepressible "Bite My Left Ear."

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Feb. 21. Nov. 17 at 7:30: A benefit evening, which includes the only performance of a new pas de deux by Peter Martins. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Andantino," and "Mercury.". . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Ancient Airs and Dances," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Moves," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Ancient Airs and Dances," and "Mercury.". . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Andantino," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement, including five New York premières: "The Silver Screen," "Ballroom," "For You," "Latin," and "Swing." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 17 at 7; Nov. 18-20 and Nov. 24-25 at 8; Nov. 21 at 2 and 8; and Nov. 22 at 2 and 7:30. Through Nov. 29.)

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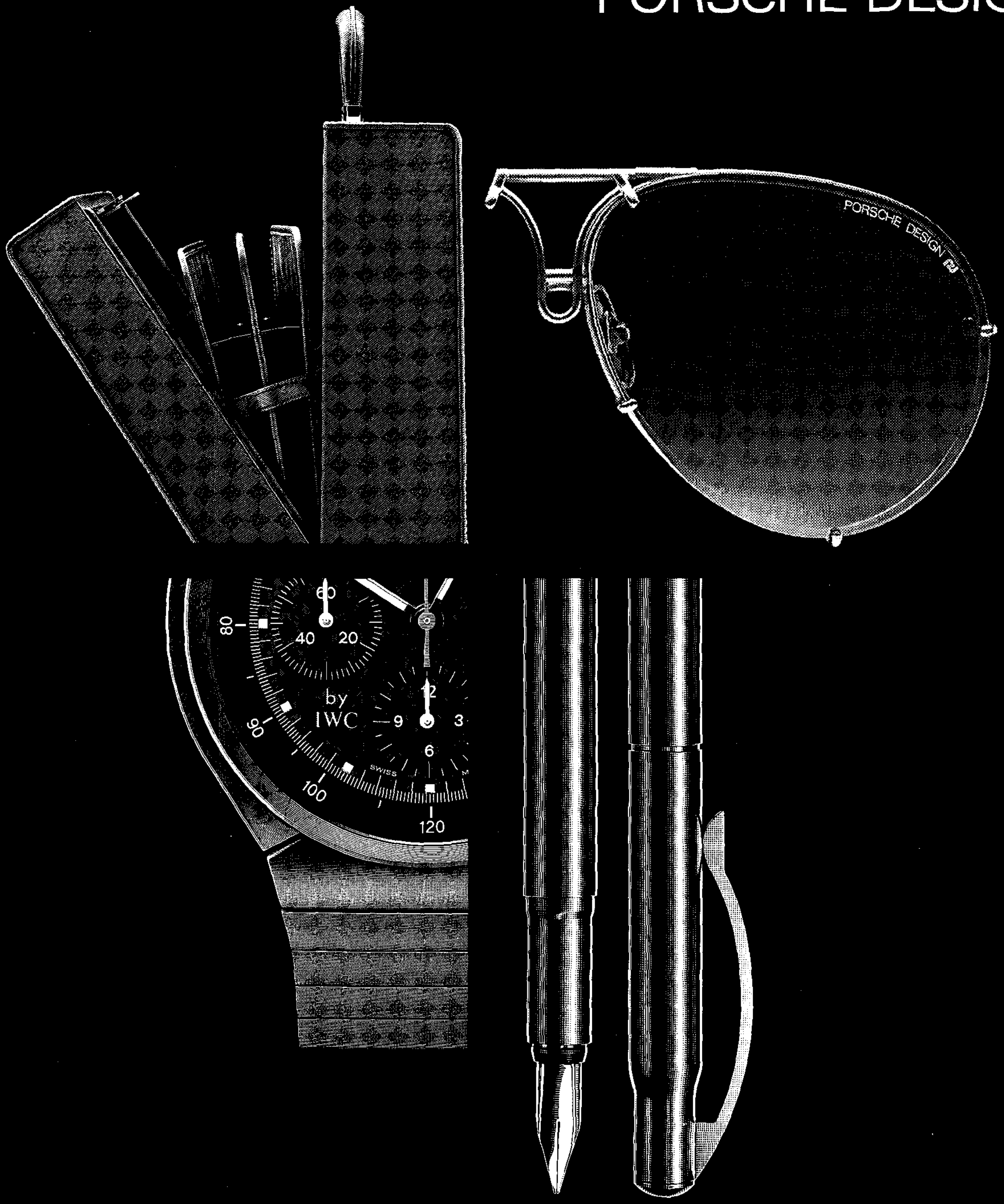
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NIGHT LIFE

Beating the Rap

THE RITZ, the Marquee, and Wetlands have all had erratic luck with rap shows, and they're probably tired of reading reviews that feature phrases like "shots rang out." But the clubs themselves are partly to blame. Wetlands, for instance, tends to pack people in tight—this may work with Blues Traveler groupies, but Cypress Hill fans may not go with the flow. Elsewhere, security guards who are used to ejecting drunken heavy-metallers haven't always understood the dynamics of a hip-hop crowd.

Public Enemy, which will be at the Ritz on November 23, travels with Security of the First World, and generally performs without incident. P.E.'s last record, "Greatest Misses," was uneven, but the band's dense, brutal "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back" remains the most astonishing rap record ever made. Appearing with P.E. will be Ice-T, fresh from this past summer's "Cop Killer" controversy, and House of Pain, a swaggering, all-white hip-hop outfit that's had a smash with "Jump Around." Here's hoping the Ritz is ready for this extraordinary show. "Rap is really funny, man," Ice-T once said. "But if you don't see that it's funny, it will scare the shit out of you."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night--club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—"If people really need a fix of torch singing, they'll know where to find me," **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** said recently. The singer's past five seasons here have been such successes that this year the management has crowned her unofficial Oak Room queen. Her sixteen-week run will feature six separate shows, the second of which, "Movies and Other Love Songs," runs through Nov. 21. "What Is Love" kicks off on Nov. 24. (The late show every Friday and Saturday is "Just Kern.") Ms. Marcovicci is a skilled vocalist who gives particular care to lyrical content. And she's a lively raconteur: her patter is sprinkled with allusions to everyone from Dorothy Parker to Nietzsche. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

GILBERTO GIL
Laurie Rosenwald

LAURIE ROSENWALD

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. **GILBERTO GIL,** a Brazilian singer-songwriter, begins a two-week run on Nov. 17. A hugely influential artist who's been performing for some twenty-five years, Gil recently released a new album, "Parabolic." Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Impressionistic "in concert" portraits of musicians who have played here round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. Saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** who started out in the forties, as a Dizzy Gillespie sideman, leads a foursome Nov. 20-21. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A busy jazz club, with a busy gift shop upstairs. Nov. 17-22 belongs to the elder funksters **KOOL & THE GANG.** On Nov. 24, the **STANLEY JORDAN** trio gets started. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club that serves burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster. The three-woman operation known as **BETTY** will be here on Nov. 18. Their act, a sort of cabaret gone haywire, contains elements of funk music, performance art, satire, and standup comedy; it moves along at an amphetamine pace, so that you feel as if you were channel surfing on cable TV. Last year, the group put out their first album, "Hello Betty!" This is one of their first local performances since spring. **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** performs Nov. 20-21. Show times vary.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's worst nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Steinway each night are usually more harmonious. **STEPHEN SCOTT, BEN RILEY,** and **RAY DRUMMOND** are in action through Nov. 21. The week beginning Nov. 23 belongs to **ARTHUR BLYTHE, KIRK LIGHTSEY,** and **SANTI DEBRIANO.** Music from ten.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** is currently presiding at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONTINENTAL CLUB, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor venue has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. The L.A.-based Mexican-American band **LOS LOBOS** is here on Nov. 18. The group's latest album, "Kiko," is their most experimental to date, full of atmospheric effects that one doesn't usually associate with these quintessential bar-band rockers. But in concert they're still a tight, hard-kicking outfit, whose sets are a spirited mixture of salsa, rockabilly, Tex-Mex, and R. & B. **MARY'S DANISH** and the **DARLING BUDS** share a bill on Nov. 24. **PAUL WELLER** performs on Nov. 25. For concert information, call 249-8870. The Swing Dance Society meets here every Sunday night. Sets from eight till midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON'S** quartet begins a two-week stay on Nov. 17. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player; it's like a frat house for the avant-garde. **NEGATIVLAND,** which will be here on Nov. 23, is a California-based trio that's not so much a band as a group of archive-plundering multimedia pranksters. Their albums, which make liberal use of tape loops and recorded sound bites, are quite funny and inventive, even if some of their targets in the past—the news media, radio programmers, fundamentalist Christianity, the Playboy Channel, disco—have been a bit overworked. Recently, the band got in trouble by releasing a single whose cover read "U2" in huge letters and, beneath it, "Negativland" in fine print. Bono and his lawyers were not amused. In concert, Mark Hosler, who is as close to a front man as a band like Negativland will stand for, has been known to set the mood by tossing out balloons and spraying the crowd with air freshener. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. **ROBERT GORDON** and **CHRIS SPEDDING** hold forth on Nov. 21. Gordon, who looks every inch

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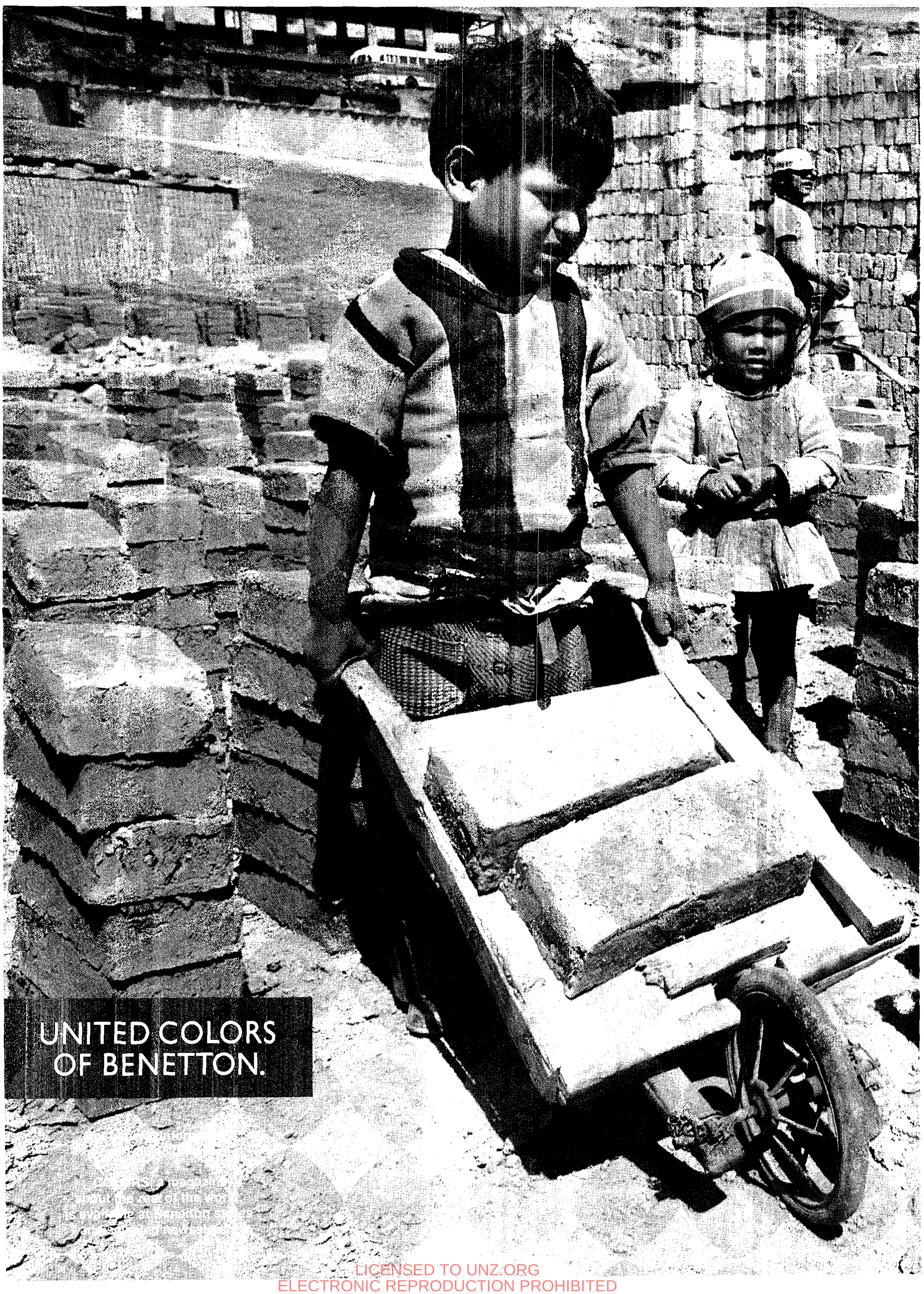
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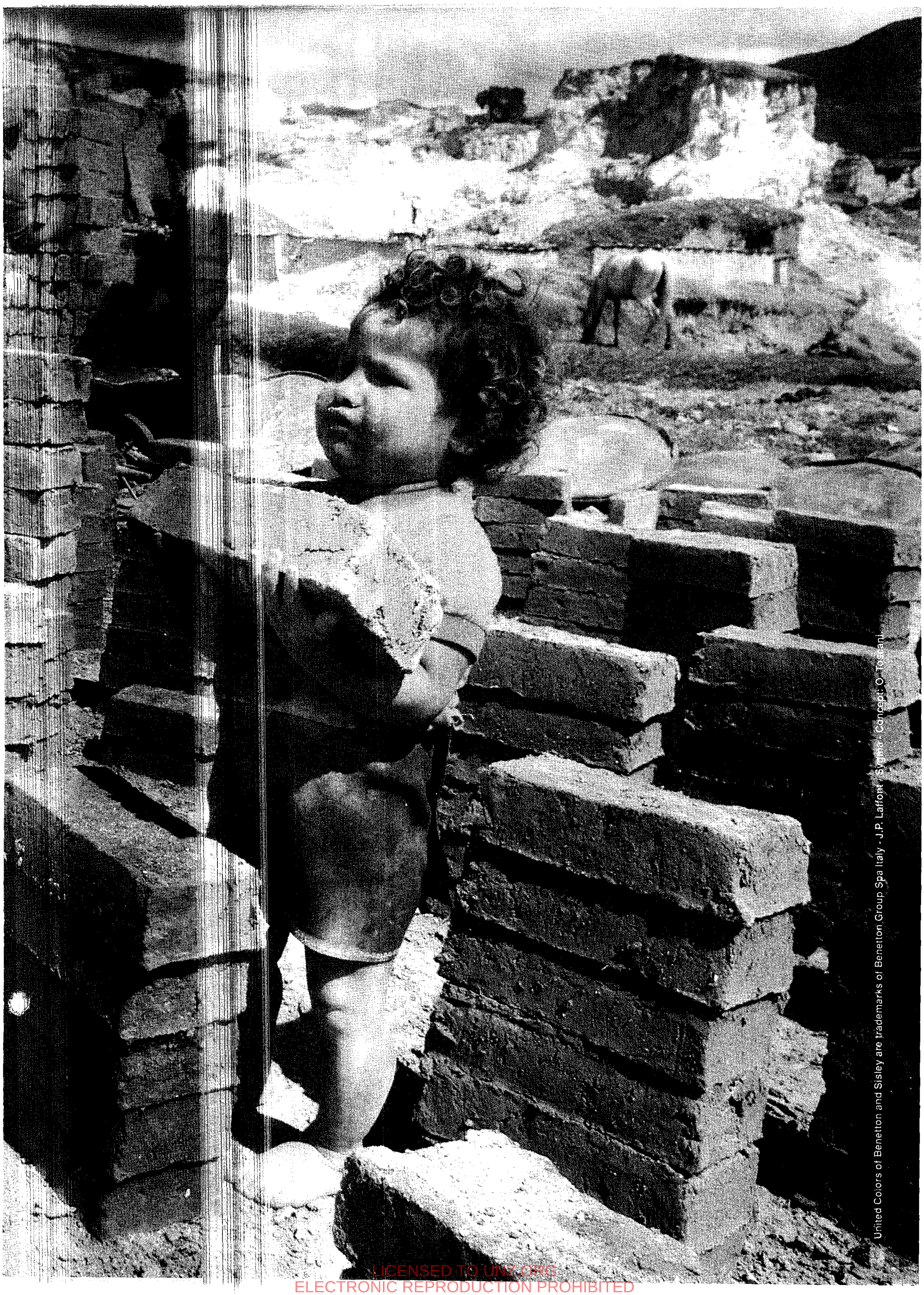


United Colors of Benetton and Sisley are trademarks of Benetton Group Spa Italy - J.P. Laffont / Sygma - Concept: O. Toscani the fifties rocker, from his pompadour to his pointy shoes, has a resonant baritone that's just right for songs like "Black Slacks" and Elvis's "Love Me." But Spedding's guitar playing transcends the genre, making the duo's act much more than just a fifties retread. Music after nine.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Nov. 20 belongs to, among others, the **ORIGINAL SINS,** an Allentown, Pennsylvania, band that plays an appealing alloy of melodic pop and gutsy garage rock descended from bands like the Stooges. The **LEMONHEADS,** who are here on Nov. 21, may look, at first glance, like just one more distortion-laden, slightly downcast alternative-rock band, but their latest album, "It's a Shame About Ray," happens to be one of the year's most pleasant surprises. Evan Dando, the group's leader, writes songs that are grungy and angst-ridden enough, but he also has a surpassing pop instinct. A handful of the songs here are the sort that immediately set up camp in your brain, with no intention of leaving. Everything about the group is on target: the grainy texture of the guitars, Dando's poignant lyrics and insistent vocals. And his solo-acoustic cover of "Frank Mills," from "Hair," is an inspired choice. In concert, the band gives the punk side of their nature freer rein: they're faster, harder, and louder. Show times vary.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—As you clean your plate beneath the gaze of Henry VIII, you might imagine yourself in England. But when the lights go down, you're in long-ago New Orleans, where Jelly Roll Morton struts his stuff. **VERNEL BAGNERIS** (a New Orleans native himself) portrays the self-proclaimed inventor of jazz with elegance, verve, and compassion, providing an intimate counterbalance to the psychologically tortured portrayal currently being purveyed on Broadway. Bagneris bases his script on interviews Jelly Roll taped in the thirties, and intersperses virtuosic renditions of sixteen numbers—all packed into little more than an hour. Norwegian pianist Morten Gunnar Larsen complements him capably at the keyboard through Nov. 21; Butch Thompson will replace him in these classic finger-twisters from Nov. 24 through Dec. 6. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* Two show-biz veterans, **ANN BLYTH** and **BILL HAYES,** are currently offering a show titled "An Elegant Evening of Beautiful Music" (through Nov. 21). Ms. Blyth is a onetime M-G-M star best known for playing Joan Crawford's daughter in "Mildred Pierce"; Mr. Hayes' credits include Broadway musicals, a stint on "Your Show of Shows," and a role in "Days of Our Lives." A Jule Styne revue gets under way on Nov. 24. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A massive rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing room. **MILTON NASCIMENTO** is here on Nov. 18. **PUBLIC ENEMY, ICE-T,** and **HOUSE OF PAIN** perform on Nov. 23. Show times vary.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret, where **JULIE WILSON** can be found through Nov. 21. Ms. Wilson, who is celebrating her fiftieth anniversary as a performer, has a trademark look: elbow-length black gloves, a gardenia tucked behind one ear, and, of course, feather boas. She has a firm, low, finely sandpapered voice that breaks into a vibrato when she turns up the volume, and a demeanor that often recalls Katharine Hepburn playing some society dame. On serious ballads, she's tough and impassioned: a woman to be reckoned with. On songs like "Lydia the Tattooed Lady" or Sondheim's "What Do We Do, We Fly," she uses her willowy body and kabuki face and fluttering eyelashes to great comic effect. As always, Ms. Wilson's greatest strength here is the charm and force of her personality. She's assisted by **WILLIAM ROY,** her longtime accompanist. Shows Thursdays at nine and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. **BILLY STRITCH** performs on Nov. 22 at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing Manhattan has to a rain forest. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. The schedule, in part: **GATO BARBIERI** Nov. 17-19; Rara Machine on Nov. 20; and Samba Novo on Nov. 21. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where, to reach the rest rooms you have to pass within inches of the stage. This is significant because, if you head to the bathroom during a set, the crowd is likely to think you're a guest soloist. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** leads a trio Nov. 17-22; **PAUL BLEY, JIMMY GIUFFRE,** and **STEVE SWALLOW** commence work on Nov. 24. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is nine. Dining.

The Lemonheads at Maxwell's

KARI KROLL

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St., at Great Jones St. (533-7000)—In the basement of this sleek and trendy restaurant is an unadorned, windowless room where the **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by trombonist **SAM BURTIS** and trumpeter **JACK WALRATH,** concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—There are some obstructed views here, because of the muralled pillars that break up the room, but this low-key, pleasant loft is an agreeable place to see a band. **EDDIE KIRKLAND, ZORA YOUNG,** and **PINETOP PERKINS** perform on Nov. 19. Perkins, a pianist-vocalist in his late seventies, has been playing professionally since the thirties. Born in Mississippi, he eventually settled in Chicago, and he spent twelve years touring with Muddy Waters, beginning in 1969. Perkins' piano style falls somewhere between blues and boogie-woogie; of his singing he told a reporter a while back, "I holler every once in a while." The **TEXAS TORNADOS** work out Nov. 20-21. Sets at eight and eleven weeknights, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ **Bang On!,** which is brought to you by the makers of Tramps, can be found just next door. Judging from its name and its first few bookings, the club will lean toward Irish music, with some country-rock thrown in for good measure.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. **ROY HARGROVE'S** quintet is in swing Nov. 17-22. **TERENCE BLANCHARD,** who wrote the soundtrack to Spike Lee's "Malcolm X," begins a run on Nov. 24, with a quintet. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Wetlands is a psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. It is filled more or less nightly with young bands who like to play long, swirling jams and throngs of young Deadheads who like to listen to them. **MOJO NIXON** and others are here on Nov. 18; **JOAN OSBORNE** claims Nov. 19; **BLACK 47** performs on Nov. 20; and the **MADHATTERS** are in on Nov. 21. Music at ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** work out together for the next couple of weeks. Music from eight every night but Sundays, when sets begin at seven-thirty.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"YOU pretty white boys from Sound Factory?" asks a tall, sweat-drenched Shelter regular of a lone group of Caucasians. "Why you here?" The guy's hostile, but justifiably so. For it is the manifest destiny of P.W.B.s to seek out and destroy alternative clubs. They can't help themselves. The African-American kids who originally sought Shelter (6 Hubert Street) did so only after realizing that the corner they had ceded to P.W.B.s at Sound Factory (530 West 27th Street) had not satisfied the P.W.B.s' territorial lust. Certainly, Shelter would never be anyone's first choice for a dance sanctuary. The space worked brilliantly just once, as Area. Now it's nothing but two over-engineered rooms—and a dance space with a ceiling so low the Rockettes could kick out every spot—and it's hardly happy exile after paradise on 27th Street.

But Shelter, at least, aims its speakers at the floor, offers sound-of-Philly music, and keeps the lights so dim that something besides dancing could be going on. Yet what's seen silhouetted by random beams is blindly fierce, obsessively dedicated movement that incorporates cartwheels, midair suspensions, and, on that recent night, an entire chorus of "Now That We Found Love" buoyantly sung by a full room without accompaniment. "You singing?" the big dancer snarls to a P.W.B., who immediately freezes. "Just trying to scare you off," the interrogator says with a chuckle. "How'm I doin'?" Real good.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Presenting a revival of "Einstein on the Beach," Nov. 19-23. See Opera listings for details. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec 27.)

The Radio City Christmas Spectacular—The sixtieth-anniversary edition of the holiday show includes the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 6. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Big Apple Circus—Featuring the flying Egorov Troupe, from Russia; a contortionist named Tunga, from Mongolia; Johnny Peers and his dog act; equestrienne Katja Schumann; and a host of others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Jan. 10. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

Walt Disney's World on Ice—This year's version centers on "Beauty and the Beast," but Mickey, Minnie, Donald, et al., will be there, too. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 17 at 7:30; Nov. 18-19 at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30; Nov. 20 at 4 and 7:30; and Nov. 21-22 at 11 A.M., 3, and 7:30.)

Penny Arcade—In "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" With the works: go-go dancers, nudity, explicit language, and pornographic images. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

"The Circle Unbroken Is a Hard Bop"—An "epistolary praise poem" by Sekou Sundiata and Craig S. Harris. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Nov. 19-22 at 7:30. Through Nov. 29.)

Bigg Mess—A performance group consisting of Johanna Went, Stephen Holman, Clam Lynch, and Alien Comic. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 19-22 and Nov. 25 at 8:30. Through Nov. 29.)

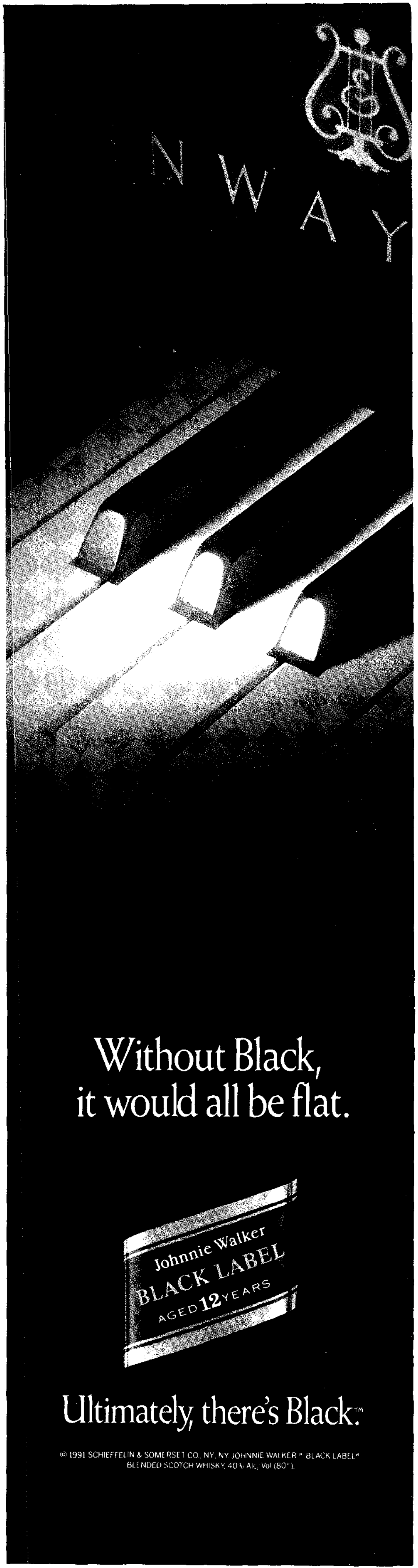
ART

Writing on the Wall

MANY graffiti phenoms really do grow up to become artists in more or less the traditional sense, and there's a show in New York now that proves it. Recent paintings by five of them—Crash, Daze, Futura 2000, Lady Pink, and just plain Lee—are on view at the Klarfeld Perry gallery (472 Broome Street; through December 12). The exhibition demonstrates great diversity, in both technique and invention, and gives substantial proof of individual progress. Lee, for example, has turned into a sort of Jasper Johns figure for this crowd, stylistically speaking, while the virtuosic Crash appears to be engaged in spirited Oedipal battles with Pop figures like Roy Lichtenstein. Lady Pink, the archetypal Only Girl in this gang, is also its feminist and all-around political intellectual. It seems she has been browsing through history—back to Daumier and Victor Hugo, perhaps, but also to Ben Shahn and the Disney animation artists responsible for "Lady and the Tramp." Futura is a restrained yet dazzling calligraphist whose amazingly delicate atmospheric grounds recall Ed Ruscha's. And, finally, there's Daze, who, as his name suggests, seems the most adolescent member of this talented gathering. But he may also be its most adventurous, its Frank Stella.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Century of Tung Ch'i-ch'ang." This late-Ming-dynasty artist-scholar is considered the greatest Chinese painter of the past five hundred years, and this exhibition, organized by Kansas City's Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, in an unprecedented collaboration with the Beijing Palace Museum and the Shanghai Museum, is an event unlikely ever to be matched. One often hears how abstraction existed in Chinese art centuries before the advent of Modernism; Tung is the artist who transformed the painter from one who represents to one who paints, and the medium from a record of reality to a vehicle for self-expression. Because of space limitations, this exhibition is being shown in two parts. The first part, currently on view, consists of work by Tung and his contemporaries. Included are examples of Tung's extraordinary landscape painting, which was very close in spirit to Cézanne. Also on view are examples of the artist's precise calligraphy. The second part of the show (which starts Dec. 1) will explore Tung's influence on later generations. It is telling that this show, which in its entirety is much smaller than both MOMA's Matisse show and the Met's Magritte retrospective, had to be divided up. Through Nov. 29.... ¶ The Magritte retrospective is blandly overhung, and this has the undesirable effect of further homogenizing work by an artist who camouflaged his subversiveness with bourgeois-Belgian-looking effects. Still, the show must be seen. Magritte's not-so-latent Conceptualism, and his famous pictorial incongruities, have had an unsurpassed impact on world graphics, not to mention on a long list of recently influential artists, such as his countryman Marcel Broodthaers, who regarded him as a perverse father figure. Magritte's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ART–Cont'd

short-lived Vache period of the nineteen-forties, during which he suddenly began imitating Renoir, Japanese-inspired Impressionist prints, and various cartoon genres, is perhaps the most radical stylistic departure in twentieth-century art, anticipating Sigmar Polke as well as virtually all nineteen-eighties appropriation art. Through Nov. 22.... ¶ This museum has jumped into the Jean-Michel Basquiat fray with a display (running concurrently with the Whitney retrospective) of two huge murals that Basquiat made, in 1985, for the Mike Todd Room, at the Palladium. They should lend drama and focus to the artist's cause.... ¶ The show of paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Lille, includes works by Rubens, Goya, Delacroix, van Gogh, Fra Bartolommeo, and others. Through Jan. 17.... ¶ A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Spanish realist Jusepe de Ribera (1591-1652). Through Nov. 29.... ¶ A new installation of works from the museum's large collection of Italian majolica and Venetian glass.... ¶ The third-century works in "Loma Negra, A Peruvian Lord's Tomb" range from small gilt nose and ear ornaments to large headdresses and masks.... ¶ Portraits—and self-portraits—by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Winslow Homer, and other American artists. Through Jan. 17.... ¶ "The Royal City of Susa: Ancient Near Eastern Treasures in the Louvre." Two hundred works in copper, bronze, stone, and clay. Through Mar. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The most powerful section of the Matisse retrospective is the one covering the years 1913 to 1917, which is called "Abstraction and Experimentation." A big, subdued, rigorous Jungian masterpiece called "Bathers by a River" (completed in 1916) is the great coup de theatre of this rich but surprisingly unrevealing exhibition. There are, however, some happy rediscoveries, such as a number of Matisse's exercises in bold contours and high style from the early forties—paintings like "The Rumanian Blouse," which may have inspired a collection or two by Saint Laurent, and several still-lifes and interiors with figures against black gridded grounds. Some of the great late cutouts are disappointing. In fact, this exhibition doesn't begin or end with a bang. Through Jan. 12. (Plan wisely; call 708-9850 for ticket information. Tickets can be purchased in advance, and a limited number of same-day tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis.)... ¶ The "New Photography" series has expanded to four galleries, and this eighth installment includes eight artists: Dieter Appelt, Ellen Brooks, Darrel Ellis, Dennis Farber, Robert Flynt, Mary Miss, Gundula Schulze, and Toshio Shibata. Through Jan. 12.... ¶ A hundred and twenty-five books, by such artists as Giorgio de Chirico, Lucio Fontana, Francesco Clemente, and Giacomo Manzù, are on view in "The Artist and the Book in Twentieth-Century Italy." Through Feb. 16.... ¶ "The Photographs of Lucas Samaras" comprises thirty works from his many series of Polaroids. Through Dec. 1.... ¶ Two series of color and black-and-white photographs by Suzanne Lafont. Through Nov. 15. (Museum hours through Jan. 12: open Sundays through Tuesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Wednesdays, 12 to 6; Thursdays, 10:30 to 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915-32." This legendary period is evoked in an extraordinary show of experimental paintings of every level of quality, a tantalizing variety of revolutionary posters, textiles, and porcelains, and several superb architectural drawings and models. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—A show of works that Robert Rauschenberg made between 1949 and 1954, before the appearance of the groundbreaking "combines." As a young man in New York, at North Carolina's Black Mountain College, and in Europe and North Africa, where he travelled for seven months with his friend Cy Twombly, Rauschenberg was already trying almost everything: painting, sculpture, collage, and photography, of course, but also Conceptual art works *avant la lettre* and all sorts of experiments in mediums ranging from newsprint to blueprints. His work has influenced many artists of his own generation (Warhol, Johns) and of the two that have arisen since (Rosenquist; David Salle and Cady Noland). Through Jan. 24.... ¶ "Marc Chagall and the Jewish Theatre." Chagall's murals for the State Jewish Chamber Theatre, in Moscow, are in many ways ambitious, but they are not especially satisfying. They are notable for their delicacy, for their mixture of figurative and abstract forms, and for the modest scale of their elements. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

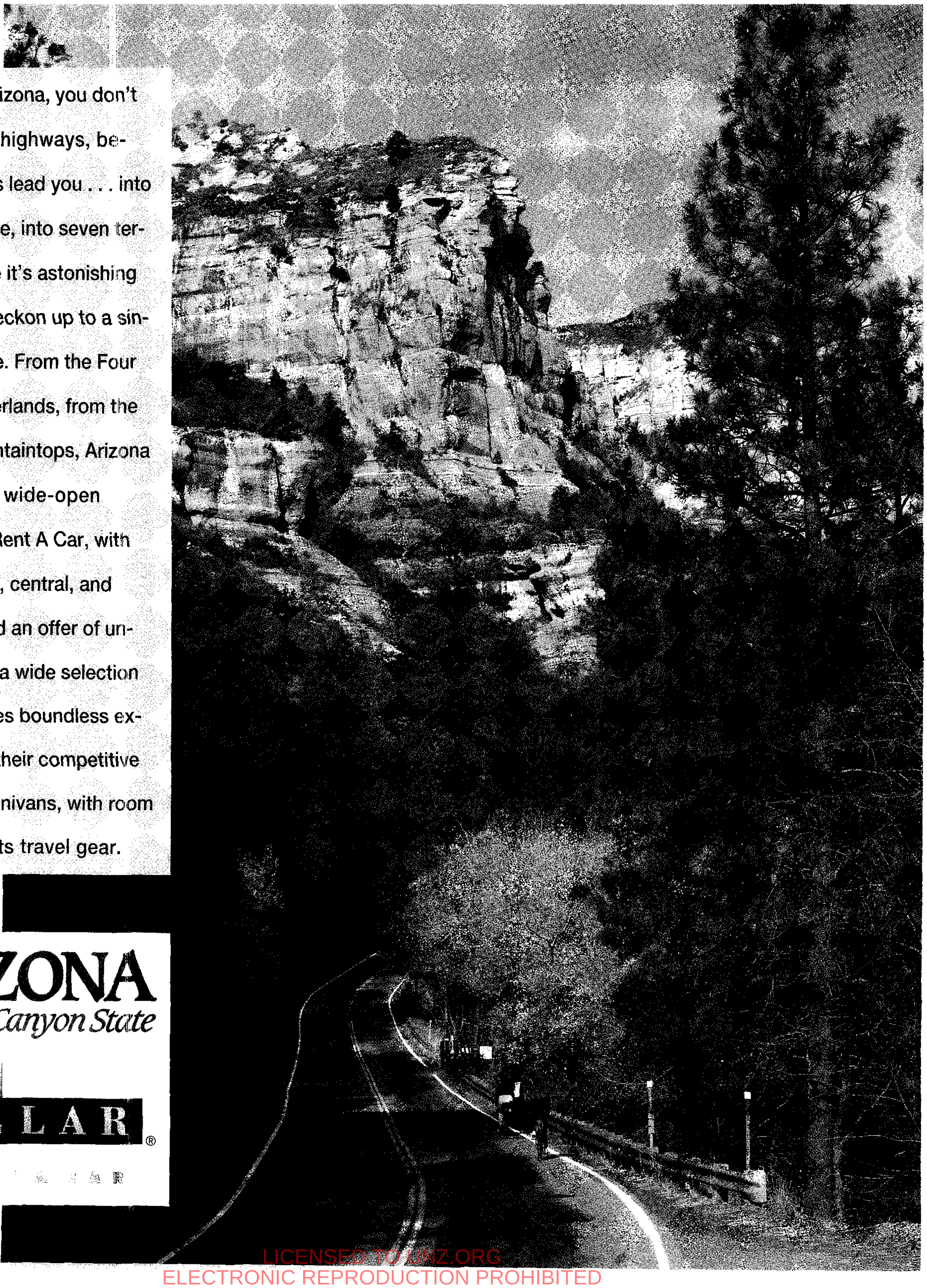
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Agnes Martin didn't achieve her mature style until the early sixties, when she was in her late forties. Today, she is one of the great living painters, yet her extraordinarily beautiful work is so unassuming that she has not attracted the sort of cultish attention given to her fellow desert escapee Georgia O'Keeffe. It is the paradox of Martin's career that she has made soft, delicate paintings in a rigid grid format. Within her narrow vocabulary, Martin explores infinite variation. Though each painting is a perfect distillation of her œuvre, the more you see, the more you want to see. Through Jan. 31.... ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Feb. 14.... ¶ Drawings from the forties by Alfonso Ossorio (1916-90). Through Nov. 29.... ¶ A large exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the collection. Through Nov. 29. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Max Weber: The Cubist Decade, 1910-20." Fifty paintings and works on paper by the American modernist. Through Jan. 10.... ¶ Had he survived the Franco-Prussian War, Frédéric Bazille (1841-70) might have held his own with the Impressionists of his generation. This show of sixty-one paintings and works on paper includes most of his œuvre. Through Jan. 24.... ¶ "Dame of the Narrows" (1976), a large-scale sculpture of the Staten Island ferry arriving at the Manhattan terminal, is currently installed in the lobby. It's a collaboration between two artists, Red Grooms and Mimi Gross, and the Ruckus Construction Company, a team of artists and engineers. You can go aboard the structure, and, once you're there, the boat starts rocking, waves rise, and seagulls above go crazy. Mr. Grooms has also made two new large murals depicting the Brooklyn, Manhattan, and New Jersey skylines.... ¶ Meg Webster's installation, titled "Running," consists of a stream of water and an adjacent resource room with a computer and books on ecology. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual purchase exhibition this year contains paintings, drawings, and prints by sixty contemporary artists, including April Gornik, Alfred Leslie, Howardena Pindell, and Michelle Stuart. Through Dec. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"The Power of Maps." Navigating your way through this huge show of more than four hundred maps (the earliest is from 1500 B.C.) prove a daunting task. But be adventurous, and you'll find Native American star charts, Italian globes, Aboriginal "Dreaming" maps, survey maps of the Pyramids, and much more. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9,

On the road in Arizona



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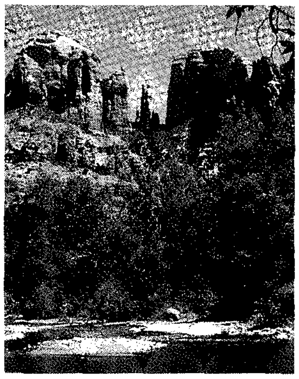
Canyon Country

The Grand Canyon is Time's great gift to Arizona, carved by the Colorado River. But even this great natural wonder doesn't completely define Canyon Country. Just to the south lies Sedona and the radiant beauty of red-rock cliffs. Between them is the ponderosa pine-clad city of Flagstaff, more than a mile high, the ideal location from which to begin your explorations. Travelers can trust Dollar's reliable Chrysler vehicles with driver-side air bags, to take them from the foot of the crimson cliffs to a majestic canyon's rim.



Oak Creek Canyon carved through red-rock cliffs

Central Territory

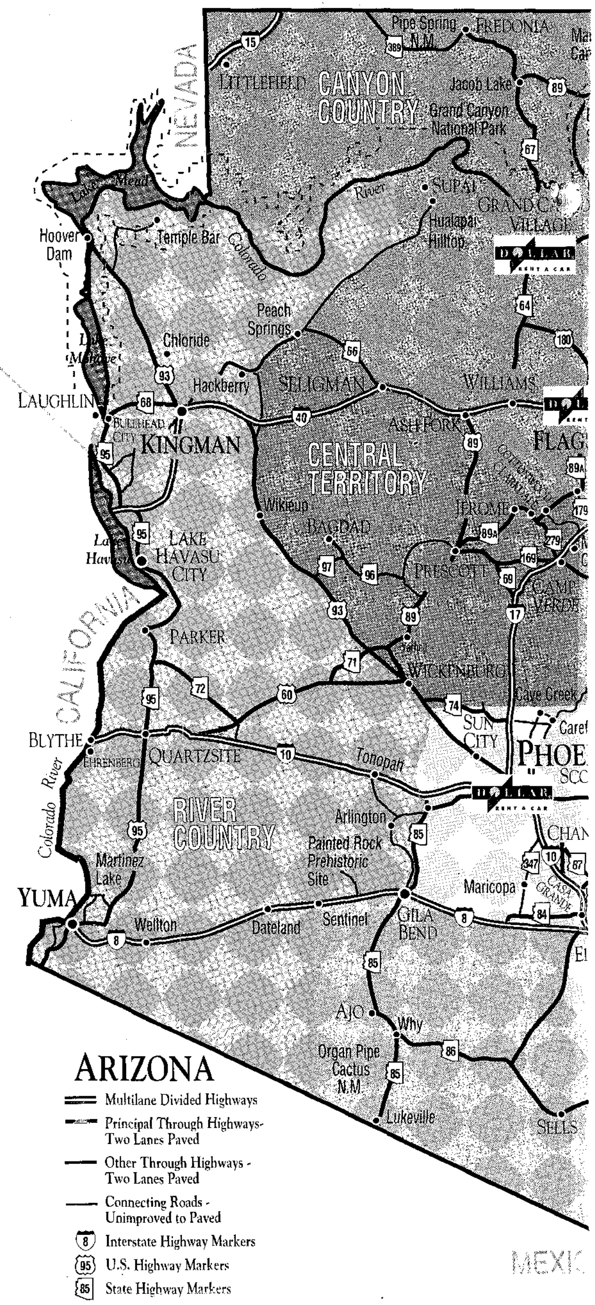
The exhilarating epic of Arizona's human history and an amazing vision of its future contribute to the unique mix of attractions in the Central Territory. Found here are the earliest marks of civilization—the region's enigmatic Indian ruins—and reminders of the robust legacies left by cowboys and miners. In prominent counterpoint to that past is the futuristic Arcosanti project of architect Paolo Soleri.

The earliest inhabitants lived in cliff dwellings

West Coast

The Colorado River offers an entirely different side of its personality on Arizona's West Coast. The river is an immense 340-mile playground here, where a series of dams has created a sort of Great Lakes of the Southwest. The experience of fishing, boating, and swimming on this incredible necklace of rivers and lakes is unmatched.

Arizona's West Coast — one of the most popular water sports areas in the U.S.



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CALIFORNIA
Lake Mead
Hoover Dam
Temple Bar
Colorado River
LITTLEFIELD
CANYON COUNTRY
Pipe Spring N.M.
FREDONIA
Jacob Lake
Grand Canyon National Park
SUPAI
Hualapai Hilltop
GRAND CANYON VILLAGE
DOLLAR RENT A CAR
Peach Springs
Chloride
Lake Mohave
Hackberry
SELIGMAN
WILLIAMS
LAUGHLIN
BULLHEAD CITY
KINGMAN
ASH FORK
FLAG
CENTRAL TERRITORY
Oak Creek Canyon
Wikieup
BAGDAD
JEROME
Lake Havasu
LAKE HAVASU CITY
PRESCOTT
CAMP VERDE
PARKER
Yarnell
WICKENBURG
Cave Creek
SUN CITY
Carefree
BLYTHE
EHRENBERG
QUARTZSITE
Tonopah
PHOE
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Colorado River
RIVER COUNTRY
Arlington
Painted Rock Prehistoric Site
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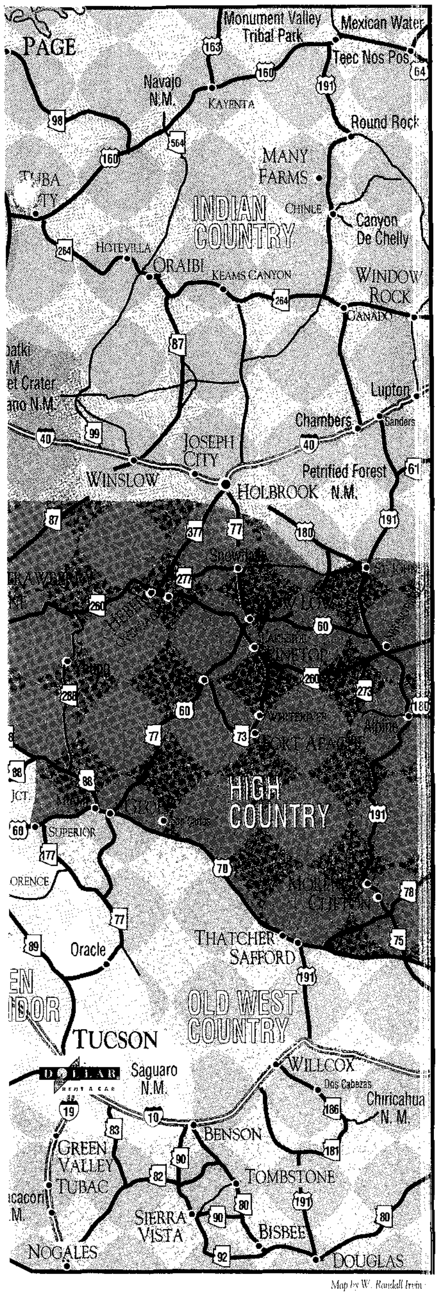

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Monument Valley Tribal Park
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TUBA CITY
MANY FARMS
INDIAN COUNTRY
CHINLE
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HOTEVILLA
ORAIBI
KEAMS CANYON
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WILLCOX
Dos Cabezas
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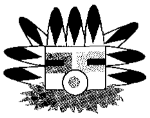
TUBAC
TOMBSTONE
SIERRA VISTA
BISBEE
NOGALES
DOUGLAS

Map by W. Randall Irvin

Indian Country



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High Country

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The High Country, Arizona's cool mountain playground

Adobe ambiance near Tubac, the oldest Spanish settlement in Arizona

Old West Country

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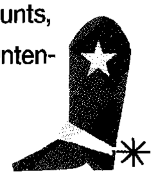

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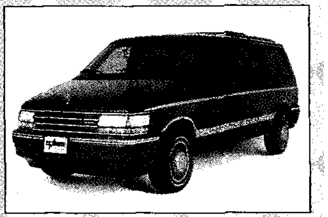

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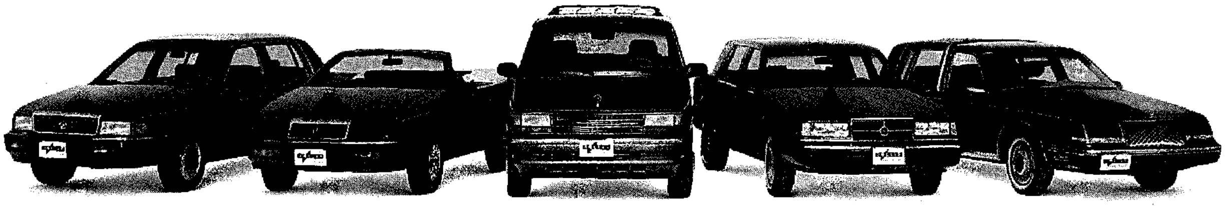

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with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

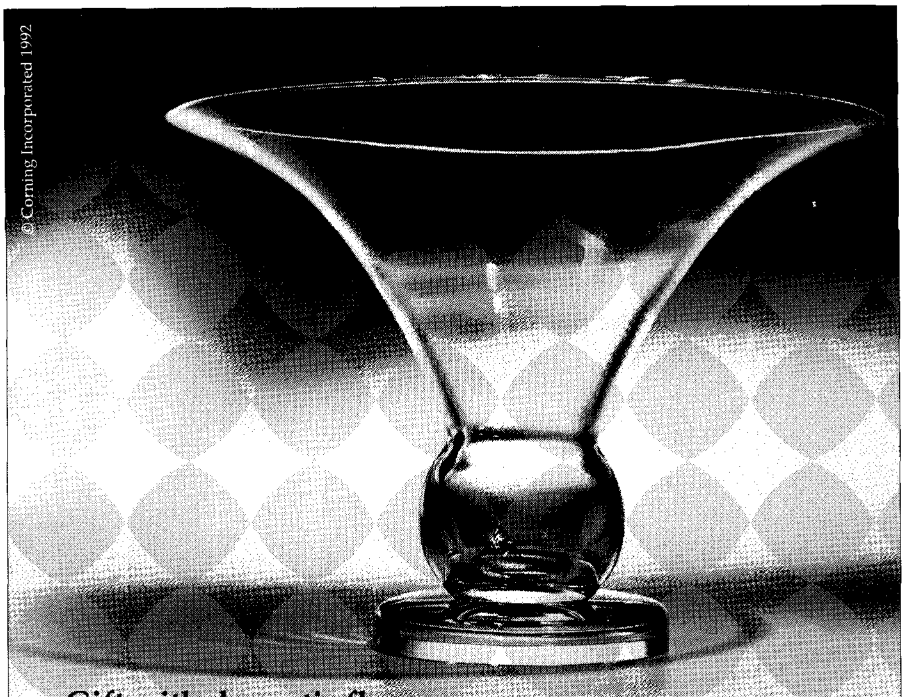
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A new permanent installation of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth is on view in the reception hall. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Convivencia: Jews, Muslims, and Christians in Medieval Spain." More than a hundred manuscripts, textiles, ceramics, and architectural fragments are on view. Through Dec. 20. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large show of drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, including studies for "Vision of St. Bernard" and "Madonna della Misericordia." Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Renaissance Florence: Arts and Letters," drawn from the library's collection, features letters by Michelangelo and Machiavelli, an early edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and inflammatory pamphlets by Savonarola. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ All sorts of material culled from past Presidential elections (George Washington to Teddy Roosevelt) are on view in a show called "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery.'" Through Nov. 22. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Four hundred years' worth of prints and photographs portraying Native Americans. Included are works by Timothy O'Sullivan, George Catlin, Edward S. Curtis, and Gertrude Käsebier. Through Jan. 30. (Third Floor Gallery. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ In "New Worlds, Ancient Texts," more than two hundred manuscripts, maps, atlases, globes, books, and prints tell the story of the Old World and the New World—how they came to meet, their courtship, their quarrels, and their inevitable marriage. Through Jan. 9. (Gottesman Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ Maps and atlases of yesteryear, as "Mapping the New World" demonstrates, were certainly more fanciful than today's A.A.A. road maps. The show reveals the fertile imagination of European mapmakers, who incorporated palm trees, double-spouted whales, cannibals, and other exotic things into their works. Through Jan. 9. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ On view in the Berg Collection is "The One Bright Book of Life," a show of fifty manuscripts, including fragments from "Oliver Twist," "Tropic of Cancer," "To the Lighthouse," and "Ada." (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

P.S. 1 Museum, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Postcards from Alphaville: Jean-Luc Godard in Contemporary Art, 1963-92." This exhibition (which runs concurrently with the Godard film-and-video retrospective at MOMA) explores the avant-gardist's influence on artists from Barbara Bloom and Donald Baechler to Allan Ruppersberg and Mary Weatherford. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ In "7 Rooms / 7 Shows" this institution's traditional emphasis on emerging artists shifts to emerging curators. The whole second floor thus becomes the site for seven distinct group shows. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A new series of photographs by Clegg & Guttmann titled "From the Index of Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Photographic Portraits." Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Bells," Donald Lipski's new sculpture-with-sound installation. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Floating Reflections": three sound-and-video installations by Berlin artists Hans-Peter Kuhn, Ulrich Eller, and Niko Tenten. Through Jan. 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



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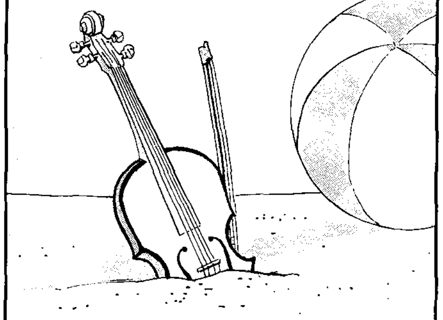

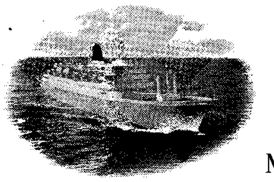

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GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Kelly, a supreme abstractionist, is also one of the best things ever to have happened to the plant kingdom: his botanical sketches are truly exquisite—as piercingly simple, crystalline, and intense as his nonobjective paintings. Ruskin's advice to young Pre-Raphaelites—to look at the world as if through lidless eyes—could plausibly have been the credo of this sixty-nine-year-old Yankee literalist. The poet John Ashbery, Kelly's neighbor in the Hudson River Valley, wrote the catalogue essay. Through Nov. 28. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ A show of new paintings is at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St., through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A new installation by Kelly opens Nov. 21 at Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Short List—**William Blake,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 31); **Fernando Botero,** Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through Nov. 28); **Richard Diebenkorn,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Jan. 9); **Helen Frankenthaler,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St (through Dec. 17); **Wifredo Lam,** Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 12 to 6; through Dec. 20), and Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **Wilhelm Lehmbruck,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Jan. 16); **Francisco Toledo,** Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Dec. 23); **Andy Warhol,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Jan. 9).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

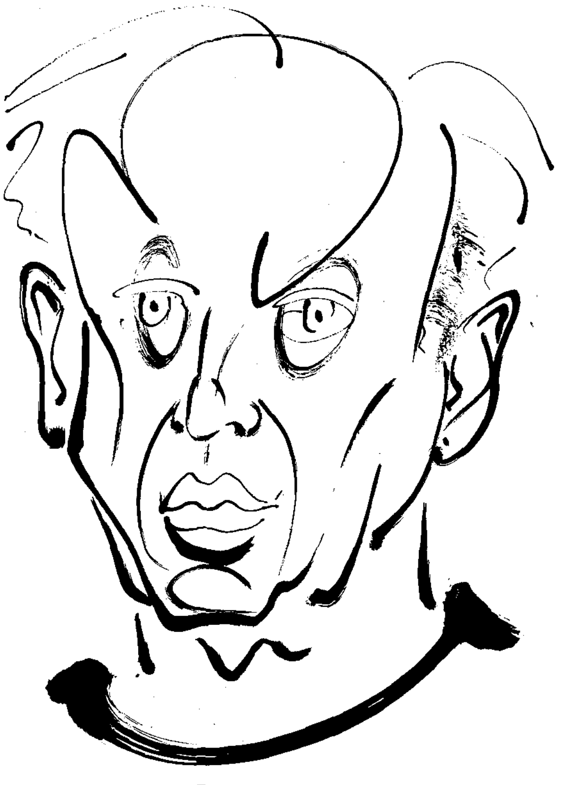
Grace Hartigan—New, humorous paintings by this second-generation Abstract Expressionist. The works, which consist of large figures that fill the canvases and that are dusted in joyous sprays of paint, have the immediacy of sketches. Most are of art-historical subjects, such as Madame Cézanne coated in a pointillist storm, but Hartigan couldn't resist a more sobering "Desert Storm," which doesn't depict planes spraying Baghdad with missiles but instead shows an isolated bleeding chair on blood-drenched ground. Through Nov. 28. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Small paintings and works on paper from the mid-forties, the period before Pollock's mature Abstract Expressionist phase. "Moon Vessel" (1945) is a painting of surrealist shapes covered in skeins of drips. In two slightly later gouaches, the drips have disappeared, and the works are tighter. Some of the most informative works are the sketchbook drawings. Pollock was a marvellous doodler, and could build a surrealist's universe out of a few squiggly, interconnected lines that suggest anything from flowers to Native American symbols. Some are quite serene—there's one in which the doodles seem to take the shape of a dancing woman—while others are more tortured, full of violent, obliterating ink strokes. Through Nov. 28. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**Karel Appel,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 31); **Deborah Brown,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **Thomas Eakins,** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **Robert M. Kulicke,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 22); **Loren Madsen,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 23); **Zoran Music,** Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 20); **Louise Nevelson,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 28); **Peter Poskas,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 28); **David Saunders** and **John Gill,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **Karl Schrag,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 12); **George Tooker,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **Tom Wesselman,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 28).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Dwyer—An exhibition of deceptively simple word sculptures that have an uncanny ability to get to the heart of edgy matters. In a room by itself, installed on a carpet of sod, there is a piece for outdoor display. Titled "Lawn Ornament," it consists of the letters "S" and "E" on pedestals, with a fallen "X" beside them. Through Nov. 28. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)



Ellsworth Kelly

PAUL HAMLYN

Kenneth Goldsmith—Word works on paper. The small graphite ones are little more than an attempt to market minor thoughts, but the main work—six huge columns of silk-screened text on paper—is a tour de force of rap, Beat poetry, and Joycean verse. It begins with a listing of people (Susan Faludi, Jason Priestley), slang phrases ("What me worry," "Me so horny"), and stores (Laura Ashley, Charivari), with much alliterative tap-dancing through the alphabet. As the piece progresses, the phrases become longer and the rhythms more complex, until they build to a cacophonous onslaught far more serious-minded than anything the initial playful rhythms seemed to suggest. Through Nov. 28. (Lee, 588 Broadway.)

Kirsten Mosher—An installation work, made of dirt, that has something or other to do with the unwitting assistance tires and shoes lend to the spreading of the red, brown, and gray stuff from one land to another. Through Nov. 21. (Gering, 476 Broome St.)

Ed Paschke—Paschke is the Luminist master of TV light. With one exception, his ethereal, spooky new paintings all depict bodiless heads. Two faces recur throughout the show—a masklike one, presumably female, and another that's a more realistic rendering of a woman. The former suggests something dreamlike, and appears in one painting as twins. In another painting, the realistic head seems to be emitting a fountain of red dots. Through Nov. 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

A. R. PENCK—Penck, a German Neo-Expressionist, is a more interesting artist than his reputation in the West would suggest, and this mini-survey of works on paper, from 1977 to the present, is something of a revelation. It includes many of the stick-figure works for which he is best known, but it begins with far more realistic works—group portraits of friends—which show the often overlooked personal roots of his later symbol system. Through Nov. 28. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**NANCY CHUNN**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Nov. 28); **JOHN CLEM CLARKE**, Meisel, 141 Prince St. (through Nov. 28); **SONIA DELAUNAY** and **CHARMION VON WIEGAND**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 5); **JIMMIE DURHAM**, Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (through Dec. 12); **RAFAEL FERRER**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Dec. 2); **JOAN JONAS** and **RODNEY GRAHAM**, Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through Dec. 23); **MIKE KELLEY**, Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Jan. 8); **JULIAN LETHBRIDGE**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Dec. 3); **ANDREW LORD**, 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through Jan. 9); **AL LOVING**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Dec. 1); **GIAN MARCO MONTESANO**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through Nov. 28); **MATT MULLICAN**, Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through Nov. 28); **PHILIP PEARLSTEIN** and **CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 5); **JUDITH ROTHSCHILD**, Zarre, 154 Wooster St. (through Dec. 5); **TOM OF FINLAND**, Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation, 127 Prince St. (through Nov. 28); **TONY SMITH**, Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Nov. 28); **ANDY WARHOL**, Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through Jan. 9); **MATTHEW WEINSTEIN**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 19); **LISA ZWERLING**, First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 28).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dreams Deferred

A SHOW just opened here that should be packed up and sent to Washington for a special viewing by change-oriented politicians, to remind them what they're really up against. The show, which is titled "Troubled Times. . .," features three artists whose street photography is legendary—Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Leon Levinstein (Sander, 105 Hudson Street; closed Tuesdays, through December 31). Almost all the works were shot in New York. We go from Model's forties wartime pictures—images of loss, and of emotionally and physically wounded people—to Faurer's images, many of them from the mid-fifties, of urban down-and-outs. Nobody in Faurer's photographs is getting away from it all in that new repository of the American Dream, the suburbs. Levinstein's photographs, which were taken in the late fifties and early sixties, bear witness to the early stages of the kind of widespread alienation and abandonment that we have become so used to seeing and feeling in the city. A number of Levinstein's photographs are about sex as a form of comfort—the kind that's bought for an hour or so. There's also an image of that inevitable figure the preacher against sex—in this case, a man who, amusingly enough, looks like an older, much poorer Ross Perot.

NICHOLAS NIXON—A group of pictures that the artist took at the Perkins School for the Blind, in Watertown, Massachusetts, is full of beauty, humor, and grit. And the shots here of his son, daughter, and wife are nearly perfect revelations of family intimacy—they're on a par with the wonderful portraits that Nixon has done, over several years, of his wife and her three sisters. Through Dec. 5. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

FREDERICK SOMMER / WEEGEE (1899-1968)—Two bodies of work, most of which were taken in the late thirties and early forties. At first they may strike one as utterly dissimilar—Sommer's pictures seem to be all about nature, and Weegee's about what the city brings out in human nature. But what comes through in both men's pictures is a gripping toughness. In Weegee's shots, one witnesses tragedies, accidents, crimes, shocks. And Sommer's landscapes depict the harshness of the natural world, as opposed to something stereotypically beautiful. Through Nov. 28. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

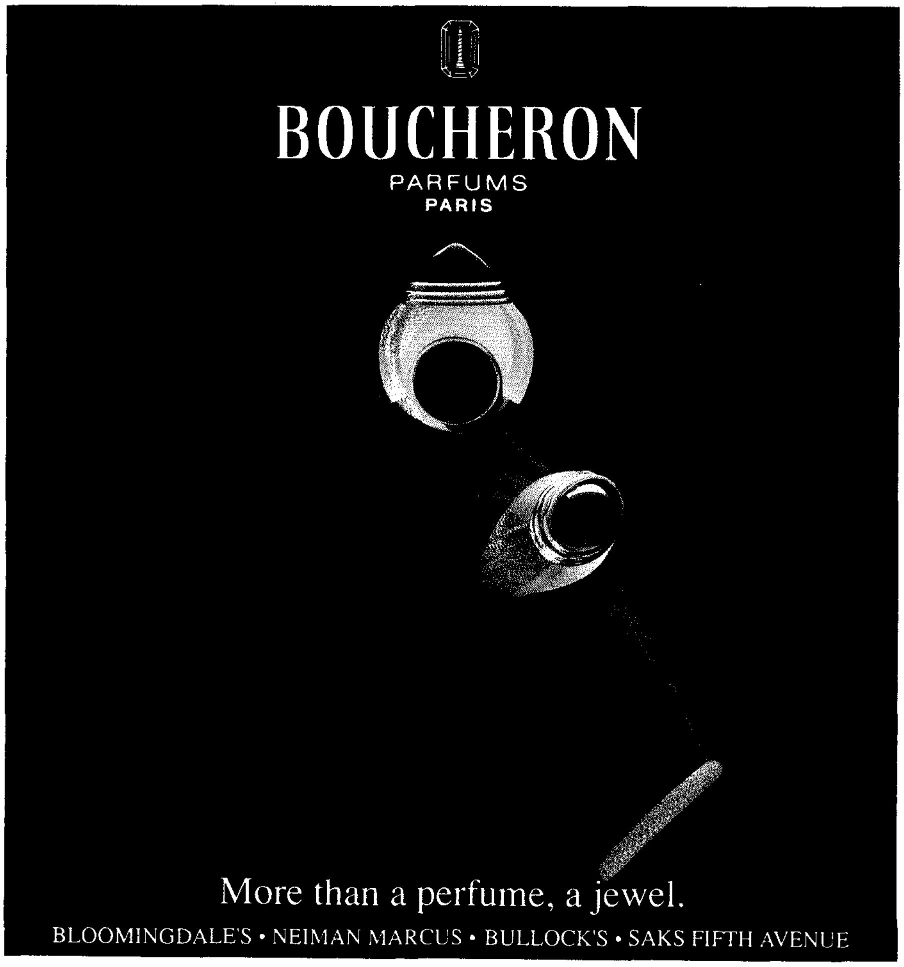
SHORT LIST—**JOHN DIVOLA**, Baum, 588 Broadway (through Nov. 28); **ROBERT FLYNT** and **CONNIE IMBODEN**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 5); **HIROJI KUBOTA**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through Jan. 31); **ANNIE LEIBOVITZ**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 5); **RAY MORTENSON**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 28); **IZHAR PATKIN** and **NAM JUNE PAIK**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 21); **HERB RITTS**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 5); **LEO RUBINFIEN**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45; through Jan. 3); **AARON SISKIND**, Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (through Nov. 21); **JAMES WELLING**, Markey, 55 Vandam St. (open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2, through Dec. 18).

MUSIC

Follow the Lieder

THE Wagnerian heldentenor is just about the rarest of all operatic types. And with good reason, for in addition to their vocal demands, Wagner's operas ask for a kind of reflectiveness and intellectual penetration that some singers, however gifted, simply don't find congenial.

Not all great Wagnerians, however, have been thinkers like Jon Vickers and Hans Hotter. Many of them have been hearty, vigorous souls who achieved a special place through long immersion. Flagstad, Melchior, Windgassen, and Nilsson were surely like that. And Gary Lakes, who now has four major Wagner roles in his repertoire, may eventually be able to join that line. His early appearances at the Met were vocally promising and dramatically bland—but maybe that's just a reflection of the unwisdom of making early appearances at the Met. Before he returns there in "Die Walküre," Mr. Lakes will give a lieder recital at Alice Tully Hall on Nov. 22), centered on songs of Beethoven and Schubert that are part of the soil from which Wagner grew. Good idea. The more he lives in that world, the more he may equip himself to fill the stubbornly vacant niche on the Wagnerian stage.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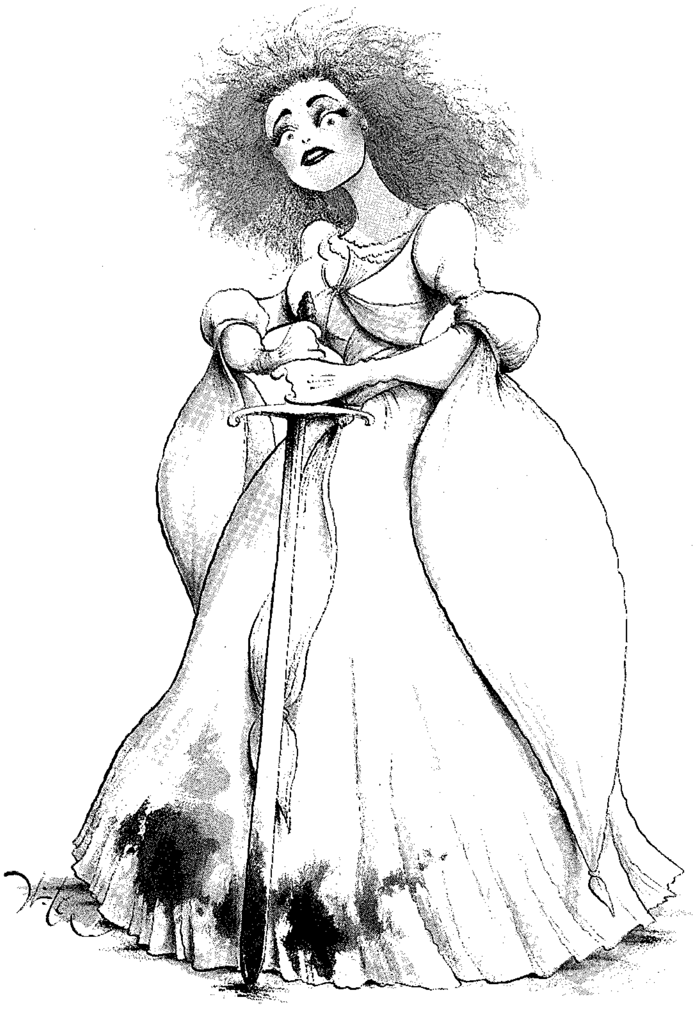
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**SEMIRAMIDE,** with Christine Weidinger, Gloria Scalchi, Frank Lopardo, and Barseg Tumanyan; conducted by Ion Marin. (Nov. 16 and Nov. 20 at 7:30.)... **TOSCA,** with Ghena Dimitrova, Lando Bartolini, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. (Nov. 17 at 8 and Nov. 21 at 1:30.)... **L'ELISIR D'AMORE,** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Stanford Olsen, Roberto Frontali, and Enzo Dara; Edoardo Müller. (Nov. 18 at 8.)... With Kathleen Battle, Francisco Araiza, Roberto Frontali, and Enzo Dara; Edoardo Müller. (Nov. 21 and Nov. 25 at 8.)... **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,** in the first performances of a new production, with June Anderson, Richard Leech, Juan Pons, and Paul Plishka; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 19 and Nov. 24 at 8.)... **LA BOHÈME,** with Gabriela Beňačková, Nancy Gustafson, Luis Lima, and Dwayne Croft; John Fiore. (Nov. 23 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)



June Anderson in "Lucia Di Lammermoor" at the Metropolitan Opera

MICHAEL WITTE

"Einstein on the Beach"—A revival of the epic, now classic, collaboration by composer Philip Glass and designer-director Robert Wilson. Dancer-choreographer Lucinda Childs and performance artist Sheryl Sutton (who have been featured in every performance of the opera since its première, in 1976) have announced that these performances will mark their final appearances in the work. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 19-23 at 7.)

Peking Opera Troupe—Presenting "The Monkey King Raids the Heavens," (especially appropriate as this Year of the Monkey draws toward its close), featuring Li Bao-chun (whose interpretations draw strongly on Chinese martial-arts traditions). (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Nov. 19-21 at 7:30 and Nov. 22 at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting its final performances of "Faust," an intimate production, conducted by Anthony Amato. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 21 at 7:30 and Nov. 22 at 2:30.)

"Small Hotels"—A new "séantic reality" in the form of a café concert crafted to evoke the sweet yet ironic nineteen-forties, according to its creators, the accordionist-composer William Schimmel and the writer George W. S. Trow. (Anahid Sofian Studio, 29 W. 15th St. Nov. 21 at 8:30 and Nov. 22 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 876-0827.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 17 at 7:30: André Previn conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 92 (the "Oxford"), Ravel's "Mother Goose" ballet score, and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (the "Emperor," with Emanuel Ax).... ¶ Nov. 19-21 at 8: Kurt Sanderling conducts Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2 and Piano Concerto No. 3 (featuring Peter Roesel).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 100 (the "Military") and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with soprano Roberta Alexander). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 17 at 8.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Christoph Eschenbach conducts Ives' "Three Places in New England," Dvořák's Symphony No. 8, and Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto (with Tzimon Barto). (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 18 at 8.)

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting. Nov. 19 at 8: Walton's Symphony No. 1 and Sibelius's Violin Concerto (with Boris Belkin).... ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: Arnold Bax's "Tintagel," Barber's Symphony No. 1, and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 10.

Concert Royal—James Richman opens a series of "soirées baroques" for partisans of the ancien régime. This first installment will comprise a concerto by Michel Blavet (with flutist Sandra Miller), a cantata by Nicolas Bernier (a vernacular work titled "Le Caffé," in which a dispute between coffee and wine leaves the latter triumphant), François Couperin's searingly introspective "Troisième Leçon de Ténèbres" (his final sacred composition, a setting from the Lamentations of Jeremiah), and the United States première of Rameau's one-act opera "Zéphire, ou les Nymphes de Diane" (featuring sopranos Edwige Bourdy and Christine Brandes). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducts selections from film scores by William Walton (for "Henry V"), Virgil Thomson ("Louisiana Story" and "A Tuesday in November"), Ennio Morricone ("The Mission"), and Bernard Herrmann ("Psycho"). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 20 at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting (with the forces both nights augmented by the St. Louis Symphony Chorus and members of the St. Louis Children's Choirs). Nov. 20 at 8: Orff's "Carmina Burana" and the New York première of Peter Maxwell Davies' "Worldes Blis"; with soloists Harolyn Blackwell (soprano), John Aler (tenor), and Håkan Hagegård (baritone).... ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: William Bolcom's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience," an evening-long, Blake-inspired orchestral-song-cycle-cum-three-ring-circus; with the Western Wind vocal ensemble and a host of soloists.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Maxim Shostakovich conducts his father's "Chamber Symphony" (Op. 110a) and "Song Cycle from Jewish Folk Poetry," as well as Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" (with mezzo-soprano Maro Partamian), in a concert that also includes music by Stepan Lucky, Michelle Ezikian, and Richie Havens—all performed in remembrance of the Holocaust. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Nov. 21 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

I Cantori di New York—Mark Shapiro directs choral works by Monteverdi, Brahms, Poulenc, Dallapiccola, and Samuel Adler. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Nov. 21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 439-4758.)

Riverside Symphony and Parnassus—George Rothman conducts the ensembles' wind contingents in Mozart's Serenade No. 10 (the "Gran Partita"), orchestrations of several of Dvořák's "Slavonic Dances," and Maurice Wright's "Chamber Symphony for Eleven Instruments." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Nov. 22 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Riverside Choir—James Simms directs Duruflé's Requiem and Vaughan Williams' Mass in G Minor. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Nov. 22 at 3. Admission by contribution.... **NOTE:** The concert will be preceded at 2:30 by a carillon recital featuring music by the late Dutch composer Leen 't Hart, performed by Joseph Clair Davis.)

Mannes Orchestra—Michael Charry conducts the conservatory orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 99, Schuman's "New England Triptych," Debussy's "La Mer," and the première of David Loeb's "Fantasia on East Asian Modes." (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 23 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 496-8524.)

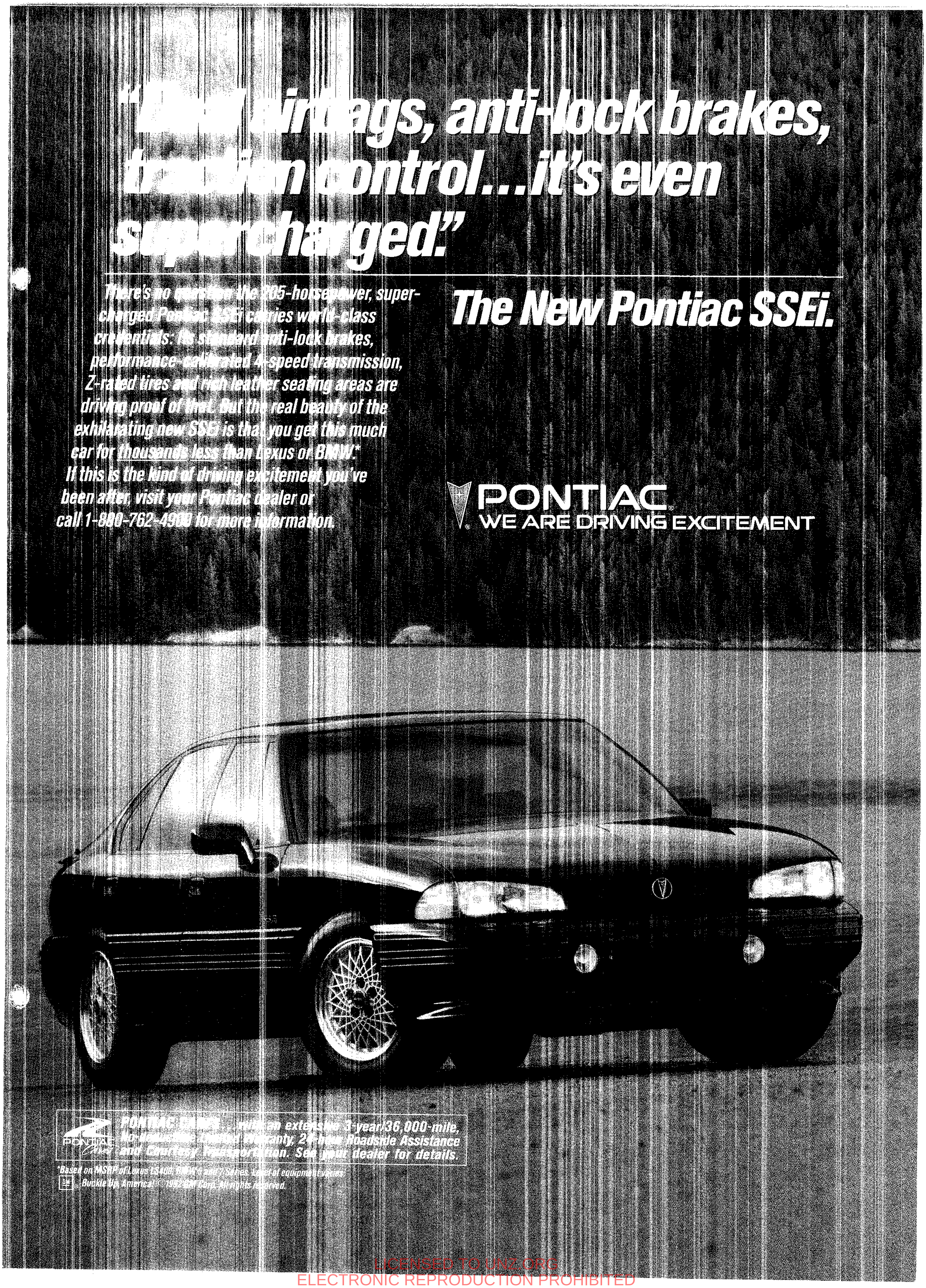
New York Concert Singers— Judith Clurman directs a wide-ranging program that encompasses short pieces by Mozart and Haydn (with the assistance of fortepianist Malcolm Bilson), motets by Messiaen and Duruflé, and an abundance of "Alleluias" (by William Bolcom, Libby Larsen, Paul McKibbins, Peter Mennin, Ned Rorem, and Augusta Read Thomas). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 24 at 8.)

Juilliard Wind Ensemble—Mark Gould conducts music for winds, by Strauss, Grainger, Rossin[illegible] (his "March for the Sultan Abdul Medjid"), Ponchielli (his "Elegy" composed on the death of Garibaldi), and George Antheil (his "A Jazz Symphony"). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 24 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

RECITALS

Andrew Nethsingha—The British organist plays mostly nineteenth- and twentieth-century music from France and Britain. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Nov. 17 at 5:30. Admission by contribution.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performing Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Dvořák's



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D-Major Piano Quartet, and Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time." (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 17 at 7:30.)

St. Lawrence String Quartet—The foursome, currently serving as quartet-in-residence at Juilliard, performs Mozart's "Dissonance" Quartet, Beethoven's Quartet No. 13 (Op. 131), and Berg's Quartet. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 17 at 8.)

Robert White—When it comes to putting across a ringing Irish ballad, a perfumed serenade from an Edwardian parlor, or a Gay Nineties waltz tune, Robert White is the tenor of preference. In three "retrospective" concerts this season, he will take stock of his career to date, from childhood radio stardom to groundbreaking participation in early music and the contemporary scene, two dozen recordings (everything from Schubert lieder to "Mistress Biddy Was a Giddy Little Widdy"), and recitals for the rich and famous (including command performances for five United States Presidents, four British Royals, and three Popes). His opening concert includes Renaissance lute songs (with guitarist Sharon Isbin), Baroque airs (with harpsichordist Albert Fuller), folk-song arrangements by Beethoven (with a chamber group), and songs by composers from Mozart to Richard Rodgers (with pianist Samuel Sanders). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 18 at 8.)

Sergiu Luca and Brian Connelly—A fantasy concert, if ever one was. The violinist and the pianist play Schubert's C-Major "Fantasia," Schoenberg's "Fantasie," William Bolcom's "Duo Fantasy," and Curtis Curtis-Smith's "Fantasy Pieces." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 18 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Presenting a concert of works by Morton Feldman and Stefan Wolpe. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 18 at 8.)

Bion Tsang—The cellist performs sonatas by Boccherini, Debussy, and Strauss, as well as works by Bernstein and Messiaen; with pianist Benjamin Loeb. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 369-4880. Nov. 19 at 6:30.)

Bargemusic—Major works in minor keys. Edward Auer performs Schubert's A-Minor Piano Sonata and violinist Theodore Arm and cellist Warren Lash join him for trios by Haydn (in E Minor) and Smetana (in G Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 19 at 7:30 and Nov. 22 at 4.)

Vermeer String Quartet—Performing quartets by Beethoven (Op. 74), Mendelssohn (Op. 44, No. 2), and Ligeti (his first, subtitled "Metamorphoses Nocturnes"). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The foursome continues its season-long survey of Beethoven's quartets, offering in this installment those in D Major (Op. 18, No. 3), F Minor (Op. 95), and A Minor (Op. 132). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Continuum—Performing works by Latin-American composers who relocated to the United States, including Tania León (from Cuba), Roberto Sierra (from Puerto Rico), Samuel Zyman (from Mexico), and Mario Davidovsky and Osvaldo Golijov (natives of Argentina). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Yale Music Spectrum—Presenting vocal and instrumental chamber music by Schumann, Brahms, and Schumann-and-Brahms (plus Albert Dietrich)—this last being the three composers' collaborative "F-A-E" ("Frei aber Einsam") Sonata for Violin and Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Lars Vogt—In his New York début recital, the pianist performs Haydn's Sonata No. 50, Liszt's B-Minor Ballade, Schumann's "Kreisleriana," and a sonata by Tatiana Komarova (written in 1990, a year before she married the evening's performer). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Nov. 21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Flocks of Talent—Nov. 22 at 2:30: A concert opening the Bahá'í World Congress, featuring soprano Benita Valente (singing Handel), mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos (arias from "Carmen" and, with Ms. Valente, the "Barcarolle" from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"), violinist Vali Phillips (playing Ravel's "Tzigane"), clarinettist David Shifrin and the Cleveland String Quartet (playing Mozart's Quintet, K. 575), and pianists Byron Janis and Eugene Istomin playing, respectively, Chopin and Schubert; also several numbers from a choir. (Carnegie Hall). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: The annual Richard Tucker Music Foundation benefit concert, with soprano Deborah Voigt (the organization's most recent honoree) joining a roster that includes Francisco Araiza, Lando Bartolini, Rockwell Blake, Grace Bumbry, Ghena Dimitrova, Susan Dunn, Thomas Hampson, Richard Leech, Paul Plishka, Juan Pons, Diana Soviero, Ruth Ann Swenson, and the Collegiate Chorale; Christian Badea conducts. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Meridian Arts Ensemble Brass Quintet—The group plays music by Schein, plus numerous modern morsels. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Nov. 22 at 2:45.)

Gary Lakes—The tenor will sing Beethoven's "An die ferne Geliebte"; songs by Schubert (to texts by Heine), Griffes (to poems by Fiona Macleod), and Duparc; arias by Handel; and several Irish ballads. Pianist Dan Saunders assists. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 22 at 3.)

Jean-Yves Thibaudet—In the first of two recitals surveying Ravel's complete piano works, Mr. Thibaudet will perform the "Sérénade Grotesque," "Menuet Antique," "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," "Miroirs," "Sonatine," and "Gaspard de la Nuit." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 22 at 3. The adventure continues on Dec. 6.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra play trios by Brahms and Poulenc, as well as Dvořák's Sextet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 22 at 3.)

Mendelssohn Marathon—Pianist David Buechner, violinist Diana Halprin, and cellist Richard Locker complete a survey of the composer's violin sonatas, cello sonatas, and piano trios. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Nov. 22 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

John Holloway and Davitt Moroney—The baroque violinist and the harpsichordist will perform sonatas by Corelli, Bach, and Handel, among other works. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Nov. 22 at 5.)

Pauline Oostenrijk—In her New York début recital, the Dutch oboist (who won first prize in the 1991 Fernand Gillet Oboe Competition) performs sonatas by Donizetti and Saint-Saëns, Antonio Pasculli's "Gran Concerto on Themes from Donizetti's 'La Favorita,' " and short works by Nielsen, Stockhausen, and Marc Apfelstadt; with pianist Louise Geusebroek. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 22 at 8:30.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Presenting music by Martinů, Copland, Dvořák, and James Wintle. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 23 at 8.)

Hommage à Robert Casadesus—An eminent pianist, composer, and teacher (not to mention a member of a family of notable musicians), Robert Marcel Casadesus evinced a special affinity for music that requires a fluid, delicate touch: Mozart, Chopin, the French turn-of-the-century composers. In fact, in 1924 he became the first pianist to perform an all-Ravel recital (he would later record all of the composer's piano pieces); and, in the same year, he dedicated his own twenty-four Préludes to Ravel. Pianists Grant Johannesen (a Casadesus student) and Jean-Yves Thibaudet (who this week begins his own Ravel survey), violinist Henry Gronnier, the duo-piano team of Arianna Goldina and Rémy Loumbrozo, and the Colorado String Quartet will honor Casadesus through a performance of his compositions, twenty years after his death; and his widow, the distinguished pianist Gaby Casadesus, will be on hand to join in the festivities. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Nov. 24 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

10,000 Maniacs—This crisp but merely decorative band plays what might be called chamber rock. Certainly, no one would be inspired to overturn the tea cart while listening to their new album, "Our Time in Eden," a collection of tunes that busily taxi all over the runway without ever taking off. Natalie Merchant, the sensitive college-rock fan's poster girl and lead singer of the sedate Maniacs, has said that she has overcome her earlier belief "that pop wasn't pure, somehow," but you'd never know it from the band's fussy avoidance of enthusiastic-sounding songs. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Soul Asylum/The Lemonheads—Here's an excellent manic-depressive lineup of rock bands. Soul Asylum, an outfit that has outlived its early-eighties Minneapolis peers, the Replacements and Hüsker Dü, is the high-strung, just-this-side-of-hysteria squad, but they have the songwriting talent to make the spectacle fascinating. The Lemonheads, from Boston, make apathetic joy sound like great fun. Both bands swing like mad and deserve plenty of attention. (Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Mary-Chapin Carpenter—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 16 at 8.

Janis Siegel—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 18 at 8.

Amanda McBroom—With Hal Ketchum. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 18 at 8.)

Shirley Horn—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Nov. 19 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

Max Roach and the Uptown String Quartet—In a benefit concert. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Scott Waara—With Pat Bergeson. (Manhattan Class Company, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Nov. 20-21 at 11:30 P.M.)

Robin Holcomb—St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Nov. 21 at 8.

Sandra Bernhard & the Strap-Ons—Paramount. Nov. 21 at 8.

Gregg Smith Singers—With Dave Brubeck and his quartet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pat Metheny—Beacon Theatre. Nov. 25 at 8. Through Nov. 29.

BRIAN GRIMWOOD

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 22 at 1.

Knicks—Vs. the Orlando Magic, Nov. 21 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, Nov. 24 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Utah Jazz, Nov. 17 at 7:30. . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Nov. 21 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Golden State Warriors, Nov. 22 at 7.

Rangers—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Nov. 23 at 7:30.

Devils—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Nov. 20 at 7:35.

(The Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Brooklyn Handicap is on Nov. 21. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45.

CHAMPIONSHIP—TENNIS

Virginia Slims Tournament—The top sixteen women, on the courts in Madison Square Garden. Matches start Nov. 16 at 5:30 and end with the final, Nov. 22 at 12:30. For information about tickets, call 465-6500.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Talk Radio—Garrison Keillor, prairie funnyman, will host four live broadcasts of his "American Radio Company," with guest performers and news from Lake Wobegon. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturdays at 5:45, Nov. 21 to Dec. 12.)

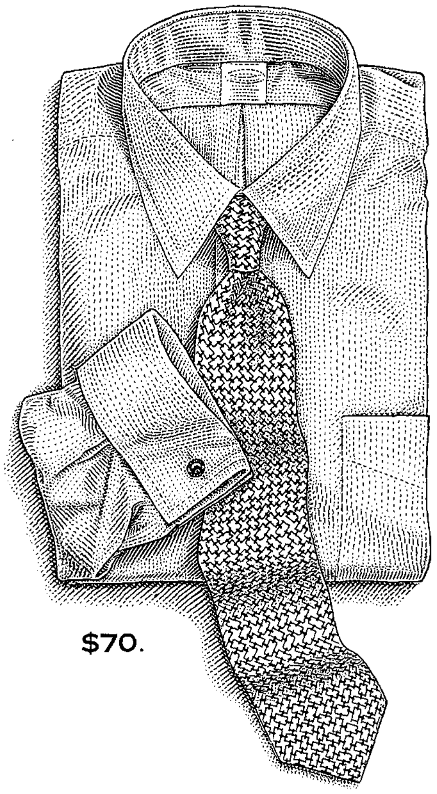
Dance Fever—Nov. 21 at 3: Tea dance to the tunes of the Jimmy Ryan All Stars. (Chartwell Booksellers, 55 E. 52nd St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 3: Watch demonstrations of the Young Widow and Sacket's Harbor—the lambada and slam dance of the nineteenth century—and participate in reels, jigs, and waltzes. Put on the glad rags of the period, too, if you like. (Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St. Free with museum admission.)

Words—Nov. 18 at 8: Pat Nolan and Andrei Codrescu will read from their own works. (St. Marks In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 7: John Ashbery, Paul Auster, and Barbara Guest, among others, in a tribute to Laura (Riding) Jackson. (Poetry Society of America, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—Nov. 19 at 6:30: Fred Braithwaite, a.k.a. Fab 5 Freddy, will give a talk, "Paint to the Beat: Bebop to Hip-Hop." (Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. Free with museum admission.). . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 7: Joan Nestle will speak about Black lesbian activist Mabel Hampton. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: Jules Feiffer and Art Spiegelman will present a slide show and discuss the visual novel. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tickets at the door that evening.)

Walk—Nov. 21 at 1: A walk through ethnic New York, past and present, sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For information, call 439-1090.

Books—Nov. 21-22, from 10 to 6: Discounted new books, at a benefit fair. (Goddard Riverside Community Center, Columbus Ave. at 88th St. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 42.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (directed by Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "Swoon" (Tom Kalin).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 24: (Separate admissions) "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch); and "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French). From Nov. 25: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: "My New Gun" (†).
Theatre 5: "Simple Men" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke and William Sage.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 19: "In the Soup" (Alexandre Rockwell), with Seymour Cassel and Steve Buscemi. From Nov. 20: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Nov. 16: Theatre closed.
Nov. 17-19: "Aventis" (1989, Vicente Aranda; in Spanish).
Nov. 20: (Separate admissions) "The Long Vacation of 1936" (1976, Jaime Camino; in Spanish), "The Most Beautiful Night" (1984, Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), and "Nanny Dear" (1986, José Luis Borau; in Spanish).
Nov. 21-22: (Separate admissions) "Songs for After a War" (1971-76, Basilio Martin Patino; in Spanish), "The Long Vacation of 1936," "The Most Beautiful Night," and "Nanny Dear."
Nov. 23: Theatre closed.
Nov. 24-25: (Separate admissions) "The Heart of the Forest" (1978, Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), "The Most Beautiful Night," and "Rage" (1979, Iván Zulueta; in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes. From Nov. 25: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 24: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†). From Nov. 25: "The Bodyguard."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Candyman" (†). From Nov. 20: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (†).
Theatre 3: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 4: "A River Runs Through It" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 17: "Under Siege" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 6: "Bram Stoker's Dracula."
Theatre 7: "Jennifer Eight" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Johnny Stecchino" (Roberto Benigni, in Italian), with Benigni.
Theatre 2: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Brief History of Time" (Errol Morris), a documentary.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 24: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey. From Nov. 25: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 6: "Becoming Colette" (Danny Huston), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Mathilda May, and Virginia Madsen.
Theatre 7: "The Panama Deception" (Barbara Trent), a documentary.

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.
Theatre 2: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey.
Theatre 3: "Jennifer Eight" (†).
Theatre 4: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 24: "Bram Stoker's Dracula." From Nov. 25: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.
Theatre 6: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Bob Roberts" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Of Mice and Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 24: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey. From Nov. 25: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.
Theatre 4: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).

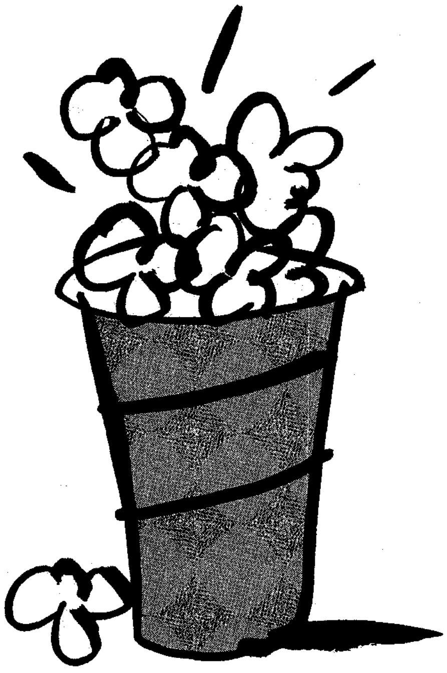
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Under Siege" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 2: "Jennifer Eight" (†).
Theatre 3: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Love Potion #9" (Dale Launer).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Zebrahead" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Becoming Colette" (Danny Huston), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Mathilda May, and Virginia Madsen.
Theatre 2: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (†).



Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Bob Roberts" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 2: "Passenger 57."

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Night and the City" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey. From Nov. 20: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.
Theatre 3: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"Venice/Venice" (Henry Jaglom).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (Phil Alden Robinson).
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Love Potion #9" (Dale Launer). From Nov. 20: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 4: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk), with James Belushi, Lorraine Bracco, and Tony Goldwyn.
Theatre 5: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 6: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Candyman" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Under Siege" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Husbands and Wives" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "A River Runs Through It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jennifer Eight" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Johnny Stecchino" (Roberto Benigni, in Italian), with Benigni.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Jennifer Eight" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Night and the City" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hero" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: (Matinées only) "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez; and (evenings only) "Rampage" (William Friedkin), with Michael Biehn and Alex McArthur. From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 2: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 3: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk), with James Belushi, Lorraine Bracco, and Tony Goldwyn.
Theatre 4: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 5: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.
Theatre 6: "Under Siege" (†).
Theatre 7: "Bram Stoker's Dracula."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey. From Nov. 25: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Bob Roberts" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "The Quarrel" (directed by Eli Cohen). From Nov. 18: "To Render a Life" (Ross Spears), a documentary.

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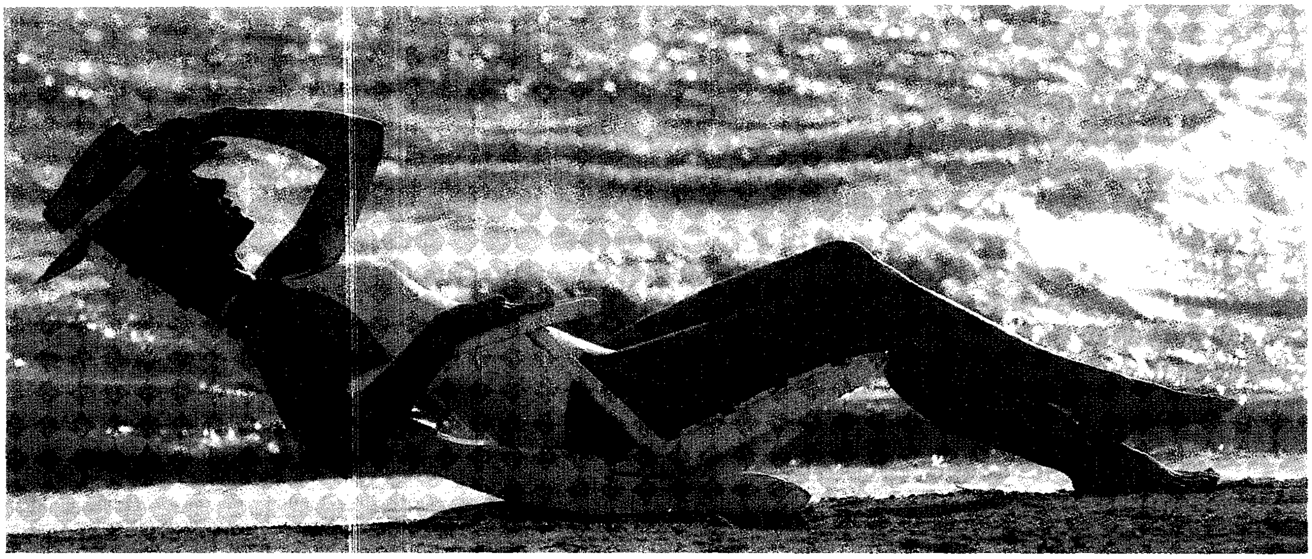

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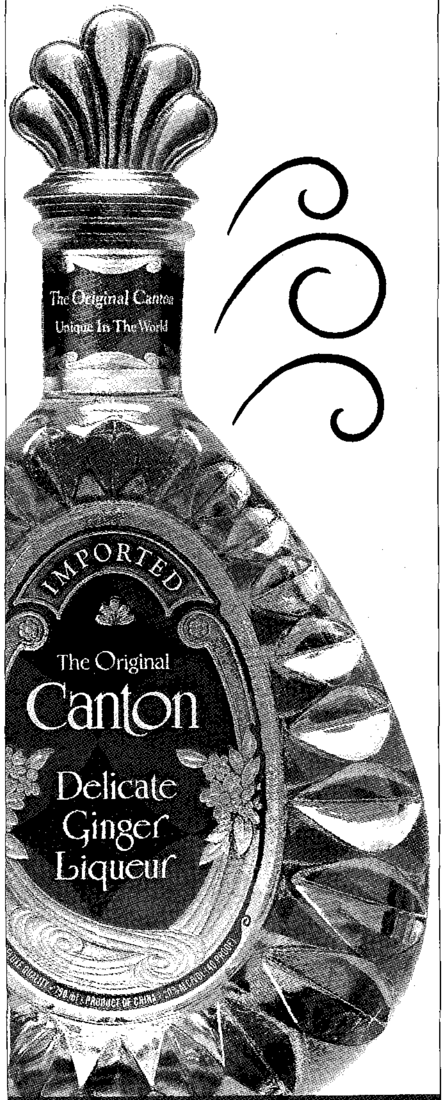

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "8 ½" (1963, Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk), with James Belushi, Lorraine Bracco, and Tony Goldwyn.
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Love Potion #9" (Dale Launer).
Theatre 2: "Night and the City" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Damned in the USA" (Paul Yule), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "The Giving" (Eames Demetrios).
Theatre 3: "Danzón" (María Novaro; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Under Siege" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (†).
Theatre 3: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk), with James Belushi, Lorraine Bracco, and Tony Goldwyn.
Theatre 4: "Night and the City" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: "Night and the City" (†).
Theatre 7: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 8: Through Nov. 19: "Love Potion #9" (Dale Launer). From Nov. 20: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 9: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Sneakers" (Phil Alden Robinson). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Singles" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "The Public Eye" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 24: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey.
From Nov. 25: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sneakers" (Phil Alden Robinson).
Theatre 3: "Rampage" (William Friedkin), with Michael Biehn and Alex McArthur.
Theatre 4: "The Public Eye" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: "Of Mice and Men" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Nov. 22: "Hugh Hefner: Once Upon a Time" (Robert Heath), a documentary.
From Nov. 23: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Flirting" (John Duigan).
Theatre 2: "The Efficiency Expert" (Mark Joffe), with Anthony Hopkins.

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A River Runs Through It" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet, and Guillaume Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "The Match Factory Girl" (Aki Kaurismaki).
Theatre 3: "Waterland" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "Tous les Matins du Monde." From Nov. 20: "Intervista" (Federico Fellini, in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Theatre 5: "Van Gogh" (Maurice Pailat, in French), with Jacques Dutronc.
Theatre 6: "Close to Eden" (Nikita Mikhalkov, in Russian).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 19: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
From Nov. 20: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern.

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk), with James Belushi, Lorraine Bracco, and Tony Goldwyn.
Theatre 2: "Jennifer Eight" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "Reservoir Dogs" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 4: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 24: "Consenting Adults" (Alan J. Pakula), with Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Kevin Spacey. From Nov. 25: "Aladdin" (Ron Clements and John Musker), an animated film.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 17: "Under Siege" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X."

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 2: "Night and the City" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Love Potion #9" (Dale Launer).
Theatre 2: "Hero" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Under Siege" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Under Siege" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X" (directed by Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 24: "Candyman" (†). From Nov. 25: "The Bodyguard" (Mick Jackson), with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston.
Theatre 4: "Passenger 57" (Kevin Hooks), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 17: "Night and the City" (†). From Nov. 18: "Malcolm X."
Theatre 6: "Love Potion #9" (Dale Launer).
Theatre 7: Through Nov. 24: "Passenger 57." From Nov. 25: "The Bodyguard."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Jennifer Eight" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Anthony Hopkins, and Keanu Reeves.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Traces of Red" (Andy Wolk), with James Belushi, Lorraine Bracco, and Tony Goldwyn.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†). From Nov. 20: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 19: "Nashville" (1975, directed by Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.
From Nov. 20: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis and Anne Baxter.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 16: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Blow-Up" (1966, Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Nov. 17: "Jezebel" (1938, William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda; and

"The Letter" (1940, Wyler), with Davis and Herbert Marshall.

Nov. 18: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (1964, Bryan Forbes), with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough; and "Whistle Down the Wind" (1961, Forbes), with Hayley Mills, Alan Bates, and Diane Holgate.

Nov. 19: "Bullitt" (1968, Yates), with Steve McQueen; and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1973, Peter Yates), with Robert Mitchum, Peter Boyle, and Richard Jordan.

Nov. 20-21: "Citizen Kane" (1941, Orson Welles), with Welles and Joseph Cotten; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (see page 42).

Nov. 22: "Witness" (†); and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983, Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.

Nov. 23: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned"; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961, Buñuel; in Spanish).

Nov. 24: "Golden Earrings" (1947, Mitchell Leisen), with Marlene Dietrich and Ray Milland; and "Morocco" (1930, Josef von Sternberg), with Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Nov. 25: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968, Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "Dressed to Kill" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Nov. 16 at 2:30 and Nov. 17 at 6: "The Unfaithful" (1947, directed by Vincent Sherman), with Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6 and Nov. 19 at 2:30: "Nora Prentiss" (1947, Sherman), with Sheridan, Kent Smith, and Robert Alda. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:30 and Nov. 22 at 2: "Possessed" (1947, Curtis Bernhardt), with Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Nov. 19-24 at 12:30: "Six Times Two" (1976, Jean-Luc Godard and Anne-Marie Miéville; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 3 and 6: "Rosa Mystica" (1992, Stephen R. Roszell), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6 and Nov. 21 at 5: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944, Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30 and Nov. 22 at 5: "The Man I Love" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 3 and Nov. 22 at 5: A program of short films by Godard, 1982-90. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6 and Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Gay Sisters" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Barbara Stanwyck and Geraldine Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "Ici et Ailleurs" (1974, Godard and Miéville; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2 and Nov. 24 at 2:30: "The Hard Way" (1943, Vincent Sherman), with Ida Lupino and Joan Leslie. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "King Lear" (1988, Godard). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5: "Détective" (1985, Godard; in French), Nathalie Baye. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 3: "Comment ça Va" (1976, Godard and Miéville; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 3: "Every Man for Himself" (1979, Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "Old Acquaintance" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6:30: A program of films by Vincent Grenier, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6: "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Nov. 18 at 2 and Nov. 19 at 3:45 and 7:30: "Pomegranate and Cane" (1989, Sa'ied Ebrahimifar; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 4:15 and Nov. 19 at 2, 5:45, and 9:30: "In the Alleys of Love" (1991, Khosro Sinaie; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "Where Is the Friend's Home?" (1987, Abbas Kiarostami; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 3:45 and 7:45: "Hoor on Fire" (1991, Azizollah Hamid-Nezhad; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 21-22 at 2: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 4 and 8: "Water, Wind, Dust" (1989, Amir Naderi; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5:45 and 9:45:

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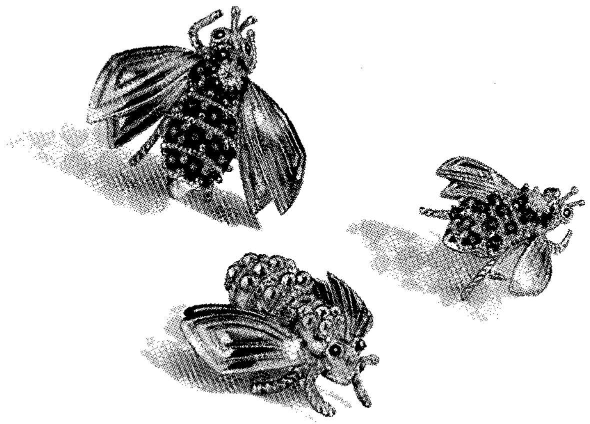

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

"Hamoon" (1990, Darush Mehrjui; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 4 and 7:30 and Nov. 23 at 3:45: An Iranian film, to be announced. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 5:45 and 9:15 and Nov. 23 at 2: "The Bride" (1991, Behruz Afkhami; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2 and 6: "Bashu, the Little Stranger" (1986, Bahram Beizei; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 4:15 and 8:15: "The Key" (1989, Ebrahim Forouzesh; an Iranian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2, 5:45, and 9:30: Three Charlie Chaplin short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 4 and 7:45: "The Kid" (†).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Starting Nov. 20 at 2: "The Meeting" (1989, Bill Duke), with Dick Anthony Williams, Jason Bernard, and Paul Benjamin. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "True West" (1984, Allan Goldstein), with John Malkovich and Gary Sinise.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 18 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Name of the Rose" (1986, Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery, F. Murray Abraham, and Christian Slater.

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—"Hollywood on Trial: Films from the Blacklist Era." Nov. 21 at 2: "Red Planet Mars" (1952, Harry Horner), with Peter Graves, Andrea King, and Marvin Miller. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Nov. 20 at 6:30 and Nov. 21 at 1: "Muddy Waters" (1953, Tadashi Imai; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8:30: "The Mistress" (1953, Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 3: "The Story of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939, Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

At the Japan Society, Shotaro Hanayagi and Kakuko Mori in "The Story of the Last Chrysanthemums"

THE JAPAN SOCIETY

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"The Legendary Film Scores of Bernard Herrmann." Nov. 21 at 2: "Jane Eyre" (1944, Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 4: "Citizen Kane" (1941, Welles), with Welles and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "Hangover Square" (1945, John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—Nov. 19 at 7:45: "The Good Mother" (1988, Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton, Liam Neeson, and Asia Vieira. Mr. Neeson will be present.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Family Fortunes

BASED on Booth Tarkington's 1918 novel about a wealthy Midwestern family that deteriorates with the coming of the automobile, Orson Welles' 1942 classic "The Magnificent Ambersons" (playing November 20-21, at Theatre 80 St. Marks) goes from intimate nostalgia to wrenching pathos. Welles connected profoundly with the source material. In "This Is Orson Welles," the director tells Peter Bogdanovich that his father was a friend of Tarkington's, and that "there's really a lot of my father" in the character of Eugene Morgan, "an early automobile fellow with a deep suspicion of what the automobile would do." As played by Joseph Cotten, Morgan sums up everything Welles admired about a certain kind of progressive American: a sleek yet homespun attractiveness; and rambunctious drive and spontaneity, modulated by respect for old-fashioned beauty. Morgan's success deflates the grandeur of the Ambersons (who are sublimely embodied by Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Ray Collins, Richard Bennett, and the great Agnes Moorehead). But Morgan is generous and elegant, and Cotten's performance builds as gracefully as the Emile Waldteufel waltz that Bernard Herrmann used in the score—"Toujours ou Jamais" ("Always or Never").

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Bob Roberts—Tim Robbins is the writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that chronicles, C-SPAN style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary "protest" anthems. He's Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie's clothing, and what's scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn't even feel like a stretch. Robbins tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace, and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it's conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it's too finely detailed, and too gleeful. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth. Also with Gore Vidal and Alan Rickman. The songs are by Tim Robbins and his brother, David.—T.R. (*Reviewed in our issue of 9/7/92.*) (Gramercy, Plaza, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Candyman—An intrepid female graduate student ventures into Chicago's inner city, camera in hand, and falls prey to a bogeyman who carves up disbelievers with a hook. The academic is that mischievous-eyed blonde Virginia Madsen, and the Candyman (Tony Todd) is black; the racial brinkmanship is the film's most original and effective gimmick. Madsen gives a juicy B-picture performance, throwing herself into each absurd display of hubris, but the movie is just a gory campfire tale. To generate any genuine fun, it needs to be seen in a city, at midnight. The writer-director, Bernard Rose, adapted Clive Barker's short story, "The Forbidden."—M.S. (10/19/92) (Gemini; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Nov. 24.)

The Crying Game—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a contemporary romantic thriller whose values are, in the best sense, medieval. Every startling twist in the plot functions as a trial for the hero; and in the end Fergus, having come through the fires of battle and through enchantments that alter the appearance of the familiar world, achieves a knightly grace. But you're not likely to think of the film's mythic overtones while you're watching it. The story is so unusual and so involving, and Jordan's direction is so envelopingly sensuous, that you allow the movie simply to carry you along. It's a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors. Also with Forest Whitaker, Miranda Richardson, Jim Broadbent, Adrian Dunbar, and a newcomer named Jaye Davidson, who is astonishing.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center; starting Nov. 25.)

Dressed to Kill (1980)—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected as a beautiful, aging golden blonde, married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age-prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf D. Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 25.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—David Mamet's 1984 Pulitzer Prize winner—about real-estate salesmen who put the screws on hapless marks in order to keep their own ugly jobs—made ripping theatre, whatever else it was or wasn't. But the movie, set in the lean Bush years, spells out the characters' despair in cue cards, right from the start, and hammers away at the plot so relentlessly that you can feel the nails entering the back of your skull. Still, the performers provide relief. Ed Harris and Alan Arkin, as the sleek yet panicky Moss and the sad-sack Aaronow, turn their "Are we speaking or are we talking?" duet into an existential Abbott-and-Costello number. Al Pacino, as Roma, Mamet's Mr. Slick, is amusingly lordly: he's simultaneously high-handed and underhanded. And Kevin Spacey, as their steely office manager, Williamson, plants a daringly long fuse and ignites it with the smallest flicker. Only Jack Lemmon, as Shelley (the Machine) Levene, disappoints: he starts strong, but the director, James Foley, lets him drown in unearned emotion, as if this were Lemmon's shot at "Death of a Salesman." Mamet did his own adaptation, adding another ruthless person to the melodrama: a head-office hit man played by Alec Baldwin.—M.S. (10/5/92) (Village Theatre VII, Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

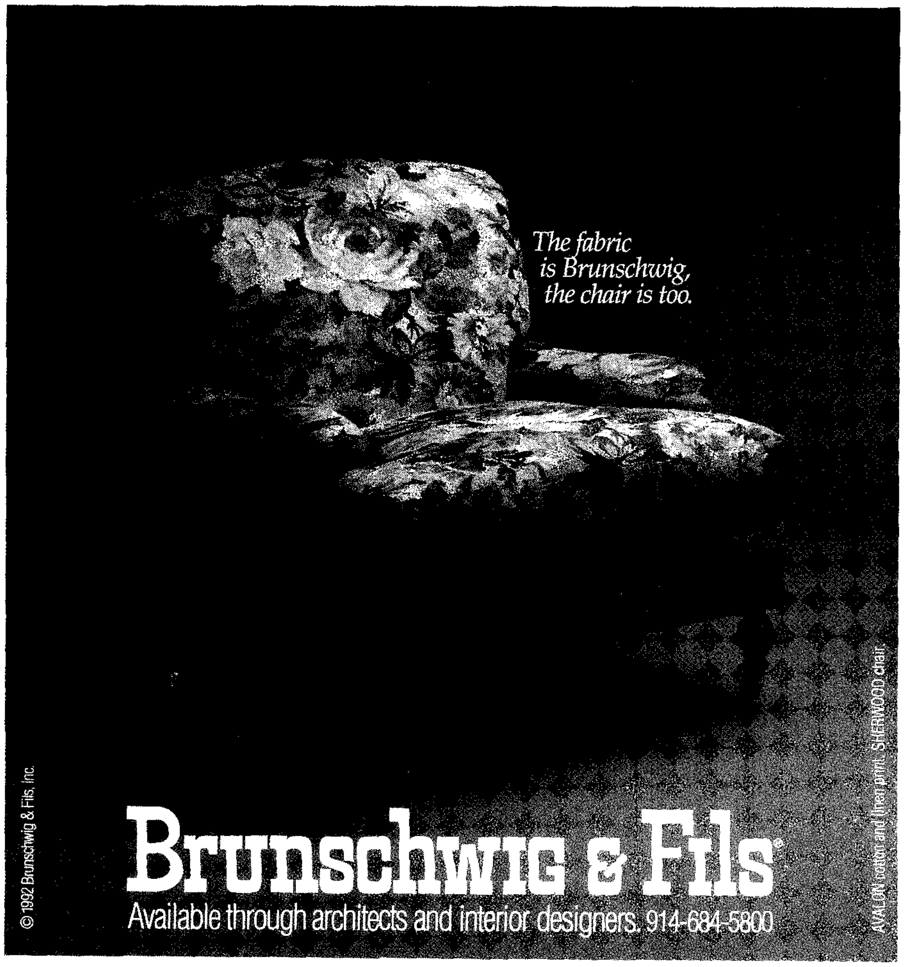
Hero—Stephen Frears' new movie often feels like a remake of something from the thirties or forties. Its plot premise—an ordinary man is lionized by the media for a courageous act he didn't perform, and the actual hero can't get anyone to see the truth—provides the sort of material that Preston Sturges and Frank Capra liked to work with. And the script, an original by David Webb Peoples (who also wrote "Unforgiven"), even borrows from John Ford: in a sense, this picture is a screwball-comedy take on "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." The movie is fascinating to watch, but most of the time you're sitting there wondering why this ingeniously constructed script isn't playing better. Simply stated, Peoples hasn't written many funny lines, and Frears' attempts to create comic business visually feel strained and unspontaneous. The filmmakers fail to supply the incidental pleasures and the joyous sense of immediacy that screwball farce—even ironic, subversive screwball farce—can't do without. Dustin Hoffman, who plays the real hero, doesn't get any kind of rhythm going until the movie is almost over; and Andy Garcia, as the faker, can't quite rise above his cryptically written role. But Geena Davis, as a hot-shot TV reporter, is smashing: she strikes a lovely balance between warmth and satiric precision, and holds it in the midst of the general chaos. Also with Joan Cusack, Kevin J. O'Connor, Stephen Tobolowsky, and Tom Arnold.—T.R. (10/5/92) (Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Embassy.)

Husbands and Wives—Woody Allen's uncomfortably personal new movie renders the dissolution of a marriage in a style that's meant to look raw, rough-edged, truthful. He uses jump-cutting and wobbly hand-held camerawork to create the illusion of immediacy, of lifelike spontaneity and muddle. But the movie's vision of life isn't really very persuasive, and Allen isn't saying anything that he hasn't said before. The only thing that has changed since his late-seventies explorations of romantic futility (such as "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan") is the tone, which is now sour, dispirited, almost vindictive. The cinéma-vérité surface feels like a con, a razzle-dazzle cover for imaginative exhaustion. Both the style and the substance of this picture have a curdled quality, the air of things that have gone bad but haven't been thrown away. Except for Judy Davis's ebullient performance as a friend of the central couple, Gabe and Judy Roth (Allen and Mia Farrow), the movie's humor is surprisingly flat. Allen's gags and situations no longer betray even a trace of delight at the absurdities of human behavior: his bemused vision of romantic folly has turned, over the years, into a bilious take-my-wife-please routine. It's tempting to think of this bleakly nihilistic film as an expression of its creator's weariness with his own ideas. The most disturbing, and angering, thing about the picture is that Allen has transformed his disappointment in himself into disgust for other people: he's going down, and he's determined to take the rest of us with him. Also with Liam Neeson, Juliette Lewis and Sydney Pollack,.—T.R. (9/21/92) (19th Street East 6, and Beekman. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6; through Nov. 17.)

Jennifer Eight—With Andy Garcia, Uma Thurman, and Lance Henrickson; directed by Bruce Robinson. (See illustration on page 46.) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features. Perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. Silent.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Nov. 25.)

The Last of the Mohicans—In Michael Mann's version of James Fenimore Cooper's improbably durable tall tale, everybody looks great: the movie seduces us with haircuts and landscape. The hero of this melodramatic story of pre-Revolutionary America is Hawkeye (Daniel Day-Lewis), a rugged but sensitive individualist who roams the forest of the Hudson Valley in the company of two Indians, Chingachgook (Russell Means) and Uncas (Eric Schweig). The three men serve as guides and bodyguards for Cora and Alice Munro (Madeleine Stowe and Jodhi May), the maidenly daughters of a British officer. The Brits are at war with the French, but the greatest danger to Anglo-Saxon life and limb is posed by a band of bloodthirsty Indian guerrillas, led by a wily Huron named Magua (Wes Studi). The setup pretty much guarantees thrills, and Mann delivers the action-movie goods, but with a sort of abstract, lyrical pictorialism. Day-Lewis's Hawkeye—a cultured white man's dream of virile primitivism—is almost entirely a visual phenomenon, and it works. (He runs well, and sports a terrific mane of straight, stringy alternative-rocker hair.) The picture



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is awfully, solemnly silly, but it's enjoyable and even rather stirring. Also with Maurice Roëves and Steven Waddington.—T.R. (10/5/92) (Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Regency, and National Twin; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Nov. 24.)

The Lover—Jean-Jacques Annaud's version of Marguerite Duras's autobiographical novel, about her sexual coming of age in 1929 Saigon, is a singularly empty moviegoing experience. Annaud simply illustrates the love story of the Young Girl (Jane March) and the Chinese Man (Tony Leung), and uses Duras's narration (spoken by Jeanne Moreau) whenever he's absolutely pressed to articulate what's happening. The director's point of attack isn't acute enough to clarify the tensions in the Girl's family and the chaos of colonial Indochina; as the Man proclaims his love and the Girl tries out her budding wiles on him, the film becomes a game of "She loves me, she loves me not." Although the stars expose their bodies with aplomb, Annaud stages their grappling so self-consciously, with so few undercurrents to carry you along, that you tire of their flesh. Screenplay by Annaud and Gerard Brach.—M.S. (11/16/92) (Fine Arts.)

The Man I Love (1947)—Of its kind, not bad at all. Warner Brothers, combining two genres in the hope of snaring a double audience, put together several of these musical melodramas, and this one, directed by Raoul Walsh, is one of the smoothest. Ida Lupino starred, as a singer, with Bruce Bennett as a jazz musician (one of his few good roles), Robert Alda, Andrea King, Martha Vickers, Alan Hale, Dolores Moran, and some talented dubbers. The score includes a whole raft of classics—"The Man I Love," of course, and "Body and Soul," "Bill," "Liza," "Why Was I Born?," "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight."—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 20 and 22.)

My New Gun—The heroine of Stacy Cochran's movie is a young New Jersey housewife named Debbie Bender (Diane Lane), whose husband buys her a revolver she doesn't want. This husband, Gerald (Stephen Collins), is a smug radiologist who dominates his wife completely: when he announces that the Bender household—a condo overlooking a golf course—needs a firearm, that's it. The gun itself is a little more than a pretext and a lot less than a symbol: it serves mostly to get her involved in the mysterious life of her across-the-street neighbor, Skippy (James LeGros), a scruffy, shifty-eyed young man who has a big crush on her. LeGros is wonderfully sly and seductive, and Diane Lane's delicately funny performance conveys the movie's exploratory sensibility with thrilling clarity: she makes us feel the risky joy of venturing beyond your own narrow plot and becoming a part of someone else's story. Cochran—a recent film-school graduate—gives the dull suburban setting a surprising richness and beauty. Her condoland isn't a satirist's world, or a cartoonist's, or a fairy-tale teller's; it's more like a novelist's. Yet the sort of liberation that this picture proposes, and embodies, is the product of a true filmmaker's vision. Also with Tess Harper, Maddie Corman, Bruce Altman, and Bill Raymond. Ed Lachman's cinematography is terrific.—T.R. (11/2/92) (Angelika Film Center.)

Night and the City—A remake, directed by Irwin Winkler and written by Richard Price, of Jules Dassin's terrific 1950 film noir. The filmmakers and their star, Robert De Niro, try to tap the Scorsese vein of kinetic urban violence, out-of-control male energy, and brooding, pessimistic wit. Everyone involved in the picture has a formidable résumé, but what they've put on the screen is wan, washed-out, blurry—a photocopy of a fax of a carbon of something that was once clear and bold. As in the original film, the story is about a small-time hustler who foolishly invades the turf of a powerful sports promoter and is decisively slapped down for his efforts. Price and Winkler make only the most glancing attempt to re-create the tone of Dassin's movie; they turn the story into a comedy about a lovable loser, a New York motormouth who is supposed to charm us with his indefatigable optimism. Winkler moves the camera constantly, fills the soundtrack with old rock and roll and R. & B., and tries hard to create a gritty atmosphere of low-life New York desperation, but everything he does looks mechanical, as if it had been learned by rote. Price's deft verbal riffing is just decorative. And De Niro's performance, in a role that Richard Widmark played brilliantly in the 1950 version, produces a perfect vacuum at the center of the picture. Also with Jessica Lange, Cliff Gorman, Alan King, Jack Warden, and Eli Wallach.—T.R. (10/19/92) (Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Nov. 24.)

Of Mice and Men—The director and co-star, Gary Sinise, has been quoted as saying, "I saw the 1939 film version and it was such a product of its time that it meant nothing to me. I thought Lon Chaney, Jr., was real hammy." Actually, Lewis Milestone's version of John Steinbeck's tragic fable, with Burgess Meredith as the shrewd ranch hand George and Chaney as the simple giant Lennie, is a wonderfully wrought classic. This new movie, adapted by Horton Foote—with Sinise as George and John Malkovich as Lennie—is the one that goes high on the hog. Led by Sinise, who edges his profile into every shot as if he were a model in a rustic-clothing catalogue, and Malkovich, who carries on like a further infantilized Tommy Smothers (his upper register recalls Tweety Pie), the cast acts with self-conscious, surface physicality. Ray Walston fits right in with *the histrionics on this film's Steppenwolf Ranch;* even Joe Morton catches the overacting bug. At least Casey Siemaszko is down-to-earth as the bully, Curley, but for all the talk of humanizing his flirty wife, Sinise hangs Sherilyn Fenn out to dry. The only restrained performance is given by Lennie's pup.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passages of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Remade in 1981, as "Rich and Famous.")—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 23.)

The Public Eye—Inspired by the tabloid-news photographer Weegee, this oddball reverie, set in New York circa 1942, is gorgeous and disappointing. It gets rolling early, then stops cold. When Barbara Hershey, the widow of a fancy-night-club owner, gets Joe Pesci, a notorious, artistic shutterbug, to investigate a mystery man, the audience is eager to see his hardscrabble vision of life put to use in detective work. But the writer-director, Howard Franklin, comes up with a suspense plot that bogs down in details. While just about all the actors make good impressions—including Pesci, who imbues the hero with acute street reflexes and surprising sensitivity—only Stanley Tucci, as a low-level mobster, and Jerry Adler, as a self-loathing columnist turned playwright, tap any subterranean

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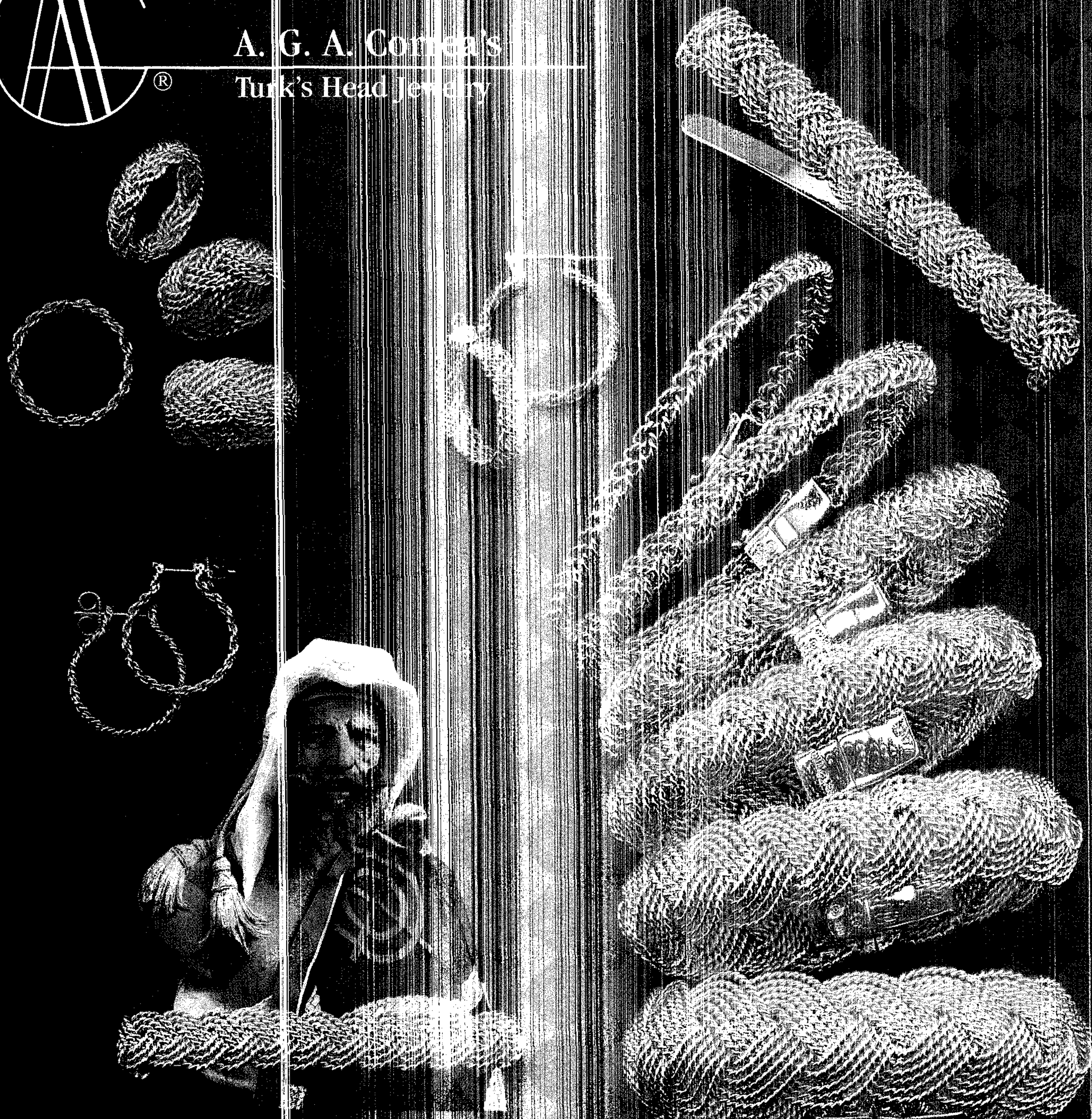

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

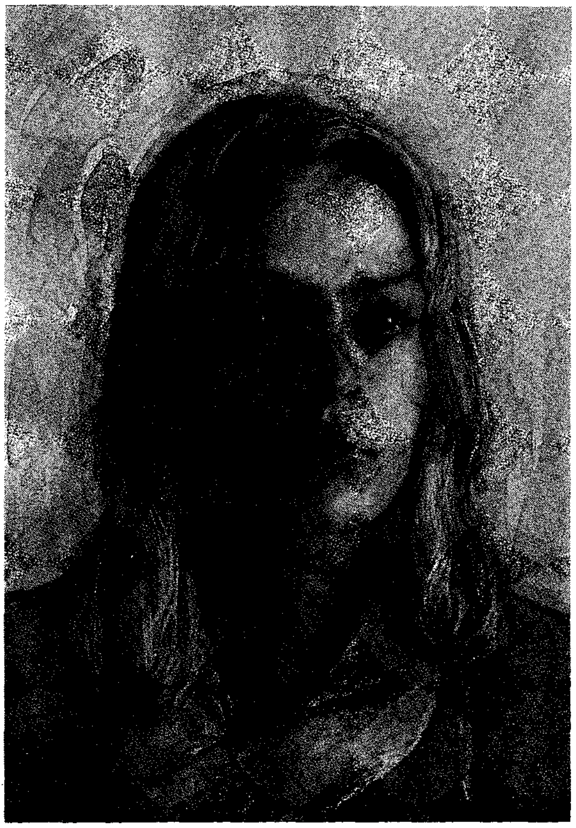
emotions. What sustains the movie is Franklin's loving, complex evocation of the period; the real world and the photo world bleed into each other, sometimes literally. Peter Suschitzky did the sumptuous, dark-toned cinematography.—M.S. (10/19/92) (Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Nov. 17.)

Reservoir Dogs—Most of the action in Quentin Tarantino's pulp crime movie takes place in a cavernous warehouse, to which the surviving participants of a botched jewelry heist have repaired to lick their wounds. The crooks amuse themselves by accusing each other of treachery (*someone* tipped off the police), waving their guns, screaming obscenities, and torturing a cop whom one of them has captured. This is, explicitly, a man's world. Tarantino emphasizes the characters' absurdity; they're all presented as demented children, little boys with big guns. He wants us to feel as if we had crack-landed in an alternate universe: the Planet of the Goons. The movie runs on film-school cleverness—a homemade pharmaceutical cocktail of pop music, visual jolts, and allusions to Scorsese and Peckinpah. As supercool young directors go, Tarantino (whose first film this is) is fairly engaging: his nihilism is antic and oddly cheery. But the picture is less than the sum of its outrageous gags and inventive bits of business. This is a reasonably lively picture about nothing, and that's apparently just what it was meant to be. With Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Steve Buscemi, Michael Madsen, Lawrence Tierney, and Chris Penn. —T.R. (10/19/92) (Village Theatre VII, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 17.)

A River Runs Through It—Robert Redford's movie of Norman Maclean's lyrical novella about fly-fishing and family loyalty in Montana is serene, lulling, tranquil—no, it's dead dull. Maclean's story traces the history of its narrator's relationship with his self-destructive kid brother, Paul, through detailed descriptions of their fishing trips; the narrative is driven by the tension between what it's telling us and what it's leaving out. Disastrously, Redford and screenwriter Richard Friedenberg open up the story. They show us too much of what's happening offstage—that is, away from the river—and thus allow the real source of the story's emotions to dissipate. With a delicately balanced narrative like this one, more is inevitably less. The movie is ravishingly shot (by Philippe Rousselot), but it's lifeless, because it lacks the vital spirit of Maclean's writing: the precision and grace that he seems to have learned, in part, from fly-fishing. Redford and Friedenberg try to catch the story's elusive meanings by lobbing grenades into the river and blowing everything in it out into the light of day. With Craig Sheffer as the narrator, Norman, and Brad Pitt (who looks like a young Redford and gives a lightweight performance) as Paul. The supporting cast includes Emily Lloyd, Tom Skerritt, Stephen Shellen, Nicole Burdette, Brenda Blethyn, and Susan Traylor.—T.R. (10/19/92) (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, and Columbus Circle.)

Singles—Cameron Crowe's second film as a writer-director (the first was the lovely 1989 teen comedy "Say Anything") is a buoyant, sweet-tempered little picture about the romantic confusions of some young Seattle apartment-dwellers. It's an ensemble piece, the sort of movie that flits from character to character like a hummingbird. Crowe's touch is so light that you may, in the end, feel a bit unsatisfied—disappointed that the movie's buzzing comic vitality starts to lose its resonance the moment you leave the theatre. This is romantic comedy of the wispiest kind, but the picture is generous, graceful, and consistently funny. Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick play Steve and Linda, idealistic yuppies in love, and both prove to be wonderfully deft comedians. And Matt Dillon, as Cliff, the rather dim leader of a band called Citizen Dick, is hilarious. But the standout in Crowe's energetic cast is Bridget Fonda, who plays Janet, a bubbly underachiever inexplicably smitten with Cliff. Fonda is a true original: she brings such reckless, joyous abandon to Janet's pursuit of the unlikely object of desire that she transforms this desperate-love story line into something exuberantly optimistic. This movie shows that Cameron Crowe is a rare bird, too: a sunny realist.—T.R. (First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Nov. 17.)

Under Siege—Steven Seagal clips off his trademark ponytail to play a dangerous Navy cook—a former SEAL—in this slapdash seafaring adventure, directed by Andrew Davis and written by J. F. Lawton ("Pretty Woman"). Although the movie strives for the humor and sophistication lacking in previous Seagal vehicles, the main difference between this and Seagal's earlier hits is that he spends much of the running time offscreen. Tommy Lee Jones, as the renegade C.I.A. operative who commandeers Seagal's ship (the U.S.S. Missouri), comes up with a comic surprise or two. Too bad the plotting and the staging are so limply cartoonish that Jones and Seagal don't even engage in a satisfying bout of duelling eyebrows. With Gary Busey.—M.S. (11/16/92) (Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, and 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 17.)



Uma Thurman in "Jennifer Eight"

STEPHEN JOHNSON

Waterland—Tom Crick (Jeremy Irons), the protagonist and narrator of Stephen Gyllenhaal's film, is a middle-aged history teacher immobilized by his own past—by the dire events of his wartime adolescence in the fen country of East Anglia. The 1983 novel, by Graham Swift, from which the picture has been adapted is a determinedly inward-looking work: unpromising material for a film. And this hero—a hopeless, defeated, rumpled-corduroy man, marking time as he slides inexorably toward decrepitude and merciful oblivion—isn't the sort that movie audiences tend to clasp to their bosoms. Yet the picture is, in its gray way, absorbing and often moving. The screenwriter, Peter Prince, has streamlined the novel's twisty narrative very intelligently. (He retains the book's juiciest, most lurid episodes.) Gyllenhaal's direction is occasionally too studied, but it has some drive. And the actors are awfully good. Grant Warnock and Lena Headey, the young performers who play Tom and his wife-to-be in flashback sequences, bring a convincing and touching adolescent gravity to their roles. Irons imparts a whiff of something like madness to his character's middle-aged desperation, and thus saves it from seeming just another incarnation of the dull, low-horizon resignation familiar to audiences of English films and fiction about educated losers. His performance lifts the movie to the top of the rueful-retrospection class. Also with Sinead Cusack, David Morrissey, Ethan Hawke, and John Heard.—T.R. (11/2/92) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Witness (1985)—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to the city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Ford's stay at the Amish farm is like a vacation from the real world. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir (filming in this country for the first time), the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. (Murder is treated as if it were a modern, sin-city invention.) And, of course, Ford comes to love McGillis and her bonnet too much to want to expose her to the ugliness outside. The picture is like something dug up from the earliest days of movies; it has a bland, seductive lyricism, and one familiar, "mythic" scene after another. Lukas Haas is a good little actor (even though the boy is so idealized it's as if the moviemakers had never been driven nuts by the antics of a real, live child), and Ford gives a fine, workmanlike performance. McGillis shifts uneasily between the heroic naturalness of Liv Ullmann and the dimpled simpering of the young Esther Williams. With Alexander Godunov as the widow's galumphing Amish suitor, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. The script is by Earl W. Wallace and William Kelley; the cinematography is by John Seale.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22.)

Zebrahead—This interracial teen romance set in Detroit makes a fumbling plea for integration and tolerance. For about forty minutes, you're willing to go along with its loose style and predictable storytelling, partly because of the fresh young cast and novel Motor City locations, and partly because the writer-director, Anthony Drazan, suggests that there could be a lasting bond between his Jewish Romeo, Zack (Michael Rapaport), and his black Juliet, Nikki (N'Bushe Wright). But even the early sequences show evidence of trickle-down portentousness. And when Zack's white ex-girlfriend invites him and Nikki to an otherwise all-white party, the movie begins a downward spiral into West Side Storyland. In a mere hundred minutes, the director takes two likable, potentially complex characters and reduces them to poster kids promoting racial understanding. With standout support from the charismatic Ray Sharkey as Zack's widowed, randy dad, and Ron Johnson as a volatile hoodlum named Nut.—M.S. (11/2/92) (Eastside Cinema.)

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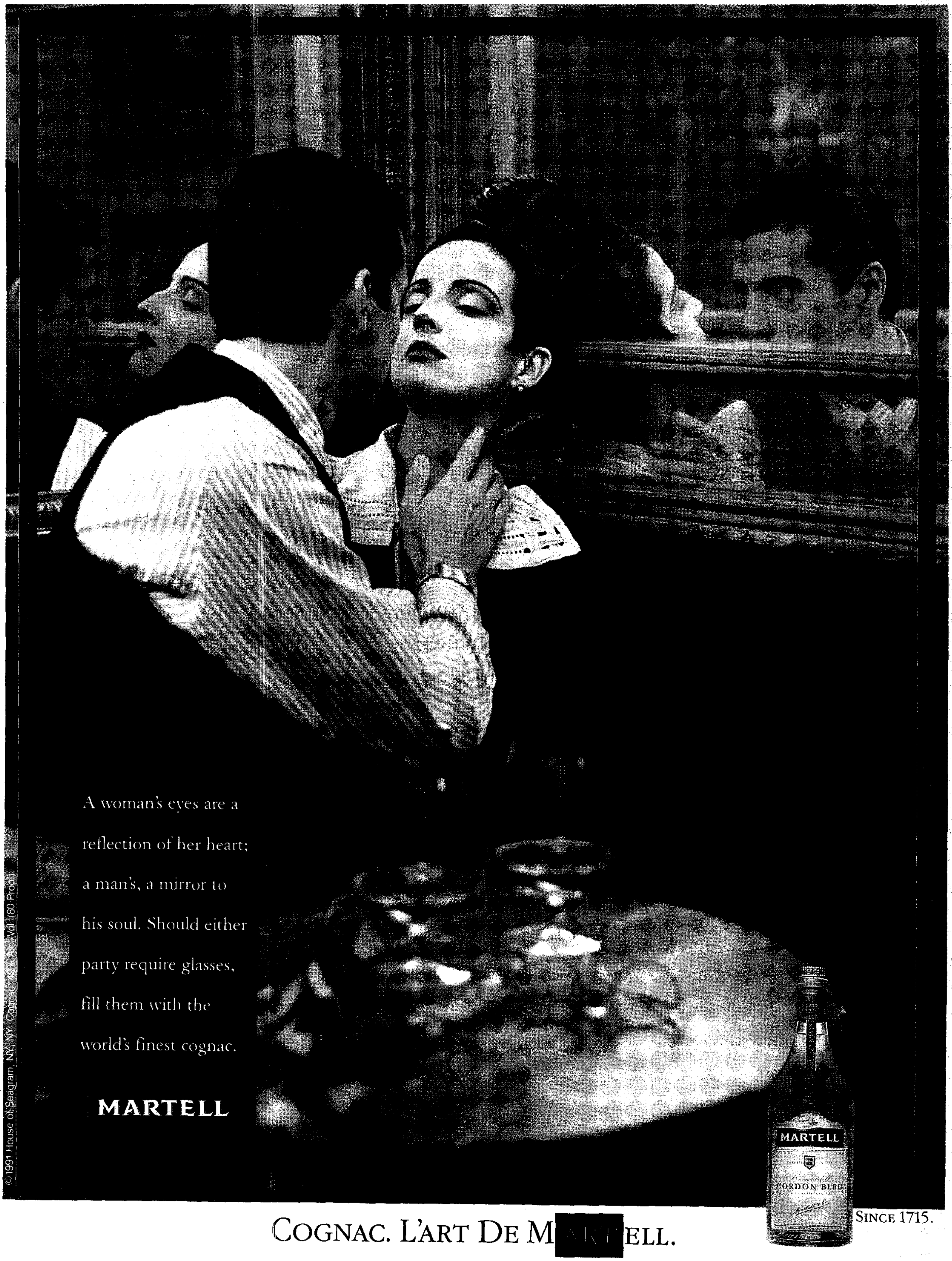

A woman's eyes are a reflection of her heart; a man's, a mirror to his soul. Should either party require glasses, fill them with the world's finest cognac.

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©1991 House of Seagram, NY, NY. Cognac 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof)

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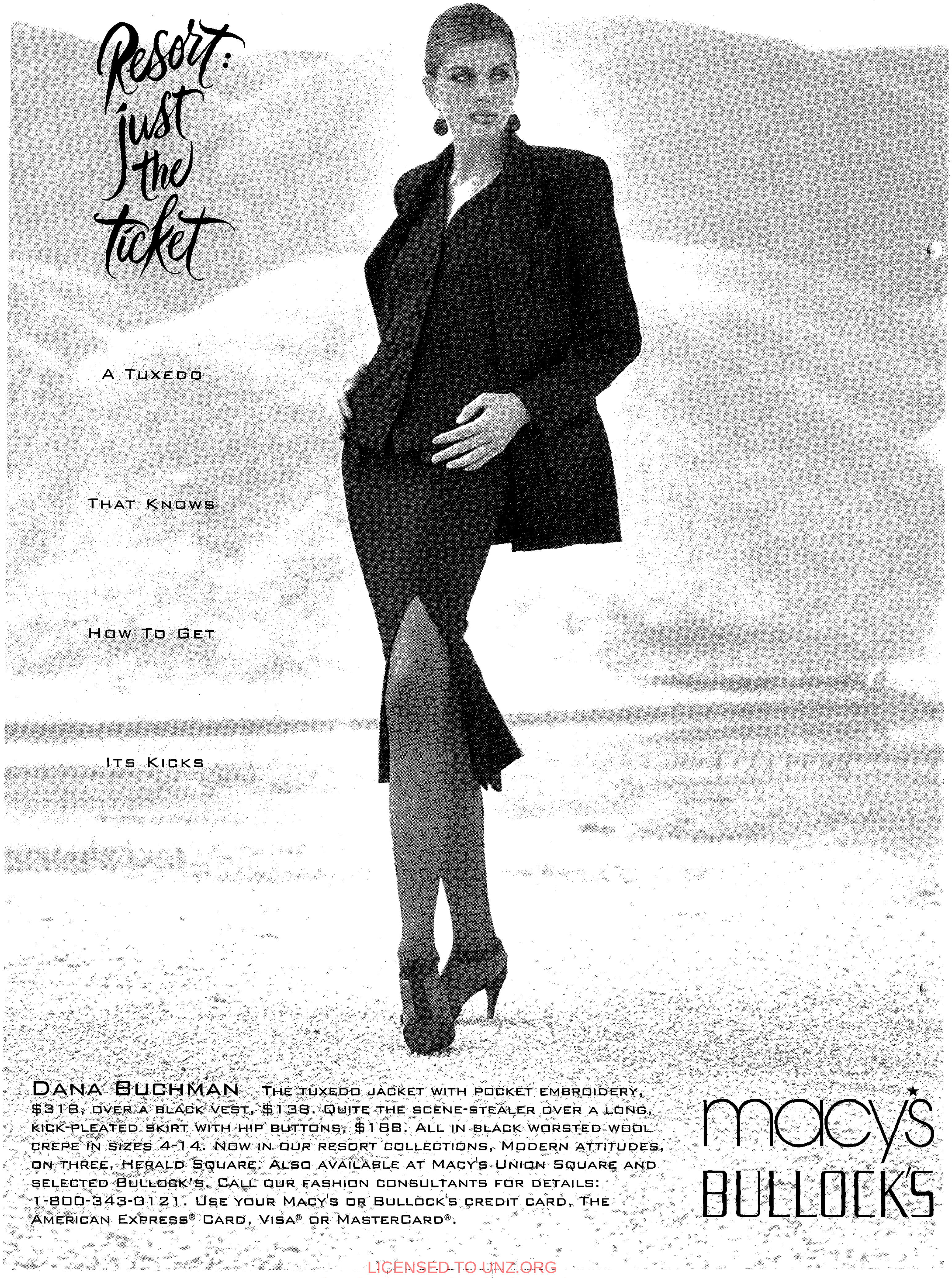Resort: just the ticket

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SILVER LINING

OUR newly reëlected senator never wears a cowboy hat. "I *always* wear a cowboy hat," Ben Nighthorse Campbell, the senator-elect from Colorado, was saying the other day. "It's a pain, though, when you go into restaurants in the East. Where do you put your hat? On the floor? On your lap? And when you're on a plane and you put it up in the overhead compartment some goofball always throws his suitcase up there and squashes it."

Our newly reëlected senator doesn't have a single horse. "I have a *lot* of horses. I breed them on my ranch," Senator-elect Campbell said. "I was a Grand Marshal of the Rose Parade last year. Did you see it? I was riding my favorite horse. He's a big, beautiful black-and-white paint."

Our newly reëlected senator doesn't have a registered trademark. Ben Nighthorse *is* a registered trademark. "I use it on the jewelry I make," Senator-elect Campbell said while he was standing behind a display case of his jewelry at Fortunoff the other day. The display was part of a Fortunoff show of Native American jewelry, and Senator-elect Campbell had come to talk about his jewelry and wait on customers. "I've been making jewelry since I was twelve years old," Senator-elect Campbell went on. "Ten years ago, before I got elected to Congress, making jewelry was my full-time profession. I learned it from my father. I just had a knack for it. When I'm thinking about jewelry, I get a terrific flow. I have more ideas for jewelry than I'll ever have time to make. I like to combine ancient Native American designs with high-fashion design." As he was talking, a woman wearing a purple caftan, a purple velour newsboy cap, and a Clinton-Gore lapel button walked up to the display case and said, "Excuse me, Senator. I'd like to buy the silver chain with the silver-and-malachite horse, but I was wondering, would you be able to bless it for me?"

"I don't bless it myself," Senator-elect Campbell told her. "But I can get you in touch with an elder of the tribe, and he can do it for you."

"What should I do if I have any problems with it later?" she asked.

"Just send it to me in care of the United States Senate," he said. "I'll fix it and send it back. I give a lifetime guarantee on my work."

Our newly reëlected senator is not six feet tall and does not have a barrel chest, lean legs, a strong-jawed, handsome face, and a long gray ponytail. "The ponytail's not *really* an issue," Senator-elect Campbell said. "The real issue is the dress code in the Senate. During the first of my three terms in the House, there was a big fuss about whether it would be acceptable for me to wear a Western-style neckerchief and jacket instead of a coat and tie. Now, coming into the Senate, I'll have some kind of go-round about it again, and I'll eventually win, and that will be that. I'll say, 'Look, I hurt my neck years ago, back when I was competing internationally in judo, and I don't like anything tight around my neck, and I only wear Western-style coats.' No one will say anything about my python cowboy boots, I hope. I like to wear them all the time, so that whenever I want to I can just hop right on my Harley-Davidson and ride off."

Senator-elect Campbell's son, Colin, who was also working at the show, interrupted with a question about a note he found attached to a ring. "This lady wants something like this ring, but with more coral and more malachite in it," the Senator-elect explained. "Why not put this one back in the case in the meantime? Maybe we can sell it."

Two elderly women stopped in front of the case, and one of them pointed at Senator-elect Campbell. "He's a senator," she said.

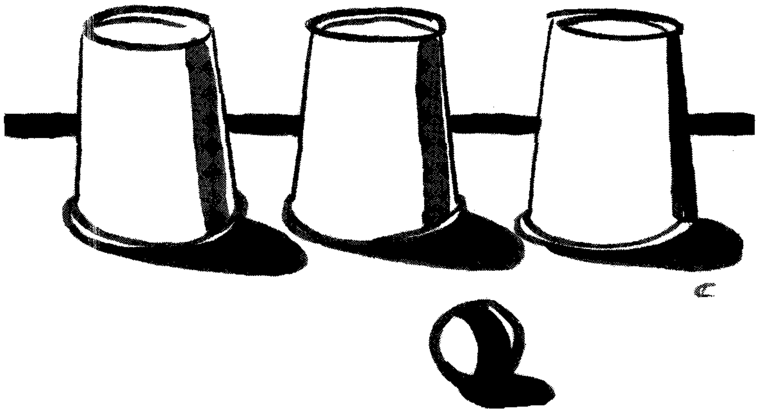
"A what?"

"A senator."

"A what?"

"A *senator*, Rose!"

"O.K., then I want to


TAMMY RUTH TREMBLE

talk to him. Senator, you're a movie star now."

"I don't know about that," Senator-elect Campbell said. "I do know that it sure beats pumping gas."

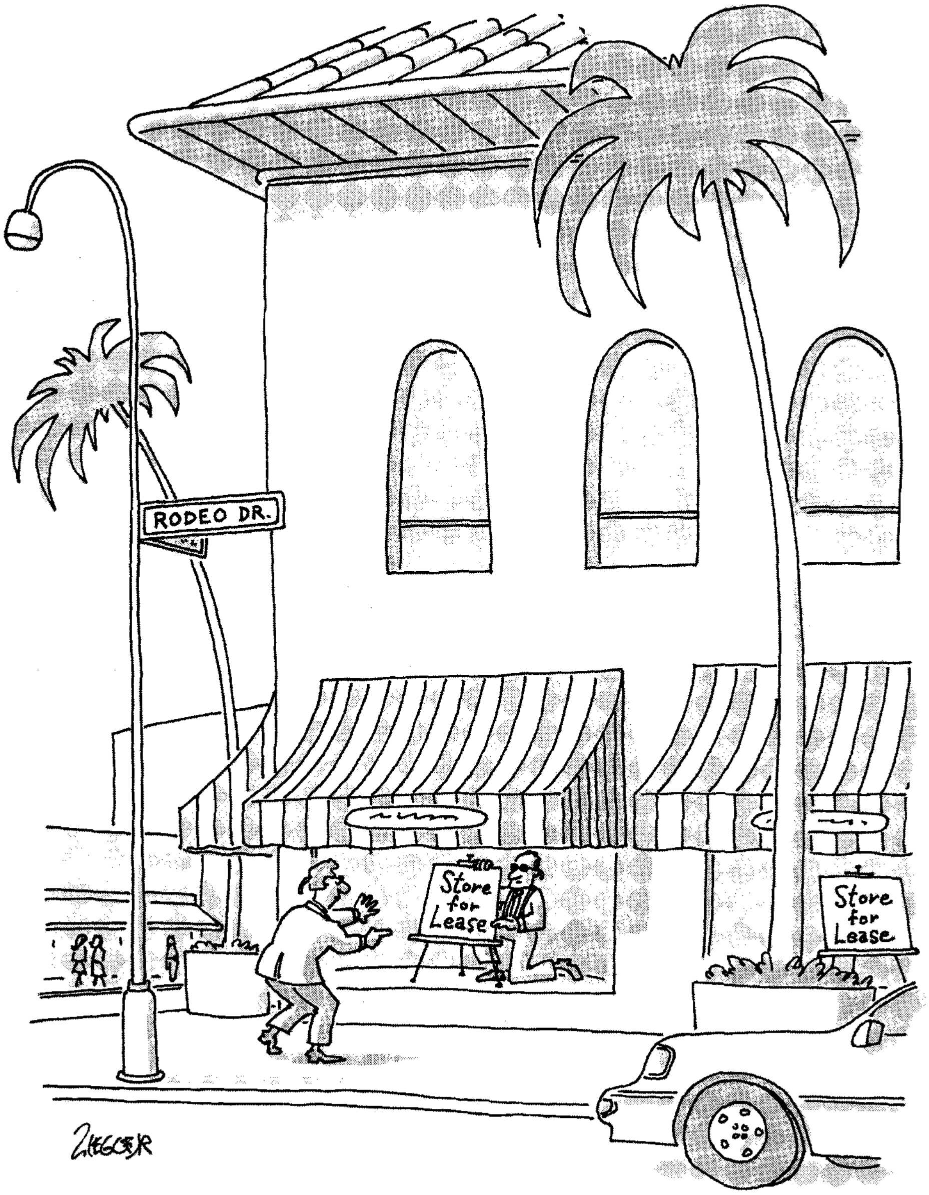
"Well, congratulations. Be sure to take care of us poor little people. Now can I see that silver bracelet with the squiggly designs?"

Senator-elect Campbell reached into the case and removed a cuff that was made of silver wire woven around thick silver rods and studded with colored stone.

"Lovely," Rose said. "Now, if I buy this am I buying it from a jeweller or a senator?"

Senator-elect Campbell hooked his thumbs around his silver-and-turquoise belt buckle and said, "I'd say both."

"Two for the price of one? That's my kind of deal."



HEAVEN HELP THEM

GATHERED in New York last Tuesday, for the seventy-second annual conference of the American Petroleum Institute, the nation's oilmen reverentially bowed their heads as a Roman Catholic priest, Father Paul Nalieth, of St. Malachy's Church, delivered an invocation. The oilmen had already had a prayer breakfast that morning, and, at their session the day before, they had heard another invocation—by a Lutheran minister. This seems like an awful lot of praying, but perhaps prayer is the only way to calm current anxieties in the oil industry. For these are bad times. The industry has lost nearly seventy-two thousand jobs during the past year and is spending more than twenty billion dollars annually to comply with environmental regulations. Furthermore, it is feeling nervous about a new Administration that will include as Vice-President a keen environmentalist.

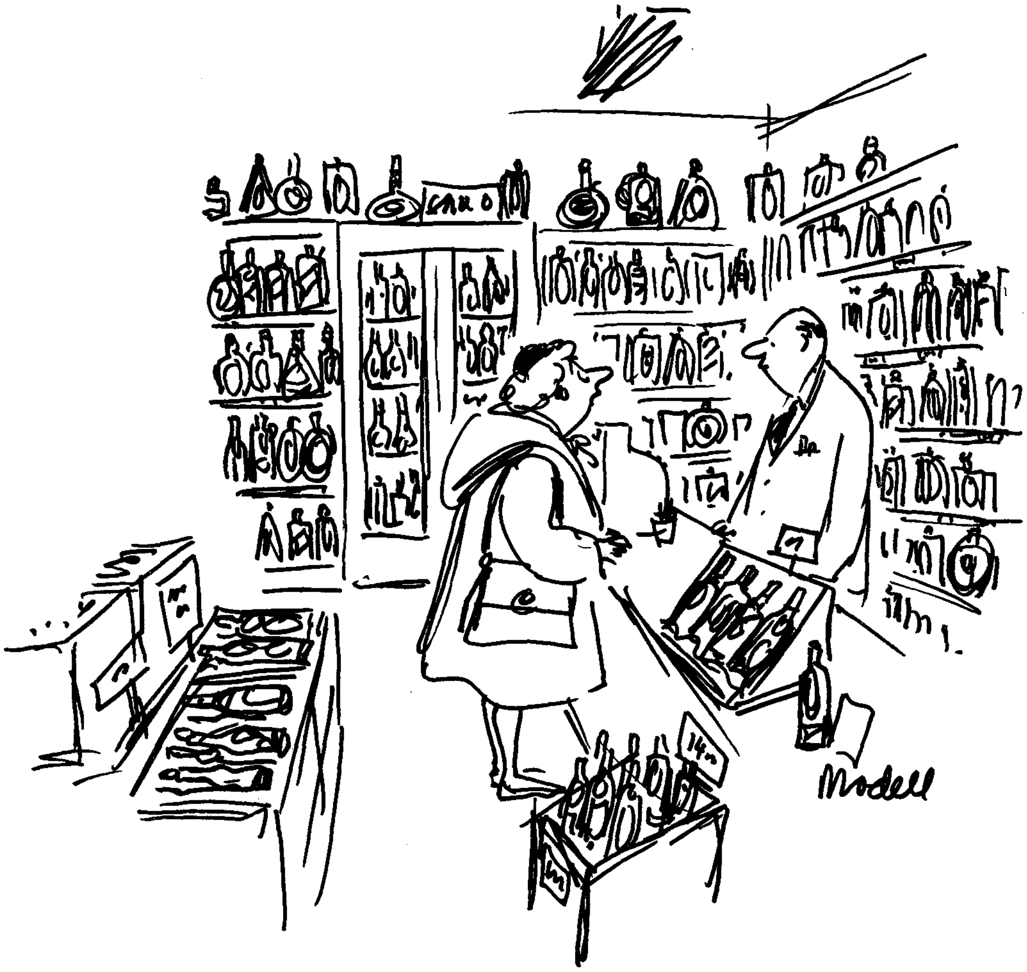
Father Nalieth's prayer didn't do much to calm anxieties, though. "O Lord," he began, "please make our industry fairly profitable." Brows furrowed in the hall. Only *fairly* profitable? What kind of prayer was that? On being asked about it later, Father Nalieth said he had been deliberately ambiguous. "I was teasing them," he said, laughing. "I wanted people to listen and think. I bet some of them thought I said '*barely* profitable'!" (If they did, they were surely not amused.) Father Nalieth had had another purpose, however. He explained that he had wanted to tell the oilmen, tactfully, that they should aim for profits that were socially and ethically responsible—not too big, in other words. "I had considered warning them against greed," he said, "but then I thought better of it."

THE MAN IN LUBYANKA

RUSSIANS are raised on irony, and they are especially amused to read about what passes for revolution in the United States. The ascension of a governor of Arkansas, trailing clouds of patronage, is wispy stuff indeed to anyone raised on the soil of Ivan the Terrible and Joseph Stalin. In the past couple of years, Moscow has been the center of real revolution: the empire is dismantled and ideology destroyed; apparatchiks become chip salesmen; and Yevgeny Sevastianov, card-carrying liberal intellectual (beard, sweater, ashes), becomes the chief of the Moscow secret police.

Sevastianov was a member of the "kitchen intelligentsia"—a scientist who listened to the BBC and told Brezhnev jokes by the stove. In 1982, he sent a telegram to the Kremlin congratulating the Politburo on its one-thousandth birthday. The thirteen droopy kings of the gerontocracy were, collectively, a millennium in age.

At the height of the Gorbachev era, Sevastianov was one of many young men and women who did what they could to support the cause of the radical democrats. He helped organize Andrei Sakharov's campaign for election to the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies (now defunct). When the hard-line coup of August, 1991, collapsed, the mayor of Mos-



"That bottle with the little flowers on the label isn't one of those that are going through the roof, is it?"

cow, Gavriil Popov, urged the new Russian President, Boris Yeltsin, to install young radicals as heads of the "security organs," the better to keep those bastions of chicanery under control. They decided that Sevastianov should head the immense Moscow division of the K.G.B.

"My wife had a simple reaction to the news," he recalls. "She wept. My friends were a little suspicious, and a couple of them still are, but most of them now tell me they sleep better at night knowing that I'm their man in Lubyanka."

Sevastianov invited a reporter to stop by and talk for a couple of hours one night recently. Under the Soviet regime, most foreign visitors to the huge buildings on and near Lubyanka Square didn't leave them whole. Now there was something unnerving, and ridiculous, about walking up to the Moscow secret-police headquarters, knocking on the front door, and flashing a press credential as if at a courtroom in Brooklyn or at the Yankee Stadium press box. But it all worked out. There was a guard inside who had a smile both steely and friendly and a press secretary who led the way to the elevator.

"No one was ever shot in the basement here," the guard said reassuringly. "That was a few hundred metres away and a long time ago."

Sevastianov served tea and cookies and described his first months in office—how he rummaged through the files of the K.G.B. to get a sense of the monster he was now to ride. "The most shocking thing I discovered was just how many people were collaborating with the K.G.B., and many of them in the intelligentsia," he said. "To me, this was a terrible surprise." But it will remain, at least for now, a private shock. In contrast to what has been happening in Germany—the files of the Stasi opened, and friendships, careers, and marriages destroyed—the Russian government has decided to keep secret the names of informers, the *stukachi*, who helped the state machine.

Besides being shocked by seeing the names of old acquaintances from the Moscow intelligentsia in relatively recent files, Sevastianov was even more appalled by the methodical and bloody tone of the archives from the era of Stalin's purges.

"When I went to work in the archives, the strong impression I had was of the state as a gigantic meat grinder, especially in the thirties," he said. "In one document I was reading, for example, a K.G.B. commissar issues an order to shoot four hundred people. But then on the other side of the paper the order is repeated with the exclusion of thirty names from the four hundred. The revised order said that there were no official pictures of these thirty people in their personal files. Try to imagine this! These people were let out of their cells and brought before an official photographer. Their pictures were taken, they were fed, the photographs were put in their files, and then, only then, they were shot. This feature of the system, this psychological ruthlessness, struck me to the core."

The promised radical reform of the K.G.B.—now known as the Ministry of Security, or N.B.R.F.—has not yet gone far. At least ninety per cent of the secret-police personnel in Russia remain where they were before the coup. Sevastianov admitted that the process of firing spies and "redirecting" the work of his staff has been painfully slow. But without him, and his like, it would no doubt be slower. "We had to survive the coup in order to understand how important it is to have new people at the head of this system," the spymaster said. "I was a man of democratic views, from a democratic team of people. But, in the end, this job appealed to me. Every man has to find himself. Now I find myself here, in Lubyanka."

OPENING SHOTS

EASY ways you can tell the 1992-93 Knicks season from the 1991-92 Knicks season:

(1) Season tickets no longer feature a

picture of an airborne power forward jamming a ball. Instead, this season's ticket is illustrated with a picture of a huge basketball morphed onto Madison Square Garden. "We replaced the picture of the player, but not because he was traded," a marketing executive explained. "He wasn't traded, because he never existed. He was just an artist's rendition. We took him out because we just liked the look of the ball."

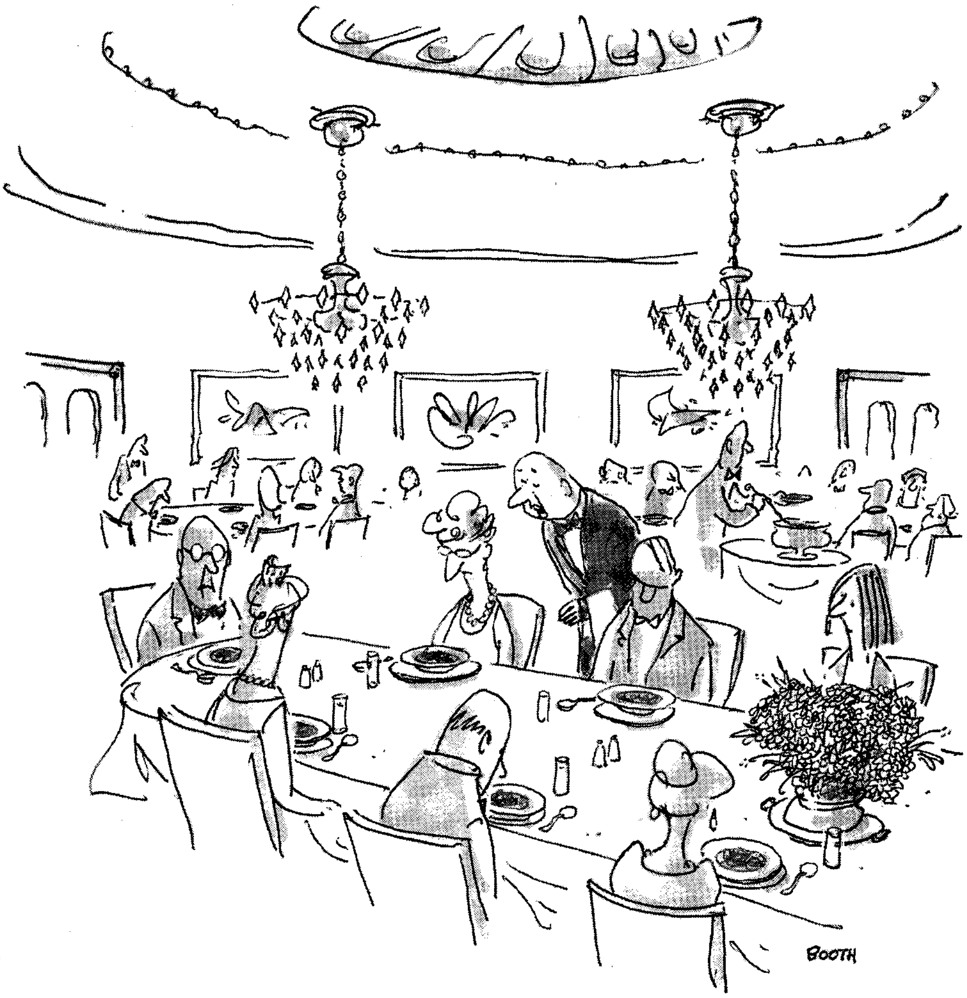
(2) John Starks, who had been, relatively speaking, the team pipsqueak, spent the summer doing a lot of upper-body work and now has muscles in his shoulders that resemble kielbasa.

(3) In addition to cotton candy, hot dogs, pretzels, and sodas, the hawkers in the stands now offer bottles of Evian water.

(4) Twelve of the fifteen Knicks City Dancers are newcomers. Also, they have eschewed last season's Anna Sui and Gemma Khang career-girl-cum-cheerleader outfits for a more athletic look, featuring clothes from Cross Colours and Patricia Field. At the recent home opener against the Philadelphia 76ers, the dancers were wearing spangled rompers—white tops and orange-and-blue striped hot pants. According to Petra Belton, the manager of the dance team, there will be more hip-hop and street dance in the choreography this season. "We're emphasizing hip-hop over ballet," Ms. Belton says. "I think more people in the audience can relate to those kinds of moves."

(5) Charles Oakley seems to have grown a large jewel-shaped frontispiece in his hairdo. Otherwise, he still has absolutely no outside shot and continues to be under the impression that he has never committed a single foul in the N.B.A.

(6) Conventional wisdom advises this season's fans to expect few, if any, sightings of Woody and Soon-Yi courtside.



"Arkansas stew."

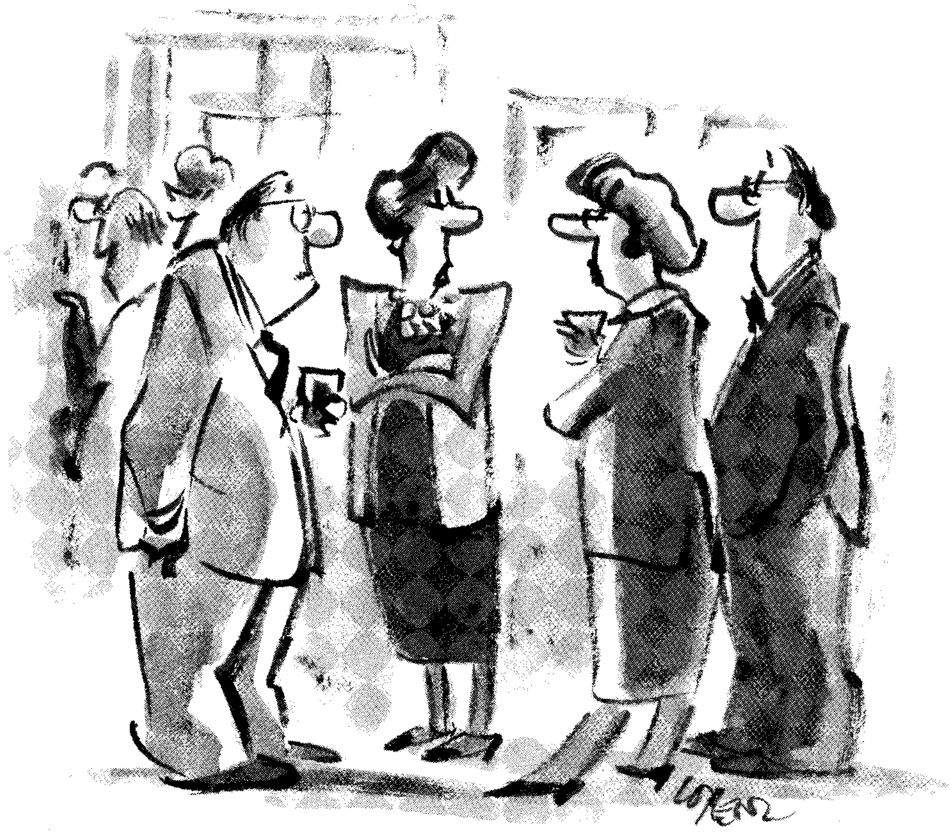
STRANGE BREW

CHUMLEY'S, a West Village pub and restaurant, drained all the foreign beers from its taps one night recently, and replaced them with a dozen American microbrews. Then it threw a party to celebrate. Appropriately, Jim Koch was among the guests. Jim Koch is one of the most successful men in the American beer business. He is the founder and brewer of Samuel Adams Boston Lager. He is also a man who hates foreign beers so intensely that he is regularly sued by German brewers for making insulting statements about their products in advertisements. He has even taken his private war onto German territory by becoming the only American brewer to sell his product there.

At the Chumley's party, Jim Koch enthusiastically consumes his own product. "I'm the guy whose name is on the bottle," he says. "Every time I hire a new employee, somebody loses a job in Germany or Mexico. You know what? Fuck 'em. And in my heart I'm happy. Let 'em drink their own beer and we'll drink ours." Then he explains how excited Sam Adams, the leader of the Boston Tea Party, would be if he were alive to witness the expulsion of foreign beers from Chumley's. "Frankly, I'd like to break open the kegs on the street," he says.

Unfortunately for Koch, his disdain for foreign beer earns him no love among the other American microbrewers at the Chumley's celebration. On the contrary, several of them claim to detest him. Even Steve, the pub's owner and the party's host, professes to have "no great love for the guy," but he attributes much of Koch's unpopularity to jealousy of his success. Some of Koch's competitors claim that his real target is not foreign imports but other domestic microbrews, and that his anti-foreign posturing is part of a Machiavellian marketing strategy for undermining them. The head of the Brooklyn Brewery, Tom Potter, declares that what he doesn't like is Koch's nationalistic attitude. "It's a mistake to think that only Americans can make good beer," he says.

One thing, however, unites all the microbrewers at Chumley's, and that is dislike of the beer that the major American manufacturers turn out—stuff that's "just fizz for washing down nacho chips." But what do you expect, they say. It's produced in tanks the size of MX missiles.



"I think you know my husband—the Vampire Lestat."

• •

ON A ROLL

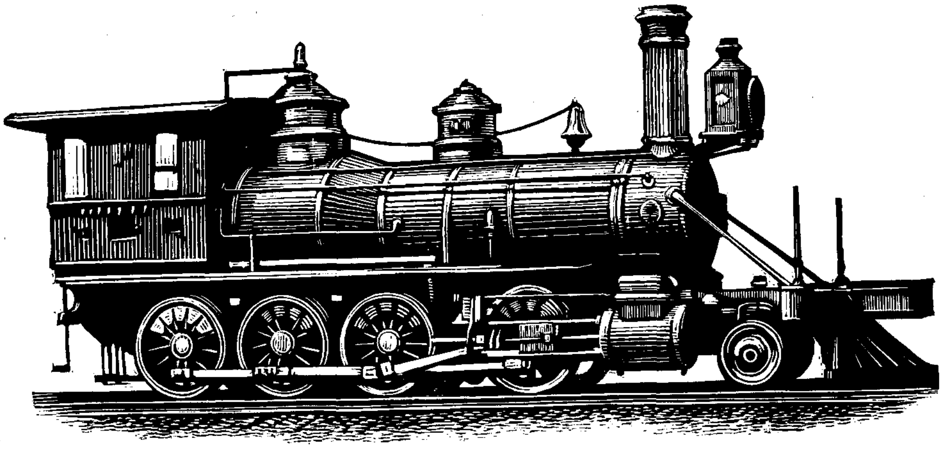
To gather material for a news-magazine program that is to compete with CBS's "60 Minutes" in the new year, ABC News recently sent to Somalia—one of the most dangerous countries in the world—a reporting team headed by a man in a wheelchair and a six-months-pregnant woman. John Hockenberry and his producer on this assignment, the journalist Leslie Cockburn, spent three weeks rattling around the starving, war-ravaged country in a tiny armed convoy, weaving through minefields, getting shot at, and generally having a very good time. They would tolerate everything except sympathy. When a United States Air Force officer giving them a lift on his plane inquired solicitously about Cockburn's pregnancy, she gave him a dagger look and replied, "You certainly know how to hurt a girl!"

Hockenberry, who is thirty-six and has been paralyzed from the chest down since a car accident sixteen years ago, is a seasoned foreign correspondent of National Public Radio, for which he covered the Gulf War, but he has never before been a television reporter. His radio fans will shortly rediscover him, on Sunday nights at eight o'clock, as a rugged-looking fellow with short, tousled hair who radiates vitality. He chose to become a foreign correspondent in part because of the challenge. "I had been getting a kind of sneaking suspicion that being in a wheelchair in the United States meant that you were *far* too complacent—relying on ramps, and stuff—and I kind of wondered what it would be like to be someplace where there wasn't this whole network of ramp access. I recall thinking, Boy, that would be really scary, to be overseas."

To his surprise, he found the Middle East hospitable. This was because there is a general presumption in that part of the world that things are not going to work. "It engenders a kind of improvisational mode that everyone is in—a mode that had, in the course of years of being in a wheelchair, become my basic orientation," he says. "Therefore, it was incredibly easy, in a way that never seemed possible in the United States, to ask for help, and get help, and go upstairs, and get there. It just was a revelation."

One of his Middle Eastern improvisations was to tie his legs and his equipment to the back of a donkey and climb for five hours along a sketchy mountain trail between Turkey and Iraq, in order to reach a village overrun by Kurdish refugees. Then there was the time he got stuck in sand—always a problem for a wheelchair—by the side of a road in the Gaza Strip. He was surrounded by a crowd of Palestinian women and children who instantly vanished into thin air after warnings of an approaching Israeli Army convoy. "I mean, everyone is gone," he says. "Suddenly, it's just me, with a microphone, out in the middle of the sand; and these Army vehicles are coming by, all with their weapons lowered. These Israelis weren't going to do anything to me, you know, but I couldn't move. I must say, I hate sand." Here he cuts himself short, remembering that he must save his war stories for a book he is writing—for which seven New York publishers made competing six-figure offers last week.

Despite the unchallenging convenience of elevators, ramps, and so on, Hockenberry enjoys living in New York. "I regularly roll from Ninety-sixth and Third, where I live, all the way down to Brooklyn Heights, to the Promenade," he says. "You can live in Chicago, you can live in the burbs, and you can live in rural areas, and you can find great pavement and you can find great places to roll. But you roll for an hour in Manhattan and you go through a hundred million different worlds, wonderful worlds, and you're going faster than a walk, so there's a kind of magic to it. It's kind of rolling by you in a movie, at a movie pace, in a movie rhythm. It's not just walking. My favorite roll in the city—on a day when there's a nice wind, so you're not just breathing exhaust—is Broadway between Twenty-third and Battery Park City at rush hour. You can beat all the cars. You're in canyons, and then you turn around and you're rolling through Battery Park to Tribeca, Chinatown, SoHo, the Village, midtown, and you end up in Central Park, get yourself a cappuccino, hang out in there. It's just a miracle." ♦



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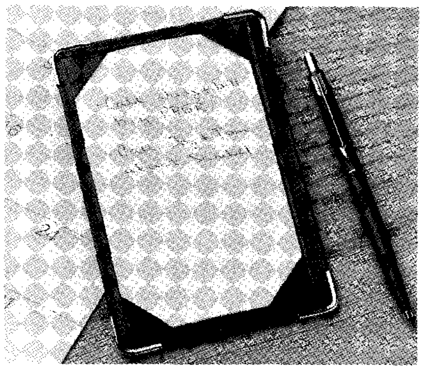

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CASUAL

THE WALLERSTEIN MEMOIRS

by Andrew Bergman

As we approach the sixtieth anniversary of the New Deal, these recently unearthed memoirs of Henry S. (Chub) Wallerstein, the former Undersecretary of Banking and Small Change, shed new light on the Roosevelt Administration's early days.

THE first time I met F.D.R. was at his Hyde Park home, in the Christmas of 1932, ten weeks before he took office as President. People forget now, but a terrible Depression gripped the country in those days. Many were too dispirited to arise in the morning; millions more lacked even the will to shave, and spent their days on breadlines, posing for photographs of the Depression.

Roosevelt, however, was characteristically ebullient that Christmas morning. He was like an ice-cold tonic amid so much gloom. "So you're the bright young man I've been hearing about," he greeted me. "How would you like to run the banking system?"

I was momentarily speechless. "Governor," I told him, "I know nothing about banking. My field is oceanic law."

F.D.R. leaned that enormous head back and roared with laughter. "Marvellous," he said. "Just the man I've been looking for." And from that moment on I was a certified New Dealer!

I next saw Roosevelt two months later, in the Oval Office. The Depression had worsened, but F.D.R. was in high spirits. "Chub," he said, tilting back that gigantic head, "I want to declare a bank holiday. Frank Capra tells me that people are storming banks across the country, demanding their money, and apparently there is no money. What do you think?"

I thought it over. "The banks could certainly use a rest, Mr. President. Perhaps we could close the schools as well, and the hardware stores."

Roosevelt roared with laughter. "Just call the banks, Chub old scout. Get 'em on the horn and tell them the President wants them closed by 9 A.M. tomorrow. No ifs, ands, or buts!"

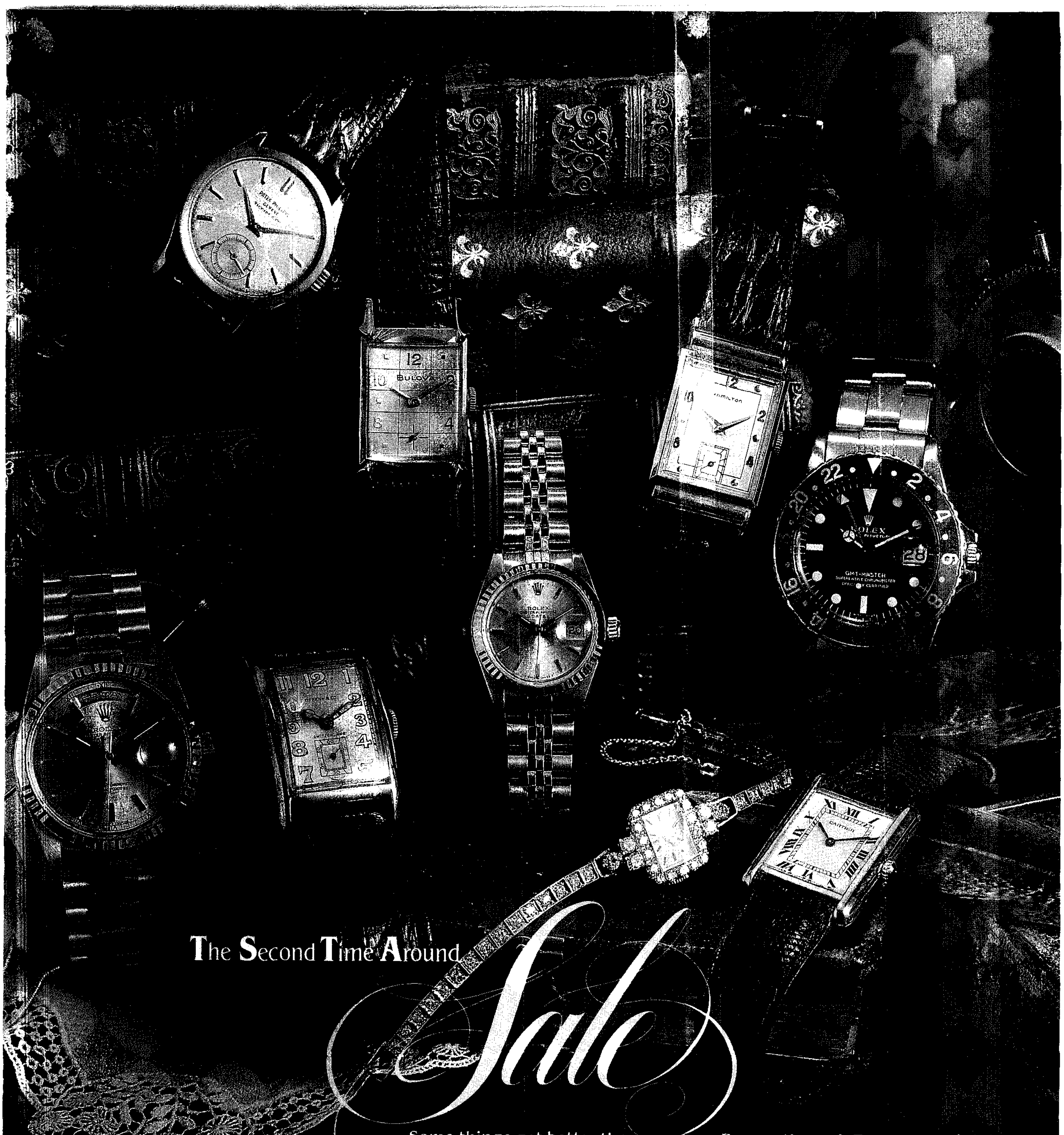
The excitement of those early New Deal days! Creating the A.A.A., C.C.C., W.P.A., P.W.A., A. & P.! Each day I was in contact with names like Ickes, Wallace, Frankfurter, Hopkins, Rialto, Electrolux, Stromberg-Carlson! We all rolled up our sleeves and went to work. My tiny office in the old Coffee and Cocoa Building became the hub of the Administration's so-called Young Turks. Days turned into nights as we burned the midnight oil rewriting the complex banking laws. Perhaps inevitably, I left my wife during this hectic period, in order to marry a younger and more attractive woman. She was Eleanor (Muffy) Brandeis, a niece of Justice Cardozo. In June of 1934 we moved into a charming Georgetown town house that F.D.R. laughingly referred to as Chub's Little Red Schoolhouse, an allusion to the many hardened Communists I had become friendly with.

Along with creativity frequently came chaos. F.D.R. made a habit of hiring dozens of people for the same job, thereby fostering competition and a flow of ideas. One afternoon around three o'clock, I received an angry telephone call from Al Jolson. "Say, Chubby," he began, "the boss just made me Sekkaterry of State. So I go over to Foggy Bottom they calls it, and there's a fella name o' Cordell Hull say *he* the Sekkaterry!"

I dashed over to the White House and presented the problem to F.D.R. He leaned that titanic head back and roared with laughter. "I told Al that I hadn't seen his secretary of late. He must have misunderstood. I'll make him Secretary of Commerce." Jolson held the post for three months, then left to make "Wonder Bar."

By 1940, we had put hundreds of people back to work. "I think this Depression is over," I told the President one Sunday afternoon as we listened to rowing results from Henley-on-Thames. "Let's give the banking system a much needed breather."

F.D.R. smacked his Scottie, Fala, on the nose with a rolled-up *Wall Street*



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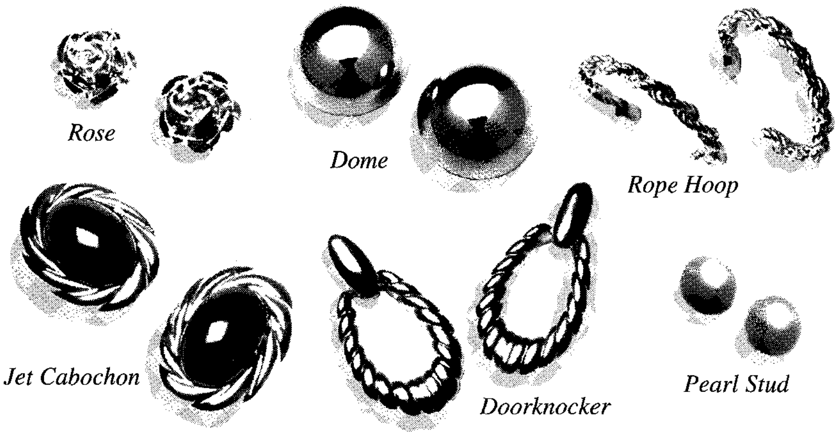

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Journal, then turned to me with a cryptic smile. "Good idea, Chub," he confided. "And just between us, I don't think this economy will really be shipshape until we can lure the Japs into attacking our assembled naval forces in the Pacific." I quickly forgot the President's baffling remark until the memorable December morning when I left Muffy and married Gabrielle Frankfurter, the fetching niece of Justice Hugo Black.

THE last time I saw F.D.R. was on a blustery February evening in 1942, shortly after we had entered the war. I had reëntered private practice and had come to Washington to negotiate a fair contract for the radium-and-asbestos workers. I strolled into the Oval Office and found F.D.R. straining to read a soaking-wet cable from Admiral Nimitz. "We're in a war now, Chub, a real shooting war. The Second World War, I call it." Lucy Mercer sat in a corner, knitting an afghan. Fala was asleep on the rug, next to Harry Hopkins. Robert Sherwood sat sleeping on a couch in the corner; beside him slept young Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. The atmosphere was one of tremendous calm and tranquillity.

Suddenly Roosevelt beckoned me over to his desk and motioned toward the edge of it, where I sat down so we could have a sotto-voce conversation. "Chub," he said, "you've been a darn fine friend, and we've been through plenty together."

"We certainly have, Mr. President," I told him.

F.D.R. looked preoccupied. "Chub," he continued, "do you think people would be dismayed if Joe Stalin hoodwinked me into handing over Eastern Europe on a silver platter?"

I thought long and hard. "I don't think so, Mr. President. Certainly none of my Communist friends."

Roosevelt howled with laughter. "All right, Chub," he said. "Thanks for the help. Now leave me alone."

It was a poignant moment. Stepping over Fala and Harry Hopkins, I knew well that this was the last time I would tread this carpet. Seated in the anteroom were two familiar faces: Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn and Chico Marx. Chico was dressed in the black cutaway which then marked the dress of the State Department. "Hey, Chubby," he called out happily. "Guess who they make the Secretary of the States?" ♦

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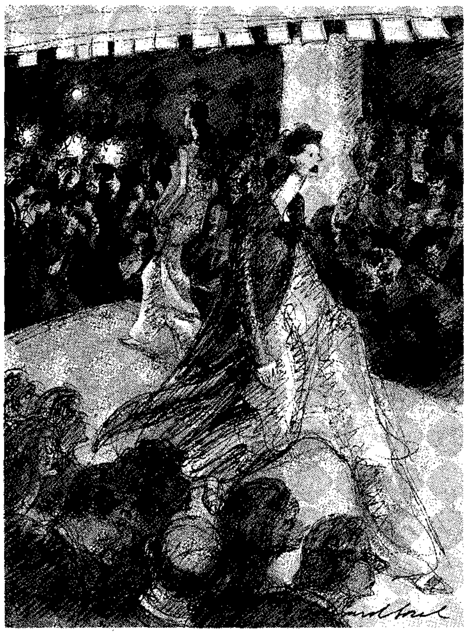
IN FASHION

RUNNING WITH THE PACK

by Holly Brubach

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1ST. On the plane, an overnight flight from New York to Milan. Several fellow-passengers recognizable as fashion types—all dressed in black, we look like members of some esoteric religious sect. After dinner, snores in the darkness. I while away the time by reading this month's *Vogue*, the one with Madonna dressed as a hippie on the cover. According to *Women's Wear Daily*, Madonna, too, will be in Milan, for the Dolce & Gabbana show. Inside the magazine, more photos of "the ever-popular Madonna," as one caption calls her, and an interview, in which she proves that even more intimate and incriminating than exposing your body is exposing your mind. Her contempt for her fans, her humorlessness, her poses: Madonna as visual artist in the manner of Cindy Sherman, Madonna as singer/songwriter committed to serious causes, Madonna as sexual missionary in the land of the repressed. Please.



EDWARD SOREL

FRIDAY. "Welcome to Milan," the sign says at Malpensa Airport. A general strike is on. The weather is dingy and cold, with a steady rain that turns intermittently into a downpour.

In the lobby of the hotel, colleagues who haven't seen one another since the pack disbanded the last time around, in early April, swap kisses and tips about what to buy, and where. "How chic you look!" one woman greets another. "And how well rested!"

"I just got off the plane," the second woman replies, declining a compliment that she senses is not altogether sincere.

"Well, then, my dear," the first woman persists, "fatigue becomes you!"

A day before her arrival, Madonna is already everywhere—all over the Italian press ("The erotic cyclone," a headline in *Il Giorno* calls her), the subject of every conversation. The Italians seem bemused but not particularly impressed by this gigantic photo-op being staged in their midst. The people at Giorgio Armani are reported to be furious that Dolce & Gabbana has scheduled a dinner in Madonna's honor at the same time as the Emporio Armani show.

SUNDAY. The official proceedings get off to a quiet start with Valentino's Oliver collection, which is his second line, named after his dog—a pug whose picture is the line's logo. There are assorted sundresses, pants suits, and vacation clothes, in black, white, and a beige that the press release calls "brown sugar." When Valentino, Armani, Versace, and other designers branched out into less expensive, bridge lines, during the eighties, it was as a means of attracting a younger customer and initiating her into the ways of high fashion, so that eventually she would graduate to their signature collections. Now that the economy has taken a nosedive and there's less money to go around, however, the second lines have become more important, as a means of holding on to a customer who still wants to buy into fashion but is no longer willing to spring for the top-priced merchandise.

On the street outside the entrance

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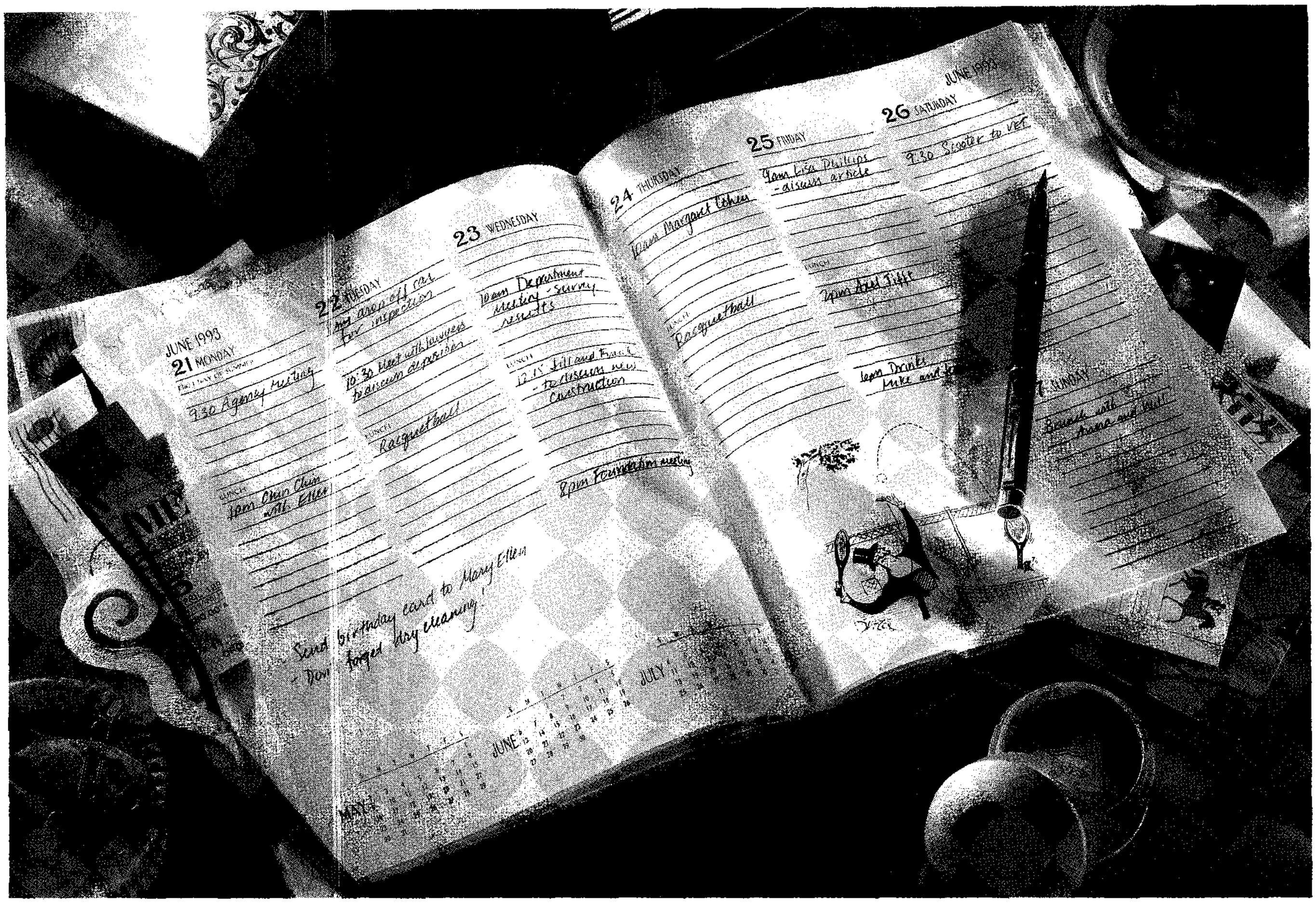
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22 TUESDAY
23 WEDNESDAY
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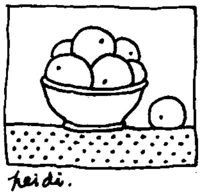
to the Dolce & Gabbana show, in the pouring rain, a throng of fans, most of them in their early teens, chant Madonna's name and peer into every car that comes along. The taxis they ignore. Their idol would never arrive by *taxi*. Taxis are for the buyers and the press, who make their way through the gate into the studio and take their seats. Finally, Madonna arrives, heralded by a blaze of TV floodlights held aloft by two men five paces in front of her, scampering backward. She is wearing a brown chalk-striped pants suit (by D. & G., in tribute) with a cigar in the breast pocket, a man's shirt and tie, a beret, round sunglasses, which she never takes off, and a gold tooth. She is chewing gum. From her seat in the front row, with her two bodyguards (gigantic bald-headed black men in navy-blue suits) stationed right behind her, she watches her fellow-celebrities—the so-called supermodels, including Naomi Campbell, one of the co-stars of Madonna's new book—parade a collection that proves to be yet another entry in the sixties-going-on-seventies retro category, by now a crowded field. "*Hippy, hippy, hippy, ma chic*," the press release proclaims. This nostalgia for the days when a new generation (mine) thought that it could change the world manifests itself mostly in tie-dyed prints, bell-bottom pants, platform sandals, cameos, and a variety of patchworks—white eyelet, écru lace, fragments of a photo print of Botticelli's "Primavera," chiffon, bright-colored florals overlaid with bands of black lace. But Dolce & Gabbana is not in the business of museum reproduction, and no one would mistake its variations on this familiar material for the originals that have been moldering in attics all these years. This time around, the fabric is stretch; the cameos are aggressive, situated at the center of enormous gold belt buckles or piled on in clumps. The sixties' aura of arts-and-crafts-fair innocence has been replaced by the nineties' in-your-face street smarts. The music is the title track from Madonna's new album: "Erotic, erotic, put your hands all over my body," she sings in a breathy, thin soprano.

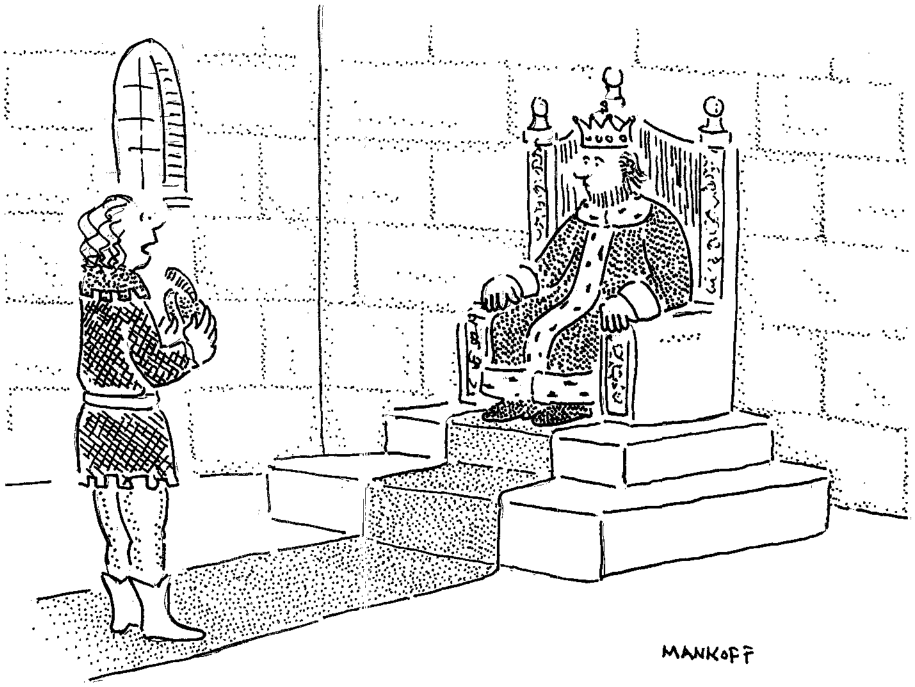


Watching these shadows of the seventies, I wonder whether perhaps the passing of youth and the onset of middle age don't occur at the point when our memories have become so well stocked that objects no longer strike us as what they are but instead carry within them a reminder of something else we have known. In my case, the sight of a platform sandal or a pair of bell-bottom jeans now sets off a chain reaction, and I am catapulted backward—to the shoes I wore in college, to my roommate's wardrobe, to the places we went, to my friends at the time—so that my mind is no longer on the thing in front of me. This backlog of impressions and experiences, however pleasant, turns out to be a burden when it comes to clothes that revisit a past based on a fantasy, a hymn to a certain configuration of TV shows and popular songs and clothes and cars. Retro fashion is for the young.

At the end of the show, Madonna applauds along with the rest of us. Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana skip down the catwalk to where she sits, take a curtain call, kiss her, and then, to her evident surprise (was this not written into the contract?), hoist her up onto the runway and spirit her backstage; the bodyguards leap after her, like offensive linemen. Outside, the fans, by this time drenched to the skin, are still waiting, chanting her name, held back by a wall of carabinieri, who stand with stone faces and locked arms.

In order to avoid the Madonna crush, one colleague stayed at the hotel and watched the proceedings on Channel 3. "The only problem," she admitted later, "is that you can't tell what's embroidered and what's printed."

Gianfranco Ferré presented a collection that can best be described as mystifying: who is the woman who buys, let alone wears, leather bathing suits and organza jackets appliquéd with bands of crocodile? The suits, when he keeps them simple, are elegant, if a little fusty. But mostly these are clothes so tortured with trapunto stitching, sequins, appliqué, and any number of other dressmaking stunts that the effect is overkill. Wearing a three-piece gray flannel suit, Ferré came out to take a bow, scratching his head (a gesture we've come to recognize as characteristic) and seeming ill at ease in the spotlight, and finally waved goodbye and



"Sire, the transition team is here to chop off your head."

• •

thank you to the audience, with the poignant gesture of a child—the hand held high, the fingers flapping against the palm.

MONDAY. Headlines in the Italian newspapers: "Madonna Queen of Milan" (*La Repubblica*); "The Diva Eclipses the Stars of Fashion" (*La Stampa*).

The voice of Cyd Charisse at the start of the soundtrack for the Callaghan collection: "Is this what is known as the courtship? The buildup? The pitch? Then I shall get out my little black book and make notes." In my notes, there is a star beside a white raw-silk jacket with a broad stiff peplum that turns into a long swallowtail train, worn over narrow pants to match.

Those journalists who chose to go late to the Madonna dinner in favor of attending the Emporio Armani show were rewarded by the sight of Gabriella Forte, Giorgio Armani's right hand, dressed in the Armani equivalent of the outfit Madonna wore to Dolce & Gabbana yesterday—the chalk-striped suit, the man's shirt and tie, the beret, right down to the cigar in the breast pocket. Meanwhile, at the Madonna dinner, a journalist who had skipped the Emporio show was discussing the consequences of his decision with a colleague. "The Armani people are going to make my life unhappy, aren't they?" he asked, glancing nervously around the room, as if some of the men in black leather shorts and motorcycle boots, or some of the women in D. & G. longline bras and leggings, might be Armani agents in disguise.

"There's nothing to do at this point but relax and have a good time," his comrade-in-fashion told him. "The Armani people know you're not there. They take attendance."

The dinner, which had been billed by the Dolce & Gabbana press office as "small," was held in a club called Le Cinéma, an old movie house converted into a laser-and-disco-ball dance hall; several hundred guests were milling around the buffet tables. Madonna arrived late and went directly upstairs to the balcony—a cordoned-off V.I.P. area, populated mostly by models. There were Marpessa, Kristen, Veronica, Naomi. It was not entirely clear who was zooming whom here—whether Dolce and Gabbana were using Madonna to get publicity for their collection or she was using them to help her promote her new record and book. Or both. At last, she descended the spiral staircase to the frosted-glass dance floor, lit from below,

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Madame Begue's was a turn of the century riverfront restaurant where the night-shift stevedores went after work for their evening meal, which was breakfast anywhere else. A typical morning's menu would include entrees like Spaghetti with Shrimps and Fried Eggplant. These morning feasts often lasted into the afternoon, and the rhapsodic New Orleans Brunch was born.

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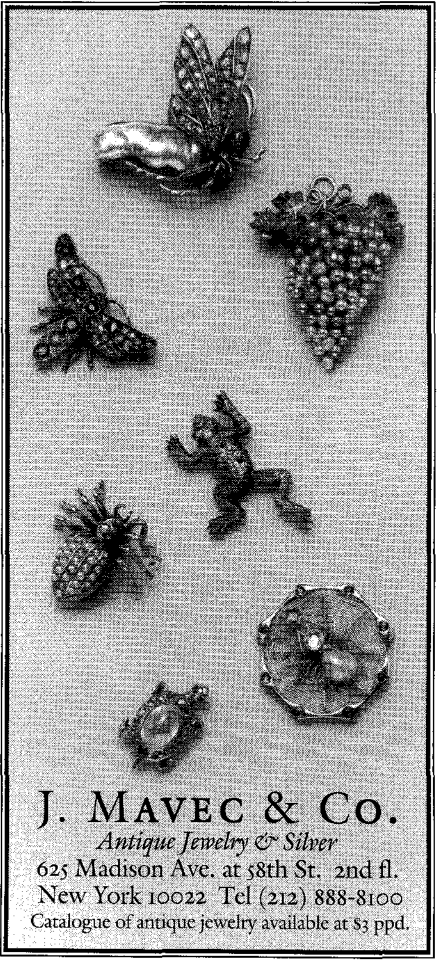

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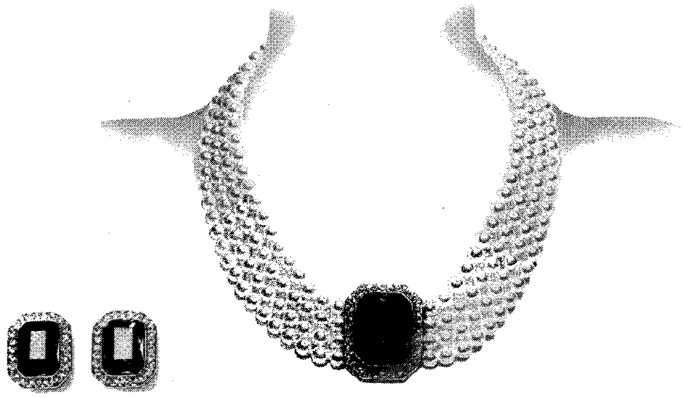

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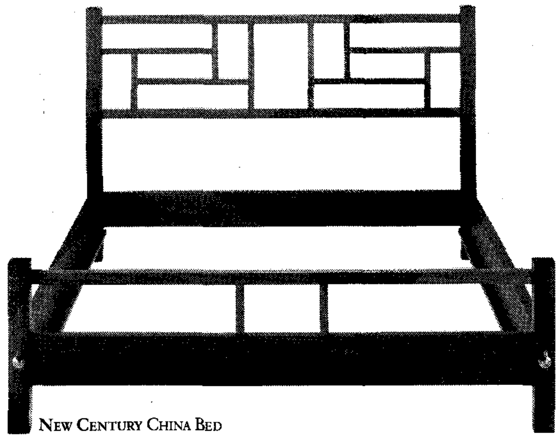

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with her bodyguards close behind. The d.j. played "Jump Around," by House of Pain. As Madonna danced, her bodyguards stood slightly behind her, one on either side, their arms folded, their eyes alert. "But this is a bit exaggerated, no?" an Italian friend asked.

TUESDAY. Pouring rain. Shoes are ruined. Chanel purses take cover in plastic shopping bags.

A visit to Franco Moschino, who for several seasons now has been receiving buyers and the press in his showroom instead of presenting his clothes on a runway. His collection this time is spirited and upbeat, a good blend of the serious and the satirical. His answer to the status scarf-print silk shirt, in the tradition of Hermès, features scenes of Florence, like the ones on the souvenir scarves sold in Piazza della Signoria; in Moschino's rendition, however, Michelangelo's David wears Jockey-style briefs. Sandals are held on with tape-measure straps, tied in a bow at the vamp. His latest installment in what amounts to an ongoing commentary on the house of Chanel under Karl Lagerfeld—in the wake of the so-called deconstruction that has been rampant in fashion, with Lagerfeld sending out "destroyed" skirts at Chanel—is a boxy cardigan jacket with the braid trim torn and hanging; the pearl buttons have smiley faces painted on them. Another jacket, in a fabric printed with trumped-up pages from *La Gazzetta Sportiva*, Italy's daily sports newspaper—chosen for its black-ink-on-pink color combination—features articles on and interviews with Moschino. "I have a recurring nightmare in which I am a designer," he declares. It is, he adds, a dream from which he is still trying to awaken.

"Madonna: Sex and My Life" (*Corriere della Sera*); "Madonna's Caprices" (*Il Giorno*); "Designers Irritated by an Invasive Presence" (*L'Indipendente*).

This afternoon, I go to work out at the gym in the hotel where Madonna is staying. Hordes of screaming fans standing out front in the damp, chanting "Ma-DON-na! Cic-CO-ne!" in unison, interrupted by occasional spontaneous choruses of "Like a Virgin" and "Lucky Star." In the gym, I ask the guy in charge what's happened to the seven-

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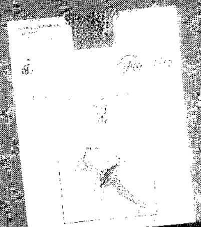

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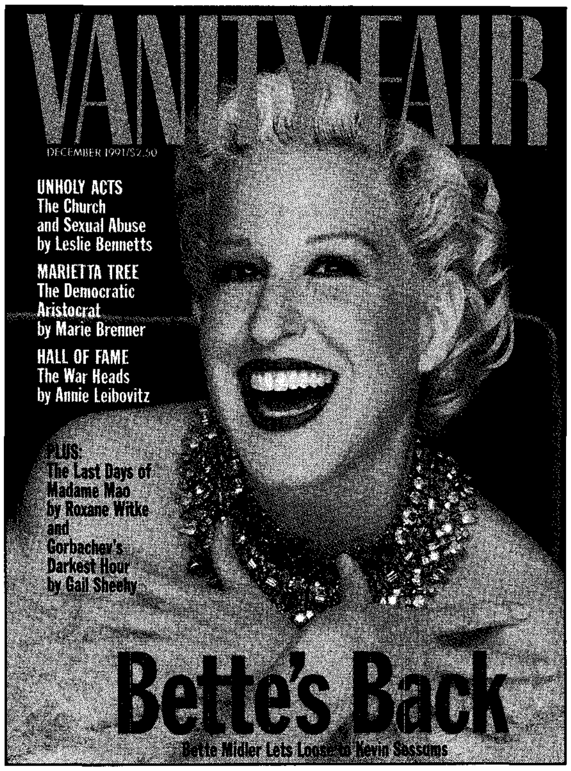

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kilo dumbbells that I use for my arm exercises.

"Madonna has them in her room," he said.

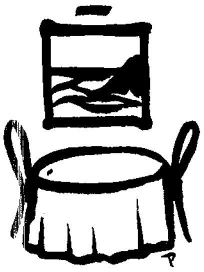
"Well, what am I supposed to do?" I ask him.

"Use the tens," he replies.

"But I can't lift ten kilos," I protest.

He shrugs.

WEDNESDAY. The show at Complice, another line designed by Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana, is a tribute to the Beatles (on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of "Love Me Do," their first hit single), with a soundtrack that has everyone in the audience mentally singing along: "Revolution," "Penny Lane," "Ticket to Ride," "A Hard Day's Night," "Back in the U.S.S.R.," "Can't Buy Me Love," "Drive My Car." Four models with Beatle haircuts and electric guitars open the show, soon followed by Helena Christensen, as Queen Elizabeth II, wearing a panniered powder-blue damask gown and a crown, and waving her hand in a peace sign. This cartoon-style celebration of London in the sixties, complete with daisy appliqués, Nehru collars, ring-pull zippers, Carnaby Street pants suits, tiaras worn on top of newsboy caps, and bikers' black leather jackets with "God Save the Queen" appliquéd on the back, is a welcome diversion from the seventies—the nostalgic rut in which Milan has been stuck for several years now.



"The Most Recent Transgression: Madonna to Bed Early—She Left the Party in Her Honor at Midnight" (*La Stampa*).

At Prada, a spectacular group of "evening clothes" in burlap lined in vivid orange, purple, or chartreuse silk gazar, so that the color comes through the loose weave.

THURSDAY. Rumor has it that Madonna has at last moved on, to Paris. Meanwhile, those of us still in Milan, still slogging through the rain, witness the best show of Gianni Versace's career to date. After last season's S & M-cowgirl collection, a splendid formal exercise in straps and buckles, he presents clothes that can only be described as feats of dressmaking—often shown without accessories (the models for the opening, a series of long dresses, are barefoot), so as not to obscure the cut. There are bell-bottom pants flared from a slanted seam, higher in back. The pleats down the sides of a pair of red silk georgette pants are stitched to below the knee, then released to make a line that is narrow when the model stands still, flared when she walks. Other bell-bottoms, in chiffon, are cut in floating layers.

Ever since I attended the annual show of the Studio Berçot, Paris's leading fashion school, at the end of July, I've been thinking about breasts and the topographical problems they pose for designers. When it came to navigating the upper torso, nearly all the Berçot students ran aground: the material bunched or pulled, balking at the shape it was being asked to take. If a garment is to be fitted through the torso, there aren't too many means of making the fabric conform: there are darts, which some designers eschew as inelegant—little arrows poking out of the side seams and directing the eye to the point of the breast; there are seams, curved to allow for fullness, that run from the shoulder or the armhole to the hem; there are (nowadays) stretch fabrics, which dodge the question altogether. It was Yves Saint Laurent's great achievement, when he designed the Mondrian dress, to do without darts, molding the panels of fabric to the breasts by means of gridlike horizontal and vertical seams. Versace, in some of his long dresses this season, traces a U-shaped seam directly under the bustline, so that the breasts appear to be cantilevered. Or he supports them with wide straps sewn into a seam that undulates to follow the breasts' contours.

Overheard before the start of Giorgio Armani's show: "What did I ever do to deserve this seat?"

"But you're in the front row."

"It's not the location. It's the lighting—these overhead spots are so cruel."

Armani showed skirts over pants—an idea that he was not alone in proposing this season. The skirts were short, in organza, and were wrapped. He also offered pants suits bordered with braid at the wrists and at the ankle, in various shades of white (vanilla, parchment, oyster), and an array of effortless-looking

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jackets of the kind he does so well and so consistently that we've come to take them for granted. Skirts and pants in silk crêpe had hems that were rolled and left unpressed, for a softer edge. There were dresses and pants and a jumpsuit in chiffon printed with a navy-and-white paisley that looked as if it had been lifted from a humble cotton batik, then embellished with sequins for evening—a magnificent instance of the power of understatement.

Wednesday, October 14th. John Galliano's show, at the Salle Wagram, a wood-panelled dance hall near the Étoile, in Paris, was scheduled to begin at 9 P.M. By the time the lights finally dimmed, at eleven, the audience was irritable and hungry. Even so, the clothes were worth the wait. The fencers' jackets, fitted, dipping lower at the waist in front, were worn with bikini bottoms draped with swags of chiffon that trailed along on the floor at the side, like a train. Two chiffon chemise dresses—one pale yellow, one pearl gray, and both cut on the bias—were worn one on top of the other, their diagonal seams spiralling around the body.

Thursday. "Incredible though it may seem, the Dandies once had a fancy for *torn clothes*," Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote in 1845, in his portrait of George Brummell. "This happened under Brummell. They had come to the end of impertinences and were at a loss how to proceed." The dandies anticipated Karl Lagerfeld's shredded skirts last January at the house of Chanel by a good hundred and fifty years, and though a lot has happened in fashion in the interim, we now find ourselves—if the shows this season are any indication—once again at somewhat of a loss how to proceed. The awful stasis of a few seasons ago has given way to outward signs of a change: there's a general drift downward when it comes to hemlines, clothes look less constructed, tailoring is more relaxed—a return, more or less, to the way fashion looked twenty years ago. In the hands of a few designers, these reforms have an air of inevitability, but by and large they seem remarkably arbitrary, unconnected to the lives we lead, as if designers, for lack of originality, had resorted to novelty instead. Meanwhile, torn jeans and denim jackets with the sleeves ripped off are everywhere, and at Chanel Lagerfeld continues to present scraps from the cutting-room floor—this season, as bows at the neck of a blouse. At a time when even longtime fashion enthusiasts are growing disaffected, we are desecrating our clothes.

Rei Kawakubo, whose torn clothes ten years ago, for Comme des Garçons, were hailed as apocalyptic, lately seems more intent on putting fashion back together again. In her collection this season, the clothes look as if they'd been pieced together in panels; it turns out that most of them were made from a single giant rectangle of fabric, molded to the body by means of darts of all

PRAYER OF THE OLD MEN

but later later on
won't you push us away
when the children women patient animals have left
because they can't bear wax hands

movements uncertain as the flight of a butterfly
stubborn silence and the cough of our speech
and the moment is near when the world shrinks in the eye
they will remove it from the eye like a tear and break it like glass
when the drawer of memory suddenly opens

I ask about it
will you then
accept us again
because it will be like a return to the lap of childhood
to a great tree to a dark room
an interrupted conversation to weeping without sorrow

I know
it is a matter of blood
and we who are lazy mystics dragging our feet
a lopsided psalm in our deformed fingers
we listen to sand pouring in our veins
and in our dark interior grows a white church
of salt memories calcium and unspeakable weakness

clinging to the taste of wafer and white cloth
they bring you in again
through the asthmatic wheezing of bells
by lit flowers

if it is difficult to make angels out of us
change us into heavenly dogs
mongrels with rumpled hair
moths with gray faces
the extinguished eyes of gravel
but don't allow us
to be devoured
by the insatiable darkness of your altars
say just one thing
that we will return later

—Zbigniew Herbert

(Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.)

kinds, in every direction. The pastel colors of the damasks are elusive, patterned on a white ground; they seemed to fade as the models retreated. I sat behind Calvin Klein, who was seeing the Paris fashion shows for the first time, and I wondered what he must be thinking as he watched Kawakubo's intricate puzzles on parade. It was a far cry from Seventh Avenue sportswear. There was one particularly stirring moment—pure theatre—when the impact of the clothes (a passage of extraordinarily inventive navy pin-striped wool ball gowns) and a change in the music (to the soundtrack from "1492: Conquest of Paradise") conspired briefly to create a grandeur that sent a shiver through the crowd.

FRIDAY. Lagerfeld's long-awaited comeback at Chloé, the label whose golden years, in the seventies, were under his direction, seemed an anticlimax. The clothes—the fluid styles of the seventies reiterated—induced a sense of déjà vu: high waists, flared skirts, flared jackets, touches of lace.

As if to confirm the fatigue and bewilderment that are epidemic in the fashion world these days, Jean-Paul Gaultier presented long grasslike skirts, for men and women, made of wavy artificial hair—yet another retro look, only this time the nostalgia is for the Garden of Eden.

SATURDAY. The boredom that sets in after a few weeks of standard runway presentations—enter, walk, pivot, walk, pose, turn, walk, pivot, walk, pose, exit—was alleviated this season by Issey Miyake's show, which featured an army of dancers from the Frankfurt Ballet advancing on the audience, wearing Miyake's space-age handicrafts: puckered, pleated, perforated, airbrushed, tie-dyed. As the dancers jumped and landed, the clothes, gathered in fine, Fortuny-like horizontal pleats, uncoiled and retracted, like bouncing springs.

The notion of another way of presenting clothes, which might in turn lead to another way of seeing the clothes that are presented, has been around for some time now, and several designers have mounted presentations that were out of the ordinary, to make a more lasting impression, and to entertain their audience—to create the sort of drama or atmosphere that's difficult to achieve in the rather anonymous setting of the

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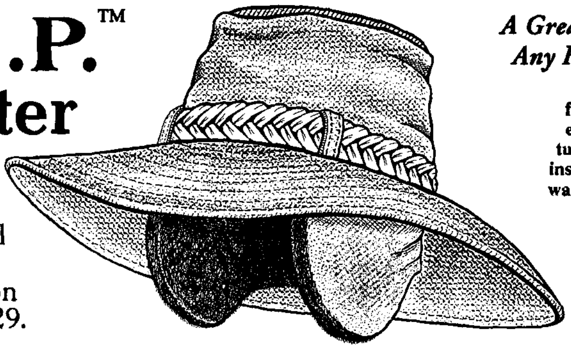

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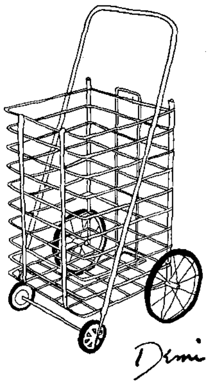
tents pitched in the Cour Carrée of the Louvre. Romeo Gigli's nighttime show last year in Florence comes to mind: an entire neighborhood blocked off, the lights turned out, candles put in all the windows, and the cobblestoned streets lined with chairs, on which the local residents and the international fashion press sat together and watched models—men and women—dressed in Gigli's clothes stroll down the street or ride by on bicycles. At Jean-Paul Gaultier's show, in the Grand Halle at La Villette, three years ago, the models, on hydraulic platforms, rose up out of the floor of a stage like a boxing ring, then were lowered back down again, out of sight. This season's award for creative presentation surely goes to Xuly-Bët, a young Senegalese designer living in Paris. For this show, his third, he asked the guests to convene at the Rue de Rivoli end of the Rue de Castiglione—a stretch alongside the Tuileries where all the tour buses congregate. Not long after the appointed time, a bus pulled up, and some twenty girls disembarked, each wearing one of his outfits and carrying a boom box playing the same tape. They danced around the gardens for ten minutes or so, then got back on the bus and rode away.

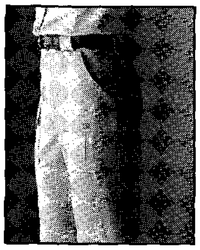


A man's voice on the soundtrack at Martine Sitbon's show: "I wanted to be a hippie again—a Dadaist hippie in my own style, with short hair and a good-fitting suit, but a hippie anyway." That just about sums up the current seventies revival, which in Sitbon's interpretation has a certain chic that these styles lacked the first time around. Her gold lamé tailcoat had one foot in the past, one foot in the present.

SUNDAY. Maurizio Galante, a young Italian designer who stages his show in a small tent in the shadow of the Jeu de Paume, has in a matter of only three seasons managed to articulate a style that is recognizably his own, despite some rather obvious influences (Capucci, Gigli). For spring, he turned out bolero jackets, skirts, pants, and stoles, made from small lozenges of fabric laid end to end, like tiles. His black lilies, molded from triple mousseline and placed in a cluster upside down to form a jabot at the neck of a blouse, or ranged inside the hem of a flared skirt, or falling as a fringe at the ends of a long stole, were a tour de force worthy of the haute couture at its best, even if the proportions were sometimes slightly off—the skirt either a bit too short or a bit too long.

MONDAY. The pearl earrings and quilted handbags and gold-chain belts were out in full force this morning, as the fashion pack paid tribute to Lagerfeld's Chanel. The collection seemed classic and tame by the standards of recent seasons, and now that Lagerfeld is designing four ready-to-wear collections a season (Fendi, his own line, Chloé, and Chanel) it wasn't entirely clear what the distinctions were in his mind; in the line he designs under his own name, for example, he insisted on the sort of sheer chiffon wide-leg pants that he originally launched last season at Chanel. But, despite a certain confusion in the clothes, there could be no doubt this morning that we were watching a Chanel collection. The belts and bracelets dangled charms that spelled out "CHANEL." The rubber flip-flops had "CHANEL" printed around the sides of the platform soles. The port-hole-shaped white plastic sunglasses said "CHANEL PARIS" around one eye and "PARIS CHANEL" around the other. The final passage, in fagoted white linen, culminated in a dress—the "bride"—based on an idea that was spectacularly unbecoming: the full skirt was cut short, and another "skirt," gathered and reaching to the ankle, was tacked on to the first, tied to the hem at intervals, like a curtain hung from a rod.

TUESDAY. Just when you think Hervé Leger has exhausted all the possibilities to be found in the elastic dresses that have become his specialty—the ones that look as if they were made from Ace bandages (for the woman who aches all over)—he discovers some new, unforeseen variation. This season, he offered dresses that combined elastic with chiffon, which afforded a little more movement, or organdie, which made for a shape that could stand away



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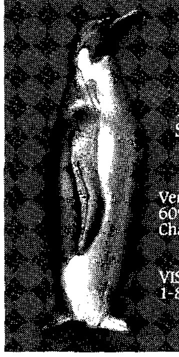

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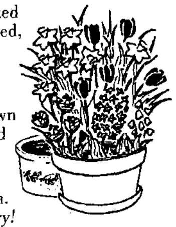

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from the body. He also did something I've never seen, gathering the seat of a dress into the center back seam, to sculpt the fabric more closely to the inside contour of the buttocks. It could be that no one has ever thought of this, or (more likely) that other designers have thought better of it. This season, Leger introduced a group of sexy bandage-wrapped maillots. Remember: Rest, Ice, Compression, Elevation.

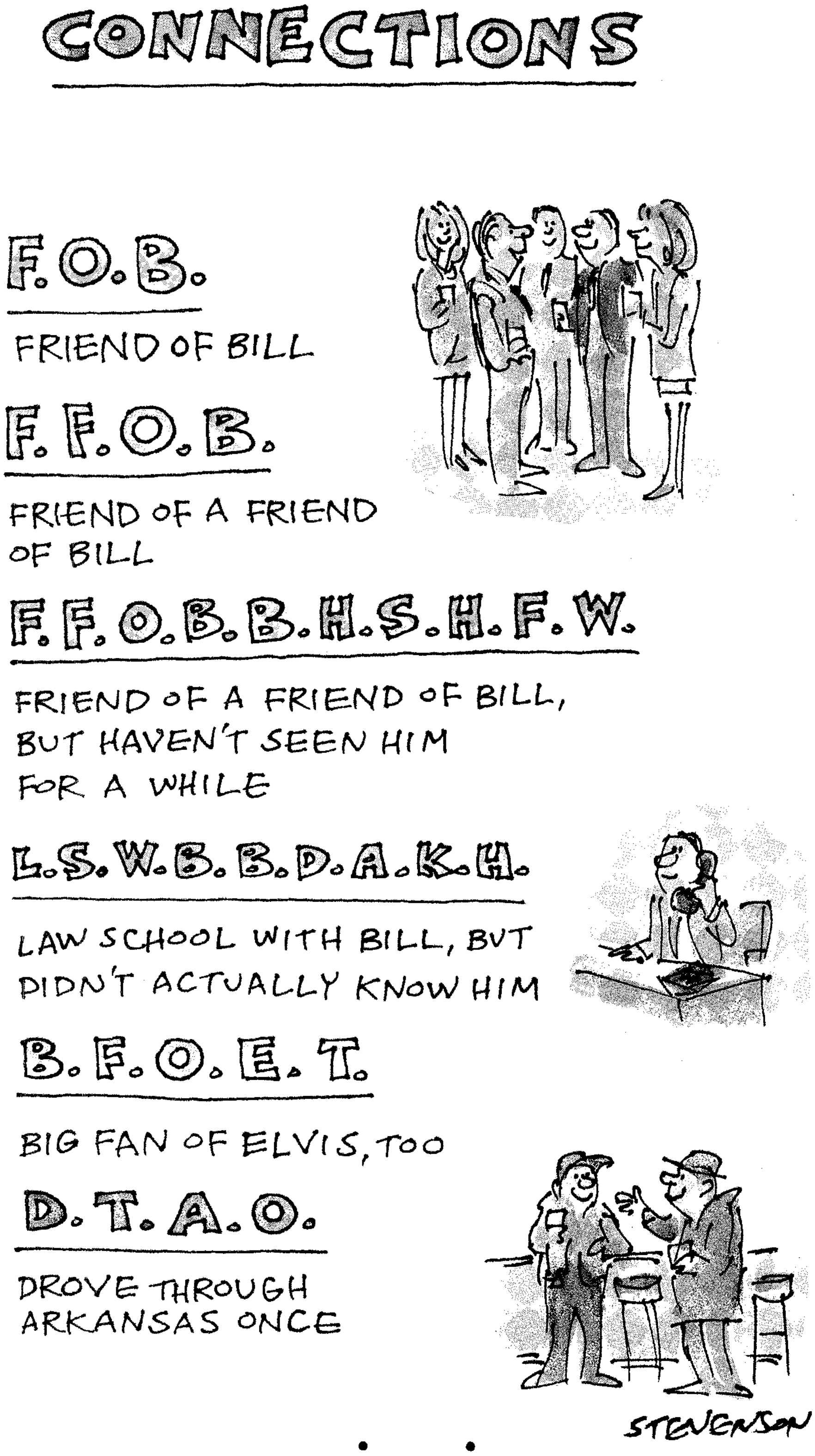
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND. The first thing that strikes you, just back from the shows in Paris, is how much smaller and how local the New York crowd is. Despite the junior editors and small-town retailers who swell the ranks, the virtual absence of the European press is conspicuous. The conversations overheard between shows are all comprehensible, in English; the babel of Paris has been left behind.

It is pouring rain.

The chat as we're sitting waiting for the Isani show to start is about Susanne Bartsch's party at Webster Hall on Saturday night: unofficial prizes for the best drag are awarded to Hamish Bowles, *Vogue's* style editor, as Diana Vreeland, the magazine's now mythic editor-in-chief during the nineteen-sixties; and to the songwriter Christopher Mason, as a trick-or-treating Chelsea Clinton, with aluminum-foil braces on his teeth.

At Carolina Herrera, the hemline was just above the knee, the clothes were ladylike, the music (with Elton John's "Crocodile Rock" as the keynote) was chaste. An embroidered black lace vest and matching pants were backed with a flesh-colored silk lining, to create the illusion of skin with none of the attendant distractions—nipples, panty lines. Waiting for the elevator after the show, I remarked to a colleague that these were deb dresses. "Yes," she agreed. "But, of course, the problem is that débutantes today all want to look like whores." In the end, we decided that these were clothes based on a débutante's *mother's* idea of what a débutante should wear.

Marc Jacobs' collection, for Perry Ellis, along with intimations of more to come in the same vein from Christian Francis Roth and Anna Sui, sent fashion journalists scurrying to Tower Records to buy the soundtrack to "Singles," for a last-minute crash course in grunge rock. "What is the name again of Nirvana's big hit?" one editor who is not a member of the MTV generation asked me. "Smells Like Teen Spirit," I told her. "That's what I thought," she said, perplexed. Jacobs' collection ingeniously grafted the grunge trends that are in the air at the moment onto his ongoing and indefatigable fascination with the seventies: suède jackets with steel snaps, painters' pants, crocheted hot pants, pastel leather twin sets, cropped sweaters under vests, long floral-printed chiffon dresses over plaid hot pants, knitted ski caps, panne-velvet bell-bottoms the color of faded denim, woodblock prints, patchworks,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and Birkenstocks. Shadowy plaid flannel shirts—a grunge staple—were rendered in silk chiffon and tied around the waist, over pants, for a skirtlike effect. Whether the women who dress in this style, in all its deliberate sloppiness, want it delivered to them as a package look, put together by a designer, strikes me as open to question, but perhaps in the long run it doesn't matter: on an individual basis, these clothes, taken out of the context in which Jacobs presented them, could be made to signify any number of things. This is the second season running that Jacobs has built his collection on music, and the second in a row that he has turned in a first-rate performance.

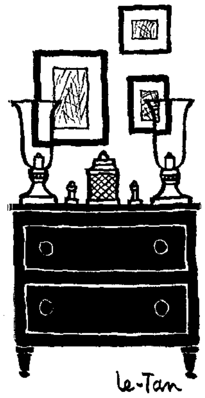
A lot of talk between shows about the outcome of tomorrow's election. "America is so ready for change that nothing can stand in its way," one fellow fashion journalist said. The wave of imminent change seems to be sweeping through our wardrobes as well, with clothes that are softer, longer, more fluid, and less constructed than they've been; what tailoring there is is confined to the jackets, but even there it usually has the slouchy look that we associate with the seventies. The message encoded in the clothes is no different now from what it was then: that the person wearing them doesn't care too much about fashion, that this is someone who doesn't work too hard at his or her self-presentation, that there is a virtue in looking, if not poor, then, at the very least, unconcerned with money and, if not oblivious of fashion, then as if you're wearing clothes that had come together all by themselves.

TUESDAY. Election Day. Randolph Duke gets things off to a rousing start with a phalanx of suffragettes in ivory cotton burlap and lace and granny boots. "Our daughters' daughters will adore us, and they'll sing in grateful chorus," chirp the sopranos on the soundtrack as the models carry signs that say "VOTE." It's a good gambit, but, as retro movements go, Duke's seems stuck in the wrong decade. The dresses and suits appliquéd with doilies should have been nipped in the bud.

To say that Todd Oldham is in many ways more a decorator than a designer is not, I think, an insult. The cut of a dress or a jacket, the positioning of the seams, the drape and fall of the fabric against the body—these are not his preoccupations. Often he fills in the outline of a generic shirt or skirt with patterns and prints, sequins and beading—bright colors that all together make for a kind of cheerful, orchestrated pandemonium. In fact, Oldham's clothes have such an unfailingly sunny disposition that only a misanthrope could dislike them. This season, there were white shirts printed with black tattoos, harlequin-checked palazzo pants, sequinned striped shorts, fake-leather halter tops that laced across the back, and one outfit identified in the program as a "By the Way . . . Did You Vote? suit."

Geoffrey Beene, whose shows for the past two seasons, in the theatre in the Equitable Building, transcended the standard runway presentations, this time presented his collection on dressmakers' dummies in studios at the School of American Ballet. Four students from the school, dressed in toe shoes and in navy wool-jersey jumpsuits edged in white, mingled with the crowd, occasionally pausing at one of the barres to run through some exercise combination or to stretch. Photographs of them leaping, turning, posing, in Beene's bolero jackets and pants cut full in the thigh, or in his evening gowns carved around the body, or in his tunics, which he calls "togas," were mounted on both sides of a giant folding screen. The message, clearly, was that clothes must be able to move in order to be modern—and Beene, who has no sympathy with the nostalgia that's sweeping fashion these days, can't fathom why clothes would want to be anything else. This notion seemed particularly refreshing in the wake of Lagerfeld's skirts this season for Chloé, with their strips of fabric stitched into the side seams and tied at the back of the legs, hobbling the models as they walked. With this collection, Beene seems to have consolidated his years of research in the science of dressmaking, arriving at clothes that are more lyrical than a lot of his work in the past. He continues to draw our attention to parts of the body that fashion has left uncharted, with slashes exposing the shoulder blade or the curve of the lower back, with asymmetrical insets of tulle, with seams that chart a sinuous course. The effect, however, seems curiously anatomical, devoid of sex appeal.

The new erogenous zone—not new, of course, but newly rediscovered this season, on both sides of the Atlantic—is the midriff, as waistlines slide lower and tops stop higher. At Perry Ellis, Marc Jacobs sent out a black knit jumpsuit, cut in the back to a V so deep that it exposed the top of the model's crack. Betsey Johnson bared the top half of the models' behinds. Here and there, knitted tops cropped short gave us a glimpse of the underside of the breast, and that was sexy.



Wearing a flannel shirt, jeans, and a sock cap, Christian Francis Roth made an onstage appearance at the start of his show, scraping an empty jar up and down the strings of an electric guitar. Grunge rock is Roth's new enthusiasm, and it served as the inspiration this season for his clothes: thermal knits, a zip-front romper that from the front looked like two pieces; jersey stripes worked every which way, pieced to form chevrons at the bottom of belled pants; bell-bottom sleeves; bell-bottom leg warmers, pulled on over the knee. Program entries included "Typical Grunge Look," "Balenciaga Meets Kurt Cobain," a two-piece dress described as "sub-couture," and, for the finale, "Five Dresses for 10,000 Maniacs." For "jewelry," the models wore laminated backstage passes to rock concerts, hung from chains like the pull chain on a light bulb. Jacobs' treatment of the same themes may have been more extensive (with nearly twice as many numbers), but Roth's, it seemed to me, had irony going for it, as the young perfectionist brought his jigsaw dressmaking to bear on aggressive sloppiness and deliberate mismatches.

WEDNESDAY. More grunge from Anna Sui, including a striped jersey jumpsuit with a cotton-net anorak overtop.

No big surprises, no crashing manifestos from Ralph Lauren, whose decibel level reached its peak with Stevie Wonder singing "My Cherie Amor" on the soundtrack. This season, Lauren moved away from the uniforms (military, nautical) that have been his inspiration for the past several seasons, and presented clothes that were softer, in faded colors, in floral prints. The pants suits were impeccable, with fitted jackets and covered buttons.

THURSDAY. The program for Isaac Mizrahi's collection must have been a rush job at the printer's, with passages entitled "Hillary's Cabinet" and "The New White House." His vision of what lies ahead includes matching striped taffeta shirts and waistcoats; a group of velvet-trimmed burlap coats; bell-bottom pants he calls "sailor jeans," cropped to just above the ankle. Toward the end of the show came three outfits in feathers and white daisy-patterned silk satin eyelet, identified as "Storm Clouds" in the program; the tape of the Wedding March wound down and gave way to Gloria Gaynor belting "I Will Survive." Then came three "Home Wreckers," in beaded sheer pajamas, followed by three "Divorcées," the last of them in white chiffon bell-bottoms and a white maribou coat. So much for family values.

Macramé is back. There was a long macramé fringe on a knee-length raffia vest at Mark Eisen, and more macramé fringe on the suits at Isani. At Cynthia Rowley, the macramé belts we wore in the early seventies and consigned to the Salvation Army in the eighties were presented to us all over again as fashion, mocking the certitude with which we expelled them from our lives. (I'll never wear *this* again.) Cork-soled sandals were everywhere. Can hanging plants and Earth shoes be far behind? I'm bracing myself for the impending disco revival (white suits in homage to John Travolta), which is bound to be just around the corner now that Donna Summer's music has been reinstated in the clubs.

FRIDAY. The week ends on a triumphant note, as Calvin Klein and Donna Karan surpass themselves and our expectations, extending their established styles in new ways we didn't know they were capable of.

The pre-show scene at Klein's Sev-

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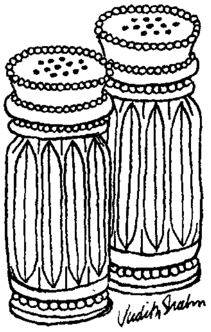
enth Avenue headquarters, where he presents his collection, is like a warmup act before the featured entertainment, and this year was no exception: along with Marky Mark, now appearing in Calvin Klein underwear ads on bus shelters all over the city, there was David Geffen, Fran Lebowitz, Ian Schrager, Bianca Jagger, Steven Meisel. When the lights go down, the celebrities in the front row reach into their tote bags and turn off their portable phones. The clothes Klein showed this season were in languid shapes that billowed and fluttered around the models' bodies in translucent layers of color—the program notes listed indigo, gunmetal, kohl, shiitake, smoke, chalk, dove, ivory—that acted on one another like watercolor washes: an organza vest and pants with a pleated mid-calf silk georgette skirt overtop; a wool-crêpe jacket over a long organza coat over serge crêpe pants. The result was a poetic simplicity that is quite rare in fashion—in any era—because it's so hard to achieve. (The minimalists, including Klein for the better part of his career, have gone for simplicity at the expense of poetry; the poets have strived for rhapsody, by means that are often complicated.) Even Klein's presentation had changed, and here the impact of his trip last month to Paris was evident. The jaunty girl next door, who used to stride down the runway, pose for the photographers, and pivot to show off the clothes, had been replaced by a sombre, self-contained woman, who walked a straight path, as if she were on her way somewhere, never pausing to ingratiate herself or the outfit she was wearing. There were no smiles, no swaying hips, no teasing glances over the shoulder. The new protocol brought to mind the straightforward solemnity of the shows at Comme des Garçons; Klein reprised the music that Kawakubo had used in presenting her pin-striped ball gowns, for a passage of matte jersey dresses.



While other designers showed sheer blouses in a single layer, Donna Karan offered a version with a deep flounce that covered the breasts—a considerate gesture. Her matte jersey flared pants with a "cuff" that rolls down over the hips were particularly becoming. The navy-and-white viscose foulards that had played such a prominent role in the daywear returned at the end of the show, beaded for evening, the white squares filled in with tiny pearls in rows. In fact, Karan's clothes this time around were so skillful that the accessories seemed a distraction: there was too much jewelry, in too bright a shade of gold.

A few things we've been seeing a lot of lately: skirts over pants; unworkable long dresses sewn in vertical panels, the seams slit to the thigh, with the center-front section getting caught between the model's legs as she walked; thong bikinis—the season's new, indispensable accessory, both here and in Europe—worn under the chiffon pants, crocheted dresses, and stretch-mesh jumpsuits that do nothing more than veil the skin. Usually, the bikini is in a skin-tone shade, to make the line of the body continuous, but occasionally it's in some contrasting color (white under a black dress, for example), as if to announce its presence. The more modest among us may substitute bikini briefs; the more daring, a G-string. Forget bras—the breasts under these transparent clothes are left matter-of-factly exposed. What had looked outrageous in Milan, and improbable in Paris, had begun to seem routine by the time we got to New York. The runway, of course, does not belong to the real world; it's a place apart, where the disbelief that is our response to clothes we would never wear on the street is temporarily suspended. When Michael Kors actually went as far as to *line* a pair of ivory lace pants, they seemed downright conspicuous for their modesty in this otherwise practically naked season. As we took our leave of one another after Karan's show, one writer wearily remarked, "Maybe next year sex will be out." ♦

DEPT. OF DECONSTRUCTIONISM

[*From SCAN/INFO, a publication of the State of California Answering Network*]

"The Last of the Mohicans", movie based on James Fennimore Cooper's book, novelization by Pocketbook.

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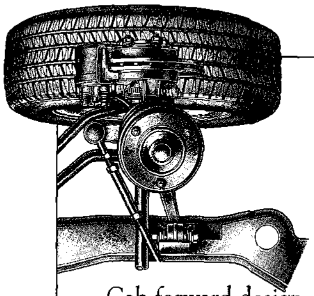

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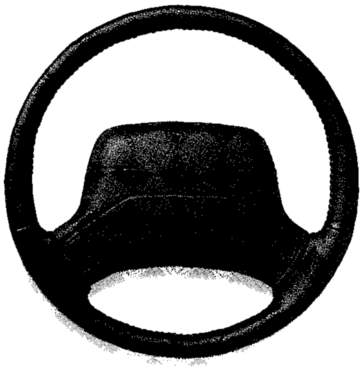
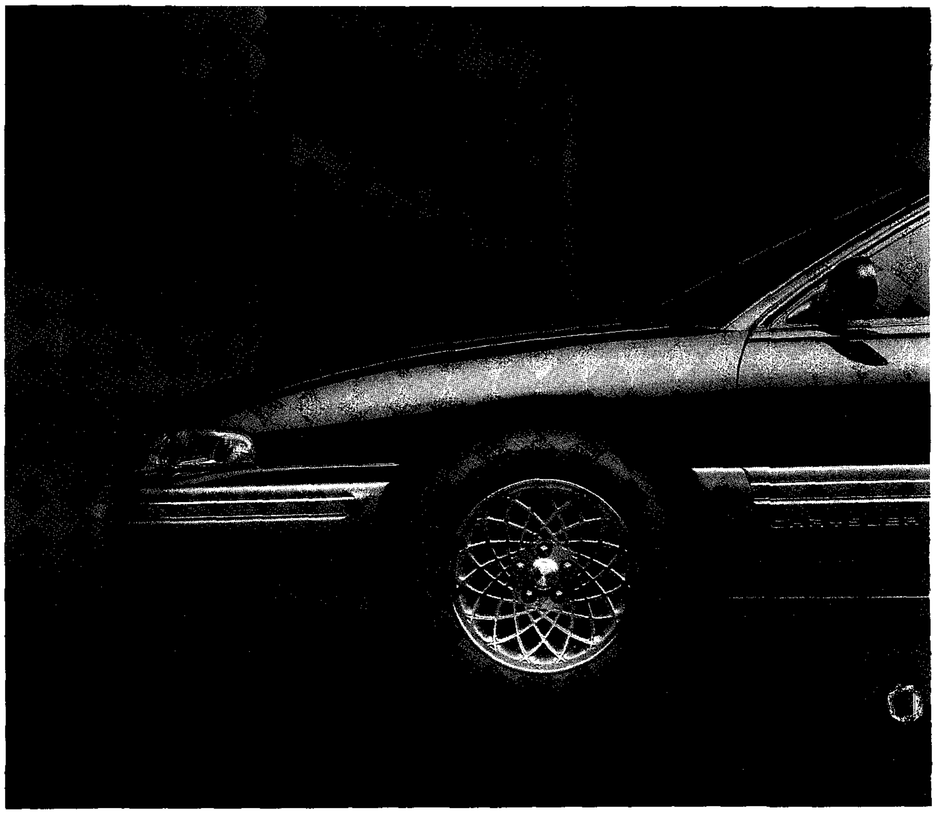
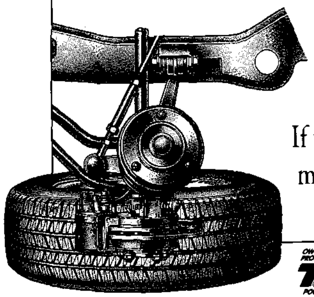


Getting behind the wheel of the Concorde inspired the writers of *Popular Mechanics* to say, "the steering wheel provides good feedback, perhaps even better than many Asian imports."





If you're familiar with automotive terminology, the Concorde has MacPherson struts in the front, a multilir minology, just know that *AutoWeek* concluded, "…For the dollars it costs, this is an amazing car." Which lea

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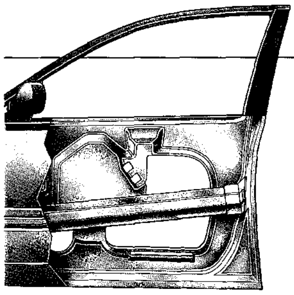

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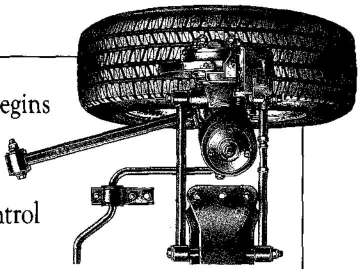

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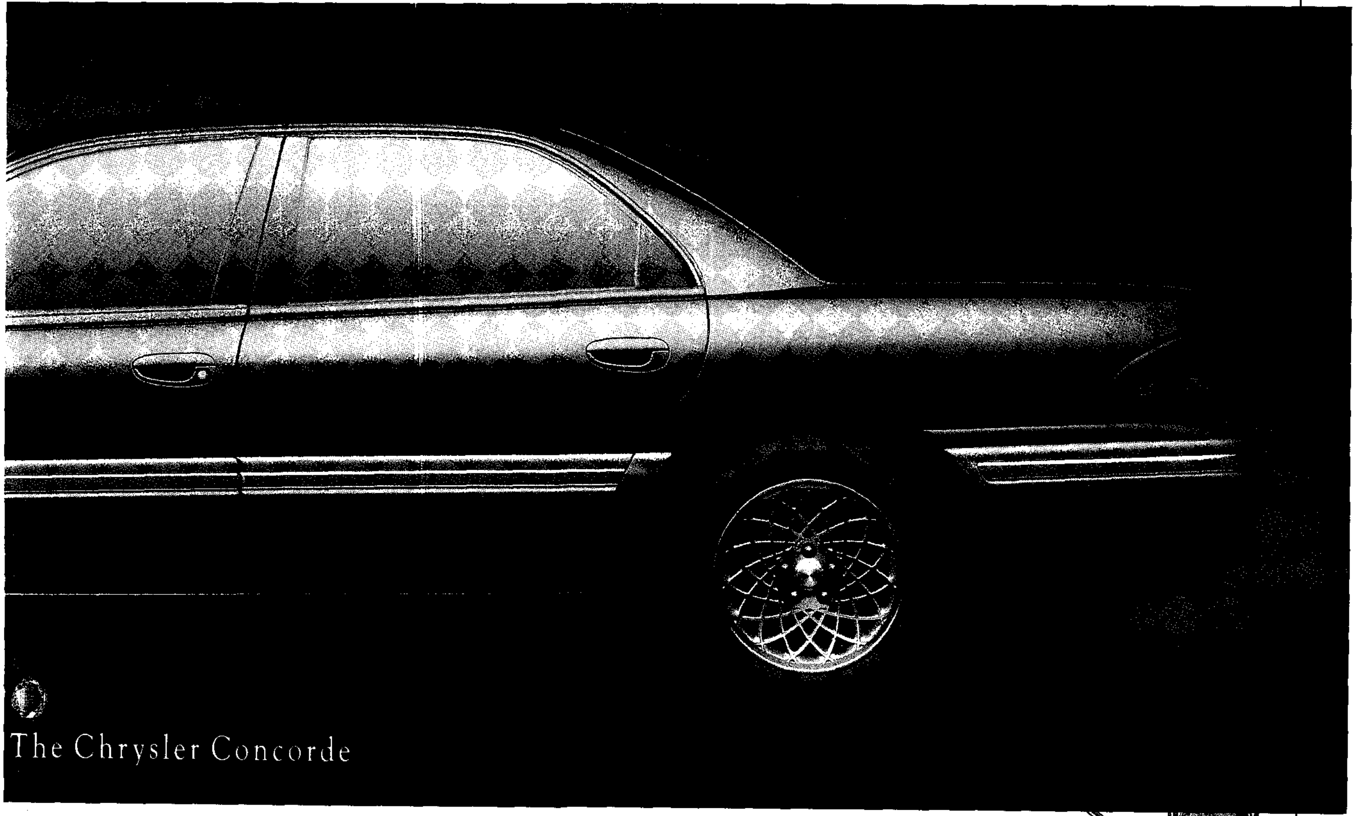
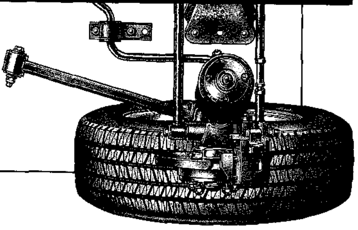


gn in the rear, and four-wheel anti-lock disc brakes. If you really don't care about automotive ter-
o suggest that you take a test drive. After all, why should the automotive writers have all the fun?



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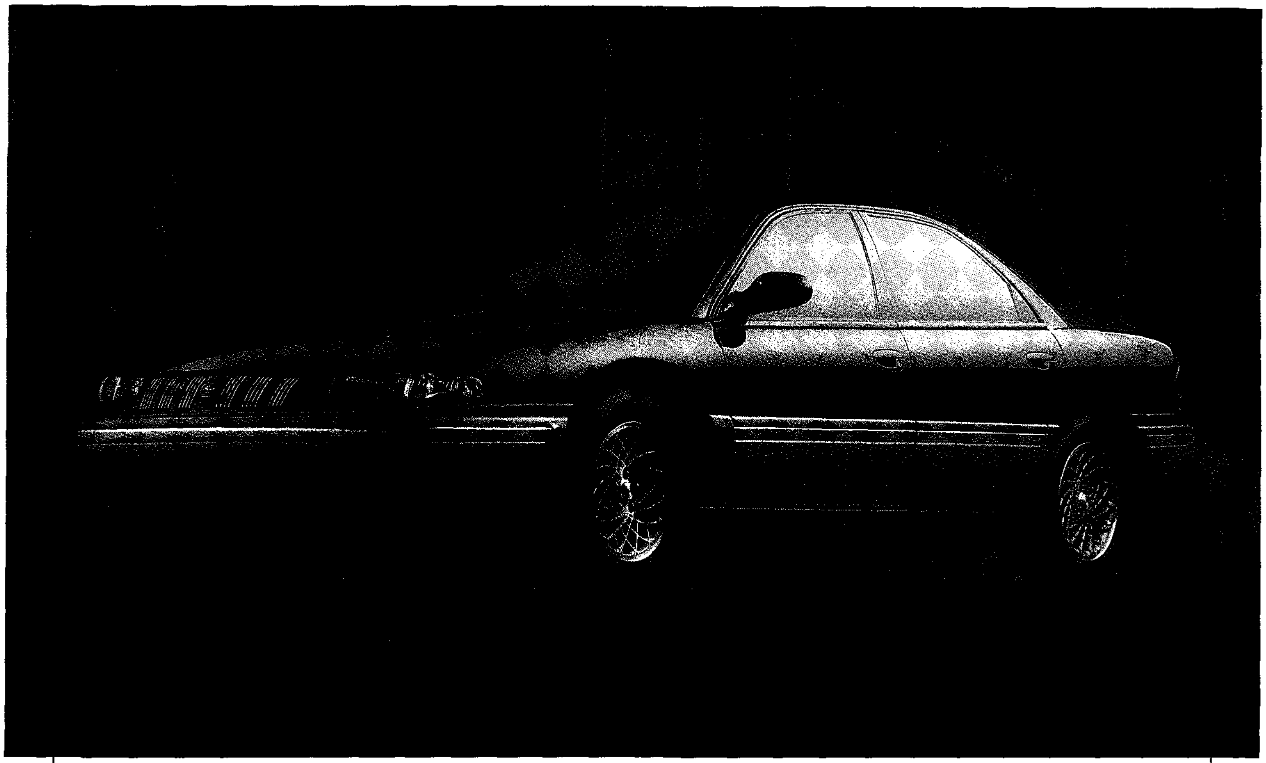

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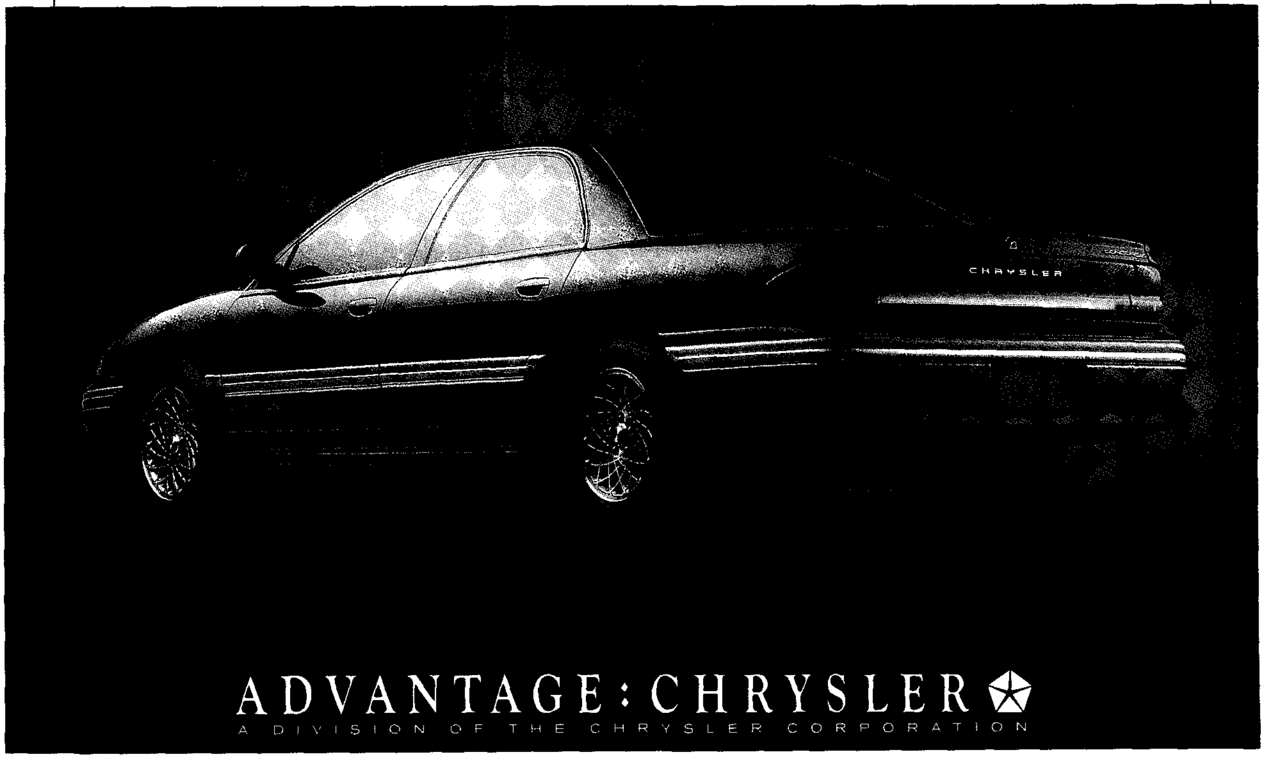

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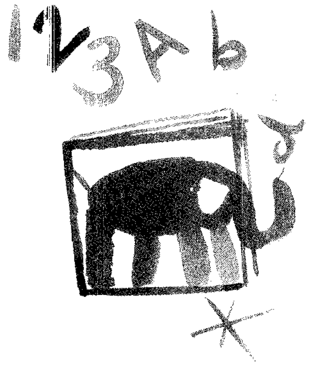
THE HOLIDAY ROUNDUP

by Cynthia Zarin

Of the slew of books written with children in mind and published this year, two of the best are compendiums: the Oxford Children's Encyclopedia, a seven-volume set edited by Mary Worrall (Oxford; $200), and "I Saw Esau: The Schoolchild's Pocket Book," edited by Iona and Peter Opie and illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Candlewick; $19.95). The first offers facts and explanations; the second, a subversive collection of traditional, mainly nasty rhymes, is a treasury of home truths.



Both projects took years to reach their present form. The premise for the first was simple: for six months, the editors had groups of British teachers, librarians, parents, and children keep track of the questions that the children themselves asked; the articles in the encyclopedia were written to answer them. The editors discovered that the children found it helpful to have subjects listed in alphabetical order—a discovery that is more revelatory than it sounds. In the Oxford Children's Encyclopedia, a typical sequence of entries reads "Carols," "Cartoons," "Cassette Players," while in an ordinary encyclopedia those subjects would be dealt with under headings like "Vocal Music," "Animation," and "Audio Electronics"—where it probably wouldn't occur to a child to look for them. The whole is zestily illustrated with hundreds of photographs, reproductions of paintings, and specially commissioned drawings, diagrams, and charts. Biographies are in a separate volume, which some children will devour whole. The biographical articles often include a few choice details of the subject's childhood; for example, "As a schoolboy, Benito Mussolini was famous for his bad temper." The scientific and technological entries are very clear: I now feel that I know how the telephone works. Suggestions for looking up related subjects appear at the end of each article, so that one question can lead, as it should, to another.

LARA HARWOOD

Mussolini, the bad-tempered boy who ended up hanging by his heels in a public square, would not find himself a stranger among the characters in Iona and Peter Opie's "I Saw Esau." The Opies have been the editors of, among many other volumes, "The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes." "I Saw Esau"—its very title a tattle—was the first project in a lifelong collaboration (Peter Opie died in 1982), during which the Opies listened, with no meddlesome intent, to more children than anyone else in our time or any other. "I Saw Esau" was first issued in a limited edition in 1947, and it has been out of print for more than forty years. Now revised and outfitted with illustrations, the volume contains thirty-one categories of rhymes, epigrams, and pithy sayings. Among them are "Insults," "Retaliation," "Contempt," and "Incantation." Some are familiar ("Rain, rain, go away") and some not ("Quick! quick! The cat's been sick"), and some are so deeply redolent of the atmosphere of childhood that I found it hard to tell whether I remembered the rhyme or simply the taste of it, as in this, under "Lamentation":

> Nobody loves me,
> Everybody hates me,
> Going in the garden
> To-eat-worms.

Maurice Sendak's illustrations are perfect, and readers who liked the good-humored Bruegelian imagination of his early work will be pleased to find that style again here, in giddy full flower. A book for reading aloud.

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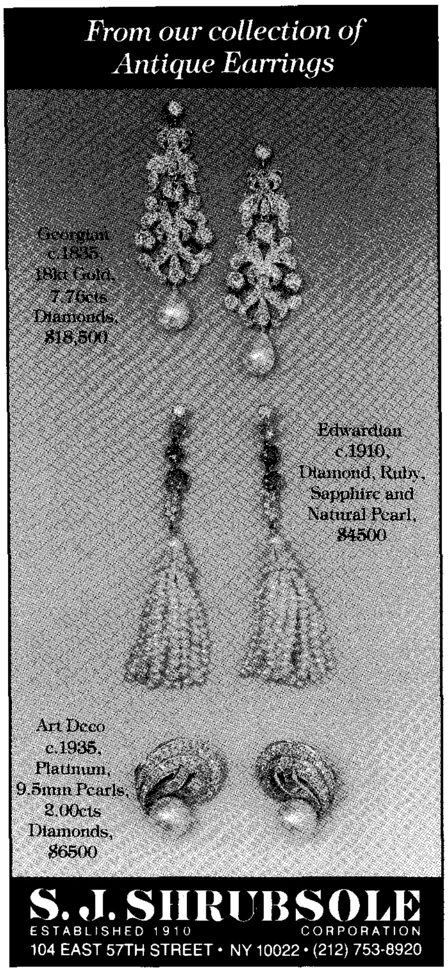
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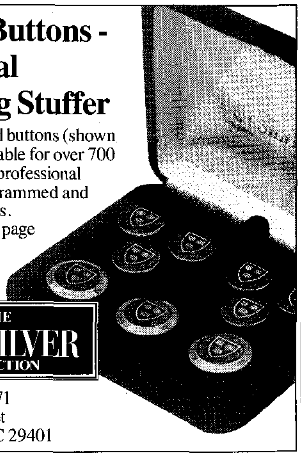

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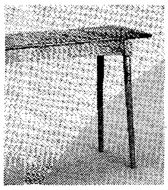

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readings. In "Seven Blind Mice," written and illustrated by Ed Young (Philomel; $16.95), a group of seven mouse friends, each a different color, find a large, strange something by their pond. The book plays with the old tale about the blind men and the elephant—for that is what the something is—in clear, bright collage on a black background. Tiny children can count the mice, and learn the names of the colors and of the seven days it takes the mice to analyze their discovery. "Pigs from 1 to 10," written and illustrated by Arthur Geisert (Houghton Mifflin; $14.95), is at once a counting book, an adventure story, and a puzzle. Ten little pigs are told a bedtime story about a lost place landscaped with peculiar stone configurations, and together they decide to find it. To this end they employ a cannon, pickaxes, a rope bridge, and a steam drill. The stone forms turn out to be numerals, and the game is to locate each pig and the numerals 0 through 9 in each intricate full-page etching. "I Spy: An Alphabet in Art," by Lucy Micklethwait (Greenwillow; $19), introduces children to paintings along with their letters. Using the old rhyming game "I spy with my little eye," the reader looks for something beginning with a certain letter of the alphabet in each of twenty-six different paintings: an apple in Magritte's "Son of Man," a ball in Rousseau's "Football Players," and so on. Letters are introduced in both upper and lower case. "Alpha Beta Chowder," by Jeanne Steig, with illustrations by William Steig (HarperCollins; $15), takes the alphabet and runs with it. The nonsense starts under the heading "An Appetizer for Alexander" ("Abhorrent axolotl, scat! Unless you'd like to feed my cat") and finishes up with "Blizzard Zaps Zelda," wherein poor Zelda is about to expire in a snowstorm of "z"s. Jeanne Steig sets words off like skipping stones, and William Steig's wry drawings are sublime: apoplexy seems imminent in every one.

Iona Opie writes in her lucid introduction to "I Saw Esau" that the verses in that book passed "from one child to another without adult interference." Could a surfeit of adult interference be why most poems written for children are so bad? Even the best are generally uninteresting, and the worst pander. An exception is "Matilda, Who Told Such Dreadful Lies," a new edition of a fable by Hilaire Belloc, illustrated by Posy Simmonds (Knopf; $15). First published in 1907, in Belloc's "Cautionary Tales," the story is an urban version of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf": a very naughty, very bored little girl calls the Fire Department when there is no fire, and discovers that no one will come when there is one ("For every time She shouted 'Fire!' They only answered 'Little Liar!' "). Poor Matilda burns to death, and, while I wouldn't recommend the book for *very* sensitive children, Simmonds' drawings, which bring Hilary Knight to mind, are funny, and most children will get the joke. This year also brings a reissue of "Ring O' Roses: A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book," with illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke (Clarion; $16.95). The original edition was published in 1922. "My brother and I were always drawing, like any other children, and I went on drawing; there is my whole story," Brooke once wrote. The book contains twenty-one indispensable rhymes, scores of drawings, and numerous full-color pictures, each of which looks exactly as it should, for Brooke's sprightly, droll illustrations match the way generations of children have seen these rhymes in their minds' eyes.

There are also many good original new picture books for little children. "Baby-O," by Nancy White Carlstrom, with pictures by Suçie Stevenson (Little, Brown; $14.95), is the hands-down favorite with the six-month-old at my house, and it holds the interest of four- and five-year-olds, too. The simple narrative is set in the West Indies, and its purpose is to introduce a family. Everyone—Mama, Papa, Sister, Brother, Granny, and Pappy—is busy working: washing clothes, fishing, gathering mangoes, hauling junk, making baskets, and hoeing vegetables. By and by, a rollicking bus picks them up, one by one, and takes them all, and Baby as well, to market. The story is written as a set of little

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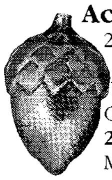

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songs. Every family member has his or her own special verse, and the humming words and the lush tropical pictures conspire, without a trace of heavy-handedness, to point up each person's singular importance and the idea that work is an integral part of pleasure.

A close second in this category is "Will's New Cap," by Lena Landström, with illustrations by Olof Landström, and translated from the Swedish by Richard E. Fisher (R & S; $13). Will, the hero, receives a handsome cap with a visor. When he proudly wears it outside, he is caught in the rain. The visor wilts; Will falls and skins his knee and runs home crying. His mother irons the visor, and it is almost as good as new; besides, the word "SPORT," from the sports pages of the newspaper, has been accidentally ironed onto the visor, and that cheers Will up. The illustrations are as fresh as paint, and Will's vicissitudes are treated with deadpan solemnity.

Will could be the brother of Horace, the hero of "Mean Soup," written and illustrated by Betsy Everitt (Harcourt Brace; $13.95). At the end of a disastrous day, Horace's mother cures his grumpy mood with special soup. To make it, she screams into the pot and sticks out her tongue, and has Horace do the same. He also helps out by breathing dragon breath at the boiling water and banging on the kettle with a spoon, and together they stir the bad day away. The cartoonish drawings are up-to-the-minute, and Horace's histrionic mother will strike many parents as a kindred spirit.

A gentler book is "A Busy Year," written and illustrated by Leo Lionni (Knopf; $7.99). Each of Mr. Lionni's books over the years has been a small marvel. In this one, Willie and Winnie, twin mice, befriend Woody, a tree, and the story follows their friendship through the calendar. The twins are awed by Woody's cycle of changes, from bare branch to leaf to flower to fruit and a new start. There is drama, too: in July, the mice save Woody from a forest fire, and at Christmas they give her fertilizer and flower seeds.

"Draw Me a Star," written and illustrated by Eric Carle (Philomel; $15.95), the author of "The Very Hungry Caterpillar," is another cyclical book, and a good one to read at bedtime. An artist is asked by an unseen friend to draw a star.

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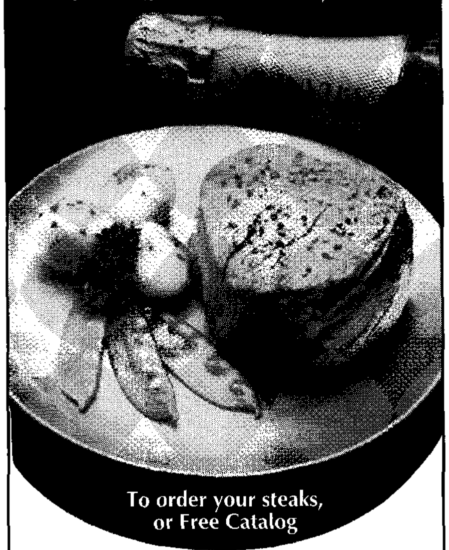

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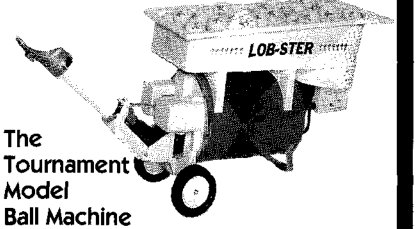

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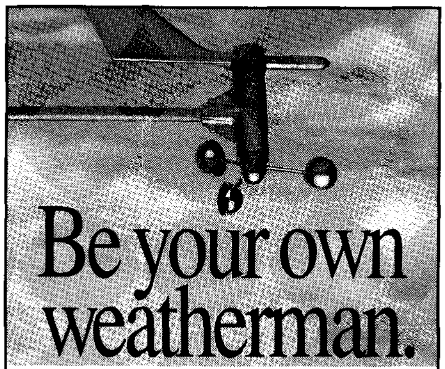

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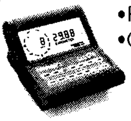

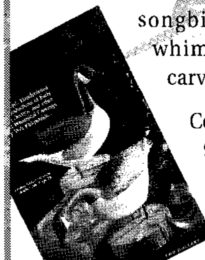

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The star then asks the artist to draw the sun. The sun asks for a tree, and before long an entire universe has sprung up. Night falls, the moon rises, the moon asks for a star, and the circle is complete. Mr. Carle's media are paint and collage. The book is wholly satisfying.

Margaret Wise Brown was the author of perhaps the best bedtime book of all, "Goodnight Moon." This year, for Brown's countless fans, and for new ones, Wise's other bedtime book, "A Child's Good Night Book" (HarperCollins; $10), has been republished. It is a facsimile of the original edition, which came out in 1943. The book's small size is appealing, and so are the illustrations, which are wonderful lithographs, by Jean Charlot, that look like crayon drawings. The plot is simple: night is coming, lights go on in the houses, and, a page at a time, birds, fish, sheep, "wild things" (including "wild mice"), sailboats, engines, and, finally, children, go to sleep. I should add that the book ends with a prayer: "Dear Father, hear and bless Thy beasts and singing birds, And guard with tenderness Small things that have no words." This seems unlikely to offend anyone, but those considering the book for someone else's children might want to take into account the house rules on this sort of thing.

BIG AND SMALL, FAR AND WIDE

HERE are books for children from around four to around eight. Some are about journeys, one is about a change in physical size—a particular preoccupation of young children—and one, "June 29, 1999," written and illustrated by David Wiesner (Clarion; $15.95), is about both. For her spring science project, Holly Evans, of Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, wows her classmates by sending vegetable seedlings into space. (She attaches boxes of dirt to helium balloons.) At the end of June, mammoth vegetables fall to earth, and Holly is sure she is responsible until she realizes that some of them—such as bunches of arugula that come raining down—are varieties she didn't plant. Wiesner's superrealistic illustrations are suited to his story, and it has an appropriately ludicrous conclusion. Size is something of a problem in "La Bella Magellona and the Little Cavalier," written and illustrated by Oscar de Mejo (Philomel; $14.95). The heroine has a tiny head, a long torso, and (it's whispered) four feet—two big ones and two dainty ones. She is in love with a Tom Thumb, and only after much misadventure and humiliation, and the skillful use of a magic lake, does she live happily ever after.

Max, Maira Kalman's poet-dog, may turn out to be this sandbox generation's Babar. Parallels between them abound, not the least of which is an all-important early bolt to Paris. But while Babar on his return from the ministrations of the Old Lady immediately set himself up in the elephantine security of bourgeois family life, where Papa was king and Mama queen, the busy havoc of the big world is the very air Max breathes. Max, poet though he is, has an agent. In "Max in Hollywood, Baby" (Viking; $15), the third in the Max series, he and his lovely wife, Crêpes Suzette, are making a movie. While a great many of the jokes will be (one hopes) over a child's head, an equal number will not be, and even the smallest reader will be captivated by the mumbo-jumbo spirit of the pictures and the text. Kalman's style is infectious. Alas, none of her imitators match her debonair zaniness in the slightest degree.

Another trip to France is the central event in "The Giraffe That Walked to Paris," by Nancy Milton, with illustrations by Roger Roth (Crown; $15), a story that is all the more remarkable for being true. In 1826, the Pasha of Egypt decided to send a giraffe to the King of France, as a measure of his esteem. The giraffe was shipped to Marseilles and was then walked all the way to Paris. (It was too tall to travel in a carriage.) The animal was the first giraffe the French had seen, and it caused a sensation. (Among fashionable women, sky-high hairdos became the rage.) The well-told story is matched by exuberant, unpretentious illustrations.

The most extraordinary recent picture-book illustrations can be found in "Puss in Boots," retold by Lincoln Kirstein, with illustrations by Alain Vaës (Little, Brown; $15.95). Vaës is best known for the sets and costumes he has designed for the New York City Ballet, and his pictures convey the same sense of luxurious magic as his work for the theatre. As "Puss" has been told less often in recent years than some other fairy tales, one welcomes a new version instead of sighing at the prospect. In this one, Puss's wiliness shows in his face, and Charles, the proverbial third son, is a devastating underdog. The book will appeal not only to children but to grown-up cat lovers and balletomanes.

"The Girl Who Loved Caterpillars," adapted by Jean Merrill and illustrated by Floyd Cooper (Philomel; $14.95), is a tale that was found on a twelfth-century Japanese scroll. Izumi, the heroine, refuses to waste her time on the trappings of beauty, like other girls; she won't blacken her teeth or pluck her eyebrows. Instead, she collects insects of all kinds—she is especially fond of caterpillars—with the help of the village boys. Her parents despair, and the narrative breaks off where the scroll does, with Izumi turning away from the attentions of a potential suitor in favor of her entomological research. The soft oil-wash pictures serve the story well, and Izumi herself easily joins the ranks of spirited girls like Pippi Longstocking and Jo March.

It is impossible to leave the subject of picture books without mentioning a superb new book, "Aldo," by John Burningham (Crown; $15). Burningham is among the finest and most original writers and illustrators at work today. But the book is a curio, for, though there is only a line or two of print per page, if that, and Burningham's line-and-wash illustrations take center stage, it speaks so fiercely of loneliness and unhappiness that I am leery of recommending it to the usual picture-book gang. Aldo is the nameless narrator's Harvey-like imaginary friend, and saves her from the isolation imposed by her internal exile from the "they" who are horrible to her at school and from her distant, acrimonious parents. "Aldo" might best be given as one of a number of books offered to a child, rather than as the only one. Still, some children will take to it immediately. Both terror and joy are indicated in the arresting pictures.

BOOKS FOR READERS

THESE books are for children who are eagerly reading everything they can get their hands on. "The Remarkable Journey of Prince Jen," by Lloyd Alexander (Dutton; $14.95), is set in feudal China. The Prince sets out as an emissary to a legendary kingdom, and on the way he is stripped of his birthright and beset by preposterous calamities. For one, his army is waylaid and turned to stone. With the aid of his faithful, if sarcastic, sidekick, Mafoo, and ennobled by his love for the flute girl Voyaging Moon, Jen ends up all right, but not before he learns quite a lot about nefarious doings in his own realm. Each chapter concludes, serial style, on a moment of suspense. Alexander has written more than twenty-five books for young people, and he has a devoted following.

"Albion's Dream," by Roger Norman (Delacorte; $15), is a first novel. While twelve-year-old Edward Yeoman is visiting his uncle, he finds a carefully designed homemade board game tucked away on a shelf. The game has a complicated set of instructions, including a rule that the game is not to be played by anyone outside the family. While he is playing it with his cousin Hadley at boarding school, Edward realizes that the action of the game, which has Arthurian overtones, has curious and frightening repercussions among the students and staff. The plot has an elegant internal logic (Edward finds that he may owe his very existence to the power of the game) and a satisfyingly macabre conclusion.

Noël Coward wrote that no books had given him more lifelong pleasure than the stories of E. Nesbit. This year brings a new edition of her best book, "The Enchanted Castle," handsomely bound, and illustrated with suitably magical-looking watercolors by Paul O. Zelinsky (Books of Wonder; $20). Even the endpapers, which depict the treasure that appears, out of nowhere, on the shelves of the room with the starry vaulted ceiling, are beautiful. The book was first published in 1907, and the story, in which Kathleen (alias Scratch Cat), Jimmy, and Gerald, propelled by forces beyond their control, career from one enchantment to another, is as enticing as ever.

"The Lord of the Rushie River and Simon the Swan," written and illustrated by Cicely Mary Barker (Warne; $14), is also a reissue, except that the two stories are published together for the first time. Barker is best known for the pictures and poems of her Flower Fairies series. In the first of these stories, a little girl, Susan, is taken care of by a swan while she waits for her father to return from seafaring; in the second, that swan's son flies away to prove his mettle. Both sto-

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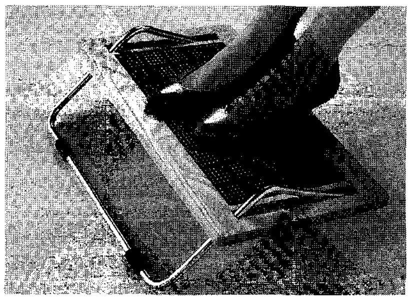

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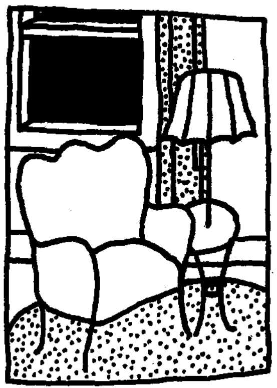
ries have a real sweetness; by a miracle, they escape being treacly, perhaps because Barker's vision is sincerely her own.

Next, two books about animals taken care of by people. One is "Sophie's Tom," by Dick King-Smith, illustrated by David Parkins (Candlewick; $14.95). Readers of the 1989 book "Sophie's Snail" are already acquainted with Sophie, whose ambition is to be a farmer when she grows up. Here a black cat shows up on Christmas Day, which is also Sophie's birthday, and the story is about her efforts, including subterfuge, to keep him. Sophie, an obstreperous little tyrant who doesn't approve of crying, is altogether winning, and so is her understanding but unindulgent family. "Orphan: The Story of a Baby Woodchuck," by Faith McNulty, illustrated by Darby Morrell (Scholastic; $11.95), will appeal to any children who have ever rescued, or dreamed of rescuing, a wild animal. Ms. McNulty lives on a farm in Rhode Island, and one day she notices the body of a full-grown woodchuck by her mailbox. Not far away, she finds a baby woodchuck hurrying along her driveway. She remembers that when she was a child her mother helped her care for orphan animals by letting her use the bathroom as a nursery. She puts the woodchuck there, and takes care of him, feeding him, at first, with a medicine dropper containing baby cereal and skim milk. Soon the woodchuck begins to behave like a pet, but the author knows she must return him to the wild. This graceful book, in addition to being a good story, can serve as a practical guide. Ms. McNulty has written extensively about the natural world for this magazine.



"Barry's Sister," a first novel by Lois Metzger (Atheneum; $15.95), is a thoroughly believable novel about what happens to junior-high-school-age Ellen Gray when her brother is born with cerebral palsy. Being used to an exclusive relationship with her mother (her father, a naval officer, is away for months at a time, and Ellen is of two minds about that as well), Ellen reacts with jealousy, anger, embarrassment, and guilt. These emotions give way in time to a preoccupation with Barry's care and his achievements, and then to a larger understanding and acceptance of her own worth. Metzger is adept at describing the rough-and-tumble of Ellen's busy life in New York, and her vivid run-ins with her unlovable Aunt Beryl and her bitter, uncuddly grandmother. The writing is excellent.

Last, a true story about a journey to parts unknown. In 1833, the German Prince Maximilian and the young Swiss artist Karl Bodmer travelled up the Missouri River into what is now North Dakota and was then the home of the Mandan and Hidatsa tribes. "An Indian Winter," by Russell Freedman (Holiday House; $21.95), uses Karl Bodmer's extraordinary paintings and drawings and extensive quotations from Maximilian's journals to tell the story of their trip. It is fascinating to learn about the real people behind the portraits and to see the drawings that their hosts made of themselves when Bodmer gave them paint and paper. Freedman's account is more than readable, and it also serves to show that at least this encounter between Europeans and Native Americans was without enmity.

OF GENERAL INTEREST

A FEW books for everyone. "Gonna Sing My Head Off!," collected and arranged by Kathleen Krull and illustrated by Allen Garns (Knopf; $20), consists of American folk songs for children (and the rest of us), arranged for piano and guitar. The selections are wide-ranging, and each song has an explanatory or historical note. The order is alphabetical, and that leads to some funny juxtapositions: "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" is followed by "Go Tell It on the Mountain," while Arlo Guthrie's "The Motorcycle Song" is next to "Oh Susanna!"

"Stephen Biesty's Incredible Cross-Sections," written by Richard Platt and illustrated by Stephen Biesty (Knopf; $20), is a big book that reveals in mind-boggling detail eighteen colorful, complex, peopled interiors of, among other things, a Spanish galleon, a jumbo jet, a subway station, and an observatory. Two diagrams—the steam train and the Queen

Mary—unfold to a length of nearly three feet. All the entries should enthrall any child who likes to see how things are put together.

The inner workings of a smallish restaurant are the subject of "Fanny at Chez Panisse," by Alice Waters, with illustrations by Ann Arnold (Harper-Collins; $20). Fanny's mother, the author, is the founder of the renowned restaurant Chez Panisse, in Berkeley. The story is written in Fanny's voice, and, with a good dollop of charm, it recounts her life at the table and in the kitchen (as a baby she was put in a big salad bowl and spun around), where she watched the exciting goings on. The winning pictures have a homey look—they might have been doodled on a tablecloth. Forty-six recipes, all manageable with adult supervision, are included.

FURTHER RECOMMENDATIONS

FOR THE VERY YOUNG

"Carl's Masquerade," written and illustrated by Alexandra Day (Farrar, Straus; $11.95).
"A Farmyard Song: An Old Rhyme with New Pictures," by Christopher Manson (North-South; $14.95).
"I Spy: A Book of Picture Riddles," riddles by Jean Marzollo, photographs by Walter Wick (Scholastic; $10.95).
"Sheep Out to Eat," by Nancy Shaw, illustrated by Margot Apple (Houghton Mifflin; $13.95).
"The Wind and the Sun: An Aesop Fable," retold and illustrated by Bernadette Watts (North-South; $14.95).

FOR AGES FOUR TO EIGHT

"Chicken Sunday," written and illustrated by Patricia Polacco (Philomel; $14.95).
"Gilgamesh the King," retold and illustrated by Ludmila Zeman (Tundra; $19.95).
"Jingle, the Christmas Clown," written and illustrated by Tomie dePaola (Putnam; $15.95).
"The Leaving Morning," written by Angela Johnson and illustrated by David Soman (Orchard; $14.95).
"The Widow's Broom," written and illustrated by Chris Van Allsburg (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95).

FOR OLDER READERS

"The Girl with the Green Ear: Stories About Magic in Nature," by Margaret Mahy, with illustrations by Shirley Hughes (Knopf; $15).
"Humbug," by Nina Bawden (Clarion; $13.95).
"The Leaving and Other Stories," by Budge Wilson (Philomel; $14.95).
"Listen to the Nightingale," by Rumer Godden (Viking; $15).
"The Tainos: The People Who Welcomed Columbus," by Francine Jacobs, with illustrations by Patrick Collins (Putnam; $15.95). ♦

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LETTER FROM BOSNIA

ORIGINAL VIRTUE, ORIGINAL SIN

by David Rieff

"Ethnic Cleansing" is the term of art for what has been happening to the non-Serb population of the villages and towns in Serb-occupied Bosnia and Croatia. Here is one account of ethnic cleansing, an overview: "Houses and whole villages reduced to ashes, unarmed and innocent populations massacred *en masse*, incredible acts of violence, pillage and brutality of every kind—such were the means which were employed and are still being employed by the Serbo-Montenegrin soldiery, with a view to the entire transformation of the ethnic character of [these] regions." And after the fighting quieted down in any particular area, and the local people were driven away or killed, Serbian and Montenegrin settlers came, often from hundreds of kilometres away, to take their place.

This account is not contemporary, although it could be. It is from the Report of the International Commission to Inquire into the Causes and Conduct of the Balkan Wars, issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in 1914. What is taking place now in Bosnia and Croatia took place early in the century in many of the same towns and villages, and again during the Second World War. But there was a European conceit—born of wishful thinking and of the complacency that afflicted so much of Western Europe until the collapse of Communism made everyone take a second look—that people on the old Continent, even in the Balkans, would not go on slaughtering each other so regularly. Surely that chapter was finished. It wasn't, of course, but the expectation lingers even now, after a year and a half of war. The carnage has a dissonant quality. Signs reading "Bureau de Change" and "Zimmer Frei," "Albergo Turistico" and "Scenic View" can still be seen among the bombed-out houses, the garbage-strewn terrain of battle, and the empty highways with tank traps and shell holes where toll booths and gas stations once stood. In towns and villages where there is rarely electricity or running water, and where half the buildings have been destroyed or, dependably, mottled with small-arms fire, it is often still possible to change money. The currencies have multiplied; in one town you need Croatian dinars, in another the dinars of the Republic of Serbian Krajina, a Serb enclave in Croatia. But even the possibility of effecting the transaction, in a place where a hot cup of tea is difficult to come by, conjures up the old tourist Yugoslavia that drew millions of visitors each year before 1990.

COURTESY OF ANNA HUSARSKA / © PAUL KO[illegible]IK

Banja Luka was once Bosnia's second-largest city. It had comfortable hotels, fine churches and mosques, and its own avant-garde puppet theatre, which had attracted Marcel Marceau and members of the Berlin Schaubühne and the Teatro Sperimentale di Parma. Banja Luka's population was divided among Serbs, Croats, and Muslims. (Muslim identity, despite Serb propaganda, was more ethnic than religious; if Salman Rushdie's dream of secular Muslims has been realized anywhere, it is in Bosnia.) The city was peaceful and increasingly prosperous. Now it has become the center of Serb power in northern Bosnia. From its nearby military airfield, and from army staging areas just outside the city center, the forces of Dr. Radovan Karadžić, the self-styled President of the Serb Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, mounted their ever more successful assaults against pockets of Muslim and Croat resistance in the region. The presence of armed soldiers in the streets and the roar of MIG fighter jets coming down low out of the sun might have given the impression that here was a war like any other, but this was not the case. The goal of all these planes and armored personnel carriers and men with guns was ethnic cleansing, and in northern Bosnia in the fall of 1992 the process was already very far advanced.

In the spring, shortly after the Serbs took control of Banja Luka, a "crisis committee" had been established. Some of its actions were quite mundane, but it also instituted a series of laws that effectively disenfranchised the non-Serbs in the city. Ethnic cleansing is usually a process, not one single, terrible event. Particularly in the larger towns, where the presence of outsiders makes covering up mass killings more difficult, there are often many stages before blood actually begins to flow. In Banja Luka, the committee's first act was to bar non-Serbs from employment as managers of large concerns and, soon after, from senior positions where they could make what the authorities called "independent decisions." This meant that not only company directors and managers but also shop foremen and accountants and bookkeepers —anyone, it was stipulated, who handled financial transactions—were dismissed. Those who held on to their jobs were relegated to the lowest-paying positions.

Other sanctions applied only to adult males. Ever since the outbreak of the fighting, there had been a series of mobilizations. Every man from eighteen to sixty was eligible. But, for obvious reasons, most Muslims and Croats were terrified of being drafted into Dr. Karadžić's Serb Army. There was one Muslim unit fighting alongside the Serb forces around Bosanski Brod, but apart from that legion of the damned, few non-Serbs reported for duty. And the consequences were severe. Most lost their jobs at once; if the firings were not prearranged, they were remarkably in synch with the dates on the mobilization papers (in a part of the world that was never, to put it charitably, a model of Teutonic efficiency). Since the institutional structures in Banja Luka, as in the rest of former Yugoslavia, were still organized along Communist lines, being fired meant losing not only a paycheck but all health insurance and other state benefits, as well as the right to certain foodstuffs, medicines, and fuel now given out in the workplace. Even the meagre supplies that arrived in convoys organized by the office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees rarely reached non-Serbs in Banja Luka, since the Serb authorities of the town, not the U.N.H.C.R., controlled the distribution.

Some Muslims and Croats who had been dismissed managed to find lowlier work, thanks to the good offices of Serb friends, but even those jobs could be dangerous. A Muslim woman I met who had been a lawyer before the war now worked selling men's clothing. Although the Serb owner of the shop had, she said, probably not expected her to come to work, and only hired her to provide her with some money and access to health care, she had taken the job seriously. Dressed in the clothes of her former station in life, she dutifully sat behind the counter every day. One morning, a Serb irregular walked into the store, an assault rifle on his shoulder. He levelled the weapon at her, pointed to a shirt in the window, and said, "I want that shirt, and I'm not paying for it." Without demur, she rose, got the shirt from the display, and handed it to him. The militiaman put it over one shoulder and lowered his weapon. Before he left, he looked her up and down, taking in her proper, if threadbare, skirt, jacket, and blouse, and said in ringing, satisfied tones, "*I* haven't had a bath in fifty days."

A trivial event, by Banja Luka standards, since the woman was neither killed nor hurt, though she cried quietly, behind her dark glasses, as she told me the story. Even during the day, from the modern housing developments at the edge of town to the town hall in the main square—once the office of a Wehrmacht lieutenant named Kurt Waldheim, active in the ethnic cleansing of his time—Banja Luka is a sullen and frightening place. At night, after the military regulars and irregulars have drunk their fill and begin to reel through the streets, shouting and waving their Kalashnikovs and their Heckler and Koch machine pistols, the city is terrifying. Not only does the Balkan darkness allow the easy settling of scores—there is much talk of the clip quickly emptied through a front window of the house of some Muslim notable, the grenade lobbed into a housing block or the courtyard of a Catholic church—but tempers flare for no particular reason, and nonpolitical mayhem also takes its toll.

Even with a curfew, the gunfire goes on all night, and so do shouts and sounds of breaking glass. In the morning, few people seem quite sure what happened, who did what to whom and why. In late September, the main hotel lost most of its glass frontage, as well as its marble reception area. This was less than a week before the United Nations' special envoy, Cyrus Vance, and his opposite number from the European Community, the British politician Lord David Owen, would meet there with Dr. Karadžić and, to their credit (though the encounter was long overdue), with senior representatives of the principal Muslim political party—the ones not dead or in jail. In better times, which in Bosnia means only a year and a half ago, the Hotel Bosna was looking after German retirees on package tours and Italians taking a scenic way back from Sarajevo after a cheap winter-sports holiday. Now electricity and water are on for only a few hours a day, and the coat-check rooms are piled high not with umbrellas and shoppers' parcels but with assault rifles and ammunition belts. In Bosnia, there really are signs that say "All Weapons Must Be Checked Before Entering" or portray a pistol with a red diagonal slash across it.

Some people, mostly Serbs in uniform, explained that the attack on the hotel had been intended to prevent Vance and Owen from coming to Banja Luka and was carried out by Muslim Mujahedin. (Referring to the soldiers of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina as if they were Shiite truck bombers from Beirut is commonplace among Bosnian Serbs, even though so far it seems that a comparatively small number of volunteers from the Islamic world have made it to the Balkans.) Others, usually Muslims or Croats, whispered that the attack had been a Serb provocation, designed to permit or even foment retaliation against the non-Serb population. What had actually happened was that a Serb irregular, slivoed to the gills (slivovitz is the potent plum brandy that the fighters start to put back early in the morning and don't stop putting back until they pass out), walked into the Bosna, pulled the pins on two grenades, and sprayed the place with his AK-47. Nobody knew why. He killed three people—their blood still stained the cheap brown marble the next week—and wounded several more before other irregulars, only slightly less sodden with alcohol, shot him dead. Terror is the norm in Banja Luka.

THE meeting at the Hotel Bosna had been billed as the last chance to prevent ethnic cleansing in this part of Bosnia. Rumor had it that the two Western politicians added the meeting to their itinerary only at the urging of Sadako Ogata, of Japan, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees; Jose Maria Mendiluce, the Basque in charge of U.N.H.C.R. operations in former Yugoslavia; and Robyn Ziebert, the American in charge of the organization's Banja Luka field office. At the press conference, Vance was prepared to say only that he was not prepared "to deny the existence of ethnic cleansing," while Owen, with chilly irony, instructed the reporters to remember that they were "in a position" to say certain things and he was not.

All this was an improvement over Dr. Karadžić. In a natty blue suit, this former psychiatrist from Montenegro stared straight at the press corps and categorically denied what he referred to as "the allegation of ethnic cleansing." He pronounced the words tentatively, as if he had never heard them, when in fact he had given new life to a term not heard in the Balkans since the Germans and their Croat allies used it during the Second World War. Having made the term notorious, he had abandoned it, speaking instead of "ethnic shifting." Now, although there was evidence of ethnic cleansing in villages only a few miles from where he stood, and there were people only a few steps away who were risking everything to testify to its

reality in Banja Luka itself, Karadžić stonewalled. He had greeted Vance and Owen that morning in the main square of the town of Bosanska Gradiška, on the south bank of the Sava River, twenty-five miles north of Banja Luka, and, waving his arms toward a nearby steeple, had said, "You see, that's a Catholic church. It hasn't been destroyed, any more than the mosque. We all live in peace here."

The church turned out to be bolted shut, and the mosque, like the great sixteenth-century mosque in Banja Luka, which is one of the glories of Balkan Islamic culture, was defaced with a scrawled cross into whose four quadrants had been inscribed four "C"s (the "S"s of the Cyrillic alphabet), standing for the expression "*Samo Sloga Srbina Spašava*"—"Only Unity Can Save the Serb." In northern Bosnia, there is a joke that runs "How do you tell an Orthodox church from a Catholic church?" "The Orthodox church is the one that is *still standing*." Dr. Karadžić probably knew that he was lying when he spoke of peace. His followers didn't. Every Serb I met in northern Bosnia believed that there was no such thing as ethnic cleansing, that the war they were fighting against the Croats and the Muslims was entirely defensive, and that they, the Serbs, were the victims of an international plot led by German imperialists and Islamic fundamentalists. Sometimes even the evidence of their own eyes could not persuade them otherwise.

One of these Serbs watched impassively as a group of foreign journalists interviewed Dr. Muharem Krzić, of the Muslim Democratic Action Party, locally referred to as the S.D.A. After explaining the process of ethnic cleansing in Banja Luka in great detail, the doctor (he had been the city's leading veterinarian) paused and regarded one of his slightly trembling hands. "Make it a good story," he said. "I've probably just written my own obituary." He was not the only Muslim in northern Bosnia to refer to his own death with stony familiarity. With that, he left the hotel for his parlous future, and a group of us left with the Serb liaison officer to look at one of the nearby camps where the Serbs were holding people they referred to as prisoners of war and displaced persons—camps that some people in the West, horrified by TV reports of emaciated internees and torture and killing on a mass scale, had begun to refer to as concentration camps.

INCREASINGLY, the Serbs had been moving their prisoners from camp to camp. A place that had been a killing ground one month before might now hold only Muslims in whom the Serbs no longer had any interest and who were free to emigrate to any country that would take them—though not, of course, to their homes in villages that were often only a few miles away. These had been destroyed or, worse, occupied by Serbs from other parts of former Yugoslavia. Evidence of this Serb colonization was easy to see in Banja Luka and in other towns and villages all over northern Bosnia and in the Republic of Serbian Krajina (the Serb mini-state, carved out of territory captured from the Croatians). Cars with license plates from Novi Sad and even Belgrade itself, cities deep inside the borders of Serbia, were commonplace.

Ethnic cleansing was evolving away from its early incarnation as a tactic of pure massacre and terror. U.N.H.C.R. officials on the spot and Bosnian Muslims who had been released from Serb-run camps agreed that now Muslims who were taken, either in the course of fighting or during an episode of ethnic cleansing in a particular district, were being divided into three groups. Those in the first group—professional people, local notables, and young, able-bodied men—were often killed, by Serb fighters who believed themselves to be retaliating; after all, accounts of Muslim atrocities were a staple of newspaper and television reports in Serb-controlled areas. If you are told over and over again that your comrades are being castrated, roasted alive on spits, and drowning in their own blood, and you have no sources of information from which you might learn a different story, it is a foregone conclusion that before too long you will, as you imagine it, reply in kind.

The Serb leadership, for its part, has made a concerted effort to see that as many educated Muslims as possible are killed, so that even if some sort of independent Bosnia and Herzegovina remains when the war ends, what will exist will be a state bereft of people who can make it work. The success of the campaign—of what the British journalist Michael Nicholson has called élitocide—is easy to confirm. Among the more than half a million Bosnian refugees who now live in Croatia and Slovenia, there are all sorts of people—young and old, pious Muslims and ethnic rather than religious Muslims, farmers and townspeople—but most are poor or working class. Apart from a few thousand who have made their way to Zagreb, the professional class of Bosnia, outside the Muslim- and Croat-held areas between Sarajevo and Travnik, has disappeared.

Those Muslims who are not killed in this malign triage are divided into two further groups. One, about which the Serb captors are as yet undecided, is held in what Muslim refugees call "intelligence camps." Nobody, probably not even the Serbs until the selections are made, can say for certain whether they will be killed or later released. The re-

maining group is marked for release. They are housed in what some Serbs call "open centers" and receive visits from representatives of the International Committee of the Red Cross, the Bosnian Red Cross, and Caritas, the international Catholic relief agency. U.N.H.C.R. officials find themselves in the difficult position of being called upon, by the prisoners and by the local Serb authorities alike, to facilitate the captives' movement out of Bosnia. By refusing, the U.N.H.C.R.—and, to a lesser extent, the soldiers of the United Nations Protection Force, or UNPROFOR, the U.N. peacekeeping army that is deployed in northern Bosnia and eastern Croatia in an attempt to prevent still heavier fighting—would condemn the refugees to prolonged imprisonment and even, possibly, to death. But if the U.N.H.C.R. and UNPROFOR coöperate with the Serbs, they become accomplices in the process of ethnic cleansing, since the transport of this Muslim population out of the region has been the Serbs' primary goal from the start.

The U.N.H.C.R. was never set up to handle such a crisis. This is one of the first things one is told by its officials (both in the area headquarters in Zagreb and in field offices), and at first it sounds like bureaucratic pettifogging. When uttered by some members of the senior staff back in Geneva, it may be, but the U.N.H.C.R. officials on the spot talk in this way to underline the impossibility of the task they face. That they will press ahead anyway is a given. Few people could be as dedicated as Jose Maria Mendiluce and his staff. But when Mendiluce tells incoming field officers that they must "begin by throwing away the blue book"—the U.N.H.C.R.'s operations manual—"and make everything up from scratch," he is only telling them obliquely what they will soon find out for themselves in Banja Luka, or Knin, or Prijedor, or Travnik: that the situation is desperate and getting worse; that, with the onset of winter, and the gradual victory of Serbian forces everywhere in the contested areas, and the likelihood that the Serbs and the Croats will cut a deal to divide most of what was Bosnia between them, the crisis the U.N.H.C.R. has known and coped with in the last year will pale before the crisis to come.

Mendiluce is a career U.N.H.C.R. official who spent years in Central America and, in 1991, helped oversee the relief efforts in Kurdistan after the Gulf War. He lists almost without emotion the stages of the refugee crisis in former Yugoslavia. "In the summer of 1991, we saw the first people displaced by the fighting between Serbs and Croats," he told me. "When you go to Banja Luka today, and see the violence against the Muslims, you should keep in mind as well that there are probably seventy thousand Serbs who fled there from places in Croatia like Novska and Nova Gradiška. In that period, the Yugoslav National Army, the J.N.A., had still not withdrawn, but whatever the regulars were guilty of, it was after they withdrew that the first massive campaigns of ethnic cleansing on the Serb side began. Once the Bosnians followed Croatia and Slovenia in declaring their independence, the war started there, too. It was ironic. We in the U.N.H.C.R. had located in Sarajevo because we thought it was a neutral place. Then, suddenly, the worst things were taking place there."

Although Mendiluce had heard reports of ethnic cleansing before, he actually encountered it firsthand as he was driving back to Sarajevo from a meeting in Belgrade. By sheer coincidence, he arrived in the small Bosnian town of Zvornik just at the moment it was overrun by a Serb irregular unit known as the White Eagles. "I saw kids put under the treads of tanks, placed there by grown men, and then run over by other grown men," he recalled with a shudder. "Everywhere, people were shooting. The fighters were moving through the town, systematically killing all the Muslims they could get their hands on. It was an intoxication, sure. The Serb media had been full of reports of Muslims expelling the Serbs from Zvornik, and of the atrocities that had been committed there. And although this may have been true occasionally, usually those Serbs who fled were pushed to do so by local leaders. In any case, the Serbs doing the killing in Zvornik that day did not come from Zvornik. This crisis did not begin as a war between Serbs and Muslims but as a war between fanatical nationalists. These people had a coherent strategy. The whole point was to inflict as much terror on the civilian population as possible, to destroy as much property as possible, and to target as much of the violence as possible against women and kids. After the irregulars had done their work, then the established authorities—the J.N.A., or Karadžić's forces, or the local police—would come in, ostensibly to restore order. But, of course, that would mean that the ethnic cleansing of that particular place had been successful, and the White Eagles could move on."

That day in Zvornik, Mendiluce said, he rounded up as many of the surviving Muslims as he could, declaring to the local Serb commanders that he was placing the townspeople under U.N.H.C.R. protection. But even what in retrospect seems like foolhardy heroism had its price. For although Mendiluce did the miraculous and saved hundreds of lives by evacuating the Muslims from the town and arranging for their transport to the Muslim stronghold of Tuzla, he had, acting with the best motives, guaranteed that Zvornik would thenceforth be a

Serb town—which had been the political purpose of the White Eagles' assault in the first place. Mendiluce himself all but concedes the point. “We have no mechanisms to deal with ethnic cleansing,” he told me. “We can treat the symptoms of the disease, whether by improving security conditions in those areas where ethnic cleansing has not yet taken place, or by doing our best to alert the international community to the depth of the crisis, or by trying to arrange food distribution through relief convoys and aerial resupply to besieged areas. But it's not as if we can compel the parties to stop the war, or militarily intervene to prevent the ethnic cleansing from continuing.

“It's an impossible situation,” he went on. “People like to simplify the problem with words. They speak of the Lebanization of the Balkans today, just as a few years ago they spoke of the Balkanization of Lebanon. But the reality is that at the moment no side is defeated, including the Bosnians, no good will exists, no stalemate has been achieved, and despite all the efforts of Vance and Owen, no real international pressure exists. Kurdistan was a tea party compared to this!” He paused. “Sometimes,” he said, “living in this country reminds me of Macondo, the imaginary land in García Márquez. It wasn't easy in Kurdistan, or in Central America; it wasn't a piece of cake, by any means. But there are times when all I dream of is being sent to a tropical place where things are clear-cut, a place where there are refugees, sender and receiver countries, and no other complications. Those crises are hard enough to solve. But to try to create safe zones and protected areas in the middle of a war, when the front is constantly shifting, and refugees are not the by-product of a war, as they were in El Salvador, but rather the aim of that action in the first place—how is the U.N.H.C.R. to do that? People offer us more soldiers. I never asked for a single one. At the same time, I have fifty trucks to resupply hundreds of thousands of people. Even running them around the clock, how am I supposed to do that? We have provided as many miracles as possible, but we're running out of them now, and winter is on the way, a winter when every problem we have, from keeping the trucks on the road to feeding and clothing the refugees, will be all that much harder to solve.”

FOR THE LOST ADOLESCENT

Even before he left for good I heard things in the fire,
heard fundamental moaning,
wind like a shoulder splintering a door.
I'd say, *Come here*, but he was lost to me.
I'd say, *Beloved, bring more wood up from the yard.*
But he was lost to me,
locked inside his name, the name itself
too big a house, or simply wilderness I only glimpsed sometimes.
And true, those days, looking out of my own eyes
I felt some former host behind me,
some bedrock stare, antediluvian, unchanging.
And he was horrified to see me watching
something like birds in the fire,
not their song but a scratching among rubble.
Something like rain then surely rain
if I shut my eyes.
Another year, another child,
this might have been the subject—
always penultimate, some claim for the beautiful,
the conditions of the lie gone up with goodness, all the same,
log after log, fire after fire, praise beyond pretense
for so primitive a thing, that first warmth
ransomed, a captive
of our need amid the ruin of a modern city!
And if I never recognized his voice inside me,
who could know?
A mother learns a code of sounds not yet a voice
and feels her way inside that heat
and then there's the holding while the world heals
or does not heal.
Life's long with and without him
where children passing on their way to school
no longer walk into his body.
As for their laughter, it's like the laughter in a dream
to which the sleeper barely smiles.

—DEBORAH DIGGES

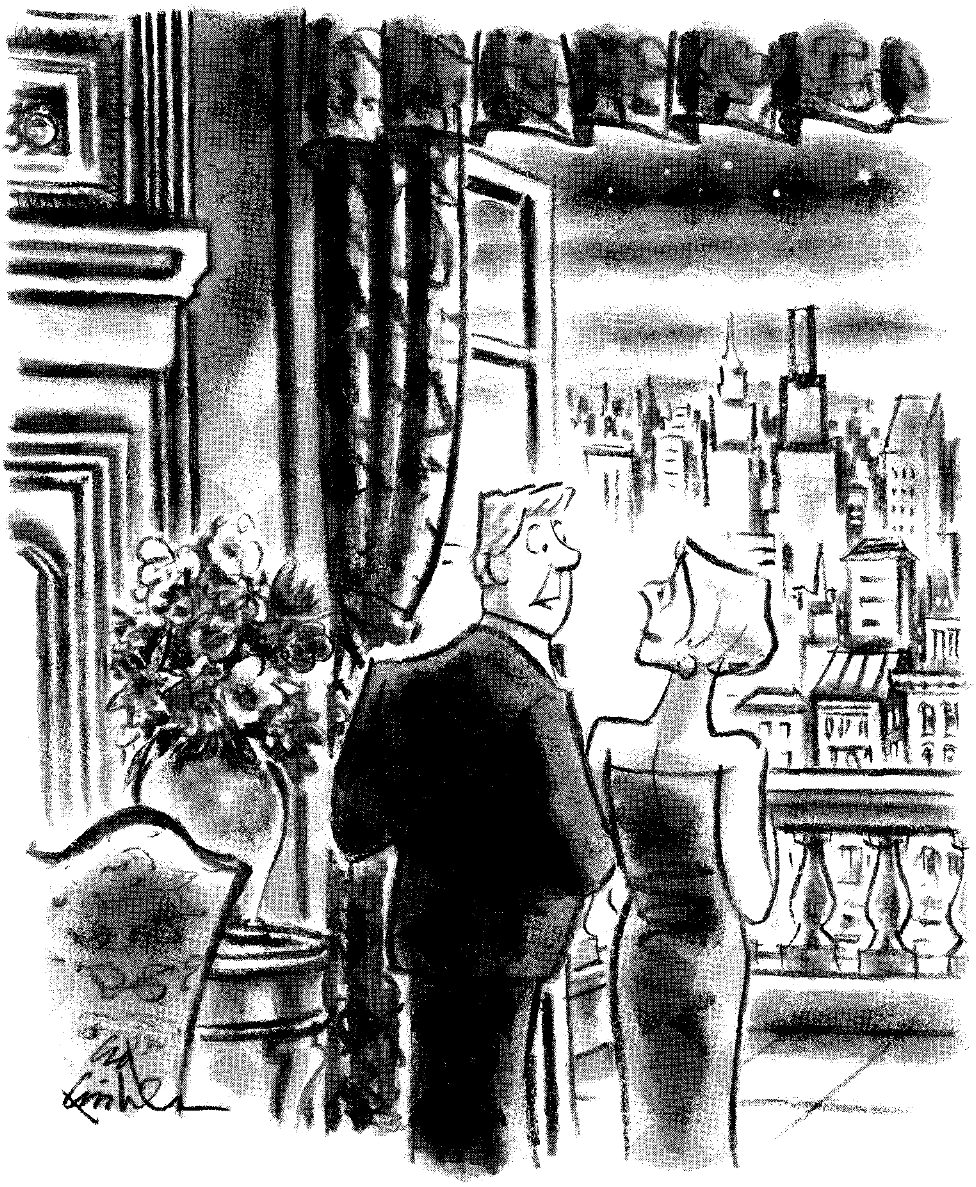
BY the fall of 1992, the Serb attitude had hardened. As far as Karadžić was concerned, he was on the brink of victory. Despite the public outcry in the West and the visits of political figures ranging from Vance and Owen to Lady Linda Chalker, Britain's Minister for Overseas Development, all of whom insisted to the press that they had spoken out strongly—“very strongly indeed, and in no uncertain terms,” as Lady Chalker put it—about the inadmissibility of ethnic cleansing; and despite repeated declarations by the negotiators at the peace conference in Geneva that a final settlement had to include the return of Bosnian Muslims to their lands, the odds favored Karadžić and the hard men. In the refugee camps of Croatia and Slovenia, and in the open camps of northern Bosnia, all but the Muslim diehards were talking anxiously not about the possibility of return but about their prospects for finding a country that would take them in. They might be penned up behind the wire in the Trnopolje camp within view of their own farms, but what they dreamed about was flight. “I have a brother in Germany!” one tough-looking middle-aged man shouted to a group of foreign journalists. "Here's his address. Do you think you could get a message to him?" As we made our way through the camp, we heard the same story repeated, in broken German, broken French, broken Dutch, broken Italian.

But to our Serbian escort these three thousand filthy, demoralized prisoners were the vanguard of a Muslim horde that had almost overrun a Serb nation whose only fault, as he told us repeatedly during the drive from Banja Luka to the camp, was that it had been too indulgent, too willing to allow other national communities to prosper at the Serbs' expense. Just outside a village along the narrow road approaching the camp, this young man—he had been a cub reporter on the Banja Luka newspaper before being called into the Serb militia—assured us we would see that the mosque in this village had been left intact, even though there had been fighting. "Any Muslim house that displayed the white flag of loyalty," he said, "was untouched by our soldiers. They were fighting only because they were attacked by the Mujahedin." Surely the white flag had the same meaning in Bosnia that it did everywhere else in Europe—surrender—but he continued with his longish disquisition on the particular savagery of the Muslim fighters. "The worst," he said grimly, "are the Handžar"—a word that the interpreter, who was mystified by it at first, eventually explained as "a kind of Muslim knife."

The word *handžar* means "scimitar." In using it, the Serb propagandists are playing not only on anti-Muslim hysteria—fantasies of engulfment and of a triumphant Islam winning the victories in Europe that it was denied in the sixteenth century—but on the unhealed wounds of the Second World War. Everywhere in former Yugoslavia, even on battlefields where the corpses are still fresh, it is almost easier to get a history lesson than to get a straight answer about what happened in this place where one is standing with one's interlocutor. He or she is more likely to talk about the massacre of the Serbs by the Croat Fascists in the Second World War, or the dream of Greater Serbia, which dates back to the nineteenth century and beyond, even to the Battle of Kosovo of 1389; that holiest of days in Serb folk mythology commemorates not a great Serb victory but the defeat that delivered the region into the hands of the Ottomans for almost five hundred years.

"Handžar" was a reference to those medieval times, but it was also an allusion to the Handžar Division, an S.S. unit that the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem helped recruit for the Germans in Bosnia in 1943. Even though some Bosnian Muslims had fought with Tito's Partisans, this bitter memory endured, and was now being fed to gullible peasant boys, like our guide that day in Trnopolje. They were actually fighting and dying to preserve the power of Karadžić and of Slobodan Milošević, Serbia's leader, who more than anyone—though no one, on any side, is guiltless—has been the architect of the Balkan holocaust.

When we entered the village, there were white flags on the houses, and even on a pile of logs stacked high in a nearby field. As in so many Bosnian towns where before the war Serbs and Muslims had lived in peace for a generation at least and, more commonly, for as long as



"Come on, honey. We may no longer be 'nouveau,' but at least we're still 'riche.' "

• •

anyone could remember, it was the Muslim houses that had been rocked by shellfire and penetrated by tracer bullets, and the Serb houses that stood untouched: Muslim houses that had, it seemed, been burned after they were lacerated, and Serb houses that would not have looked out of place in a prosperous peasant commune somewhere in Austria or Switzerland. Cleansing and burning, together again as usual. We reached the mosque. It had been destroyed. The roof was gone, the minaret demolished. Without missing a beat, our escort said, "Yes, this is the village where there was a sniper in the minaret. The tankers had to fire, of course. Otherwise our boys would have been killed."

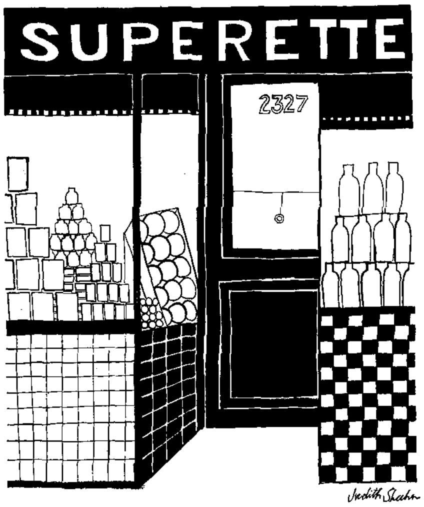
I will go to my grave believing that this Serb soldier had no idea that he had said something utterly different to us a few minutes before. With Karadžić, a politician, one asked him a question, his response was a lie, he knew it, the journalists knew it, and that was that. There were no illusions on either side. Our escort was something else. His whole world was an illusion, the product of a carefully orchestrated propaganda campaign from Belgrade. By now, it was as if the message "Only Unity Can Save the Serb" blocked out contradictory information. The Serbs were good, therefore they would not destroy a mosque. If it turned out that the mosque had been destroyed, then there had to be a reason, and since the Serbs were good, the reason had to be that Serbs had been fired upon. Otherwise why was the minaret in ruins? It seemed that minds as well as bodies were being "cleansed" in northern Bosnia.

In the Trnopolje camp, the prisoners just laughed when we asked them whether there had been resistance in the village. "The village was sleeping, not sniping," one gray-haired farmer told me in serviceable French. "The Serbs came into the village and started firing. We tried to surrender—those are the flags you probably saw—but a lot of shooting went on first. Then they went house to house, dragging people out. Some of the Serbs were our neighbors, people we'd known all our lives. Who knows? Maybe they were forced to help the soldiers. Then they dragged some of us away. I think those people are dead, and the rest of us they held near here. First at Omarska—that's an unused mine up the road—and, for the last month, here in Trnopolje. So I'm back where I started, except my house is gone, and I don't know where my sons are."

I asked him if he would go back to his home if he was allowed to.

"Never," he said. "Bosnia is a dead country, at least for Muslims. This is Serbia now." Abruptly, he stopped, looked around, and, after a pause, began to quiz me about the chances that any country in Europe, or the United States, or Canada, would offer him a home, a place to start over, out of the line of fire. "I'm perfectly willing to sign my land over to the Chetniks," he said, using the common Croat and Muslim designation for Bosnian Serb militias, a reference to the Second World War Serb royalist guerrillas of General Draža Mihailović. To be a Bosnian Muslim behind Serb lines was, first, to be ethnically cleansed and, second, to pay for the privilege—to renounce one's property and to pay, in Deutsche marks, for transportation to Croat- or Muslim-held areas. "What's the point of holding on to something that is already lost?"

ETHNIC cleansing had been successful, and more and more Muslims were resigned to leaving, but there were few places for them to go. In September, 1992, the Croatian government announced that it was closing its borders to Bosnian refugees. Austria had already made a similar decision, and a few weeks later Slovenia would follow suit. Bosnia is surrounded by Croatia and Serbia; from a distance, it was easy to condemn the Croatians for their decision, particularly since it seemed to dovetail with the suspicions that Franjo Tudjman, Croatia's President, was again trying to make a deal with Milošević in which Croatia and Serbia would apportion Bosnia between them. Nonetheless, the situation was hardly so simple. As one of the U.N.H.C.R.'s able public-relations officers, Peter Kessler, kept pointing out to sour journalists who criticized the Zagreb government's hard-heartedness, "Croatia is the fourth-largest receiver of refugees in the world, after Pakistan, Iran, and Malawi. If you think of the way the United States government has reacted to the prospect of receiving thirty-five thousand refugees from Haiti after the coup that overthrew Father Aristide, the Croatian position starts to become a little more understandable, because the half-million or so Bosnian refugees now living in Croatia are roughly the equivalent, in terms of population, of twenty-five million refugees coming into the United States, all in the space of less than a year and a half."

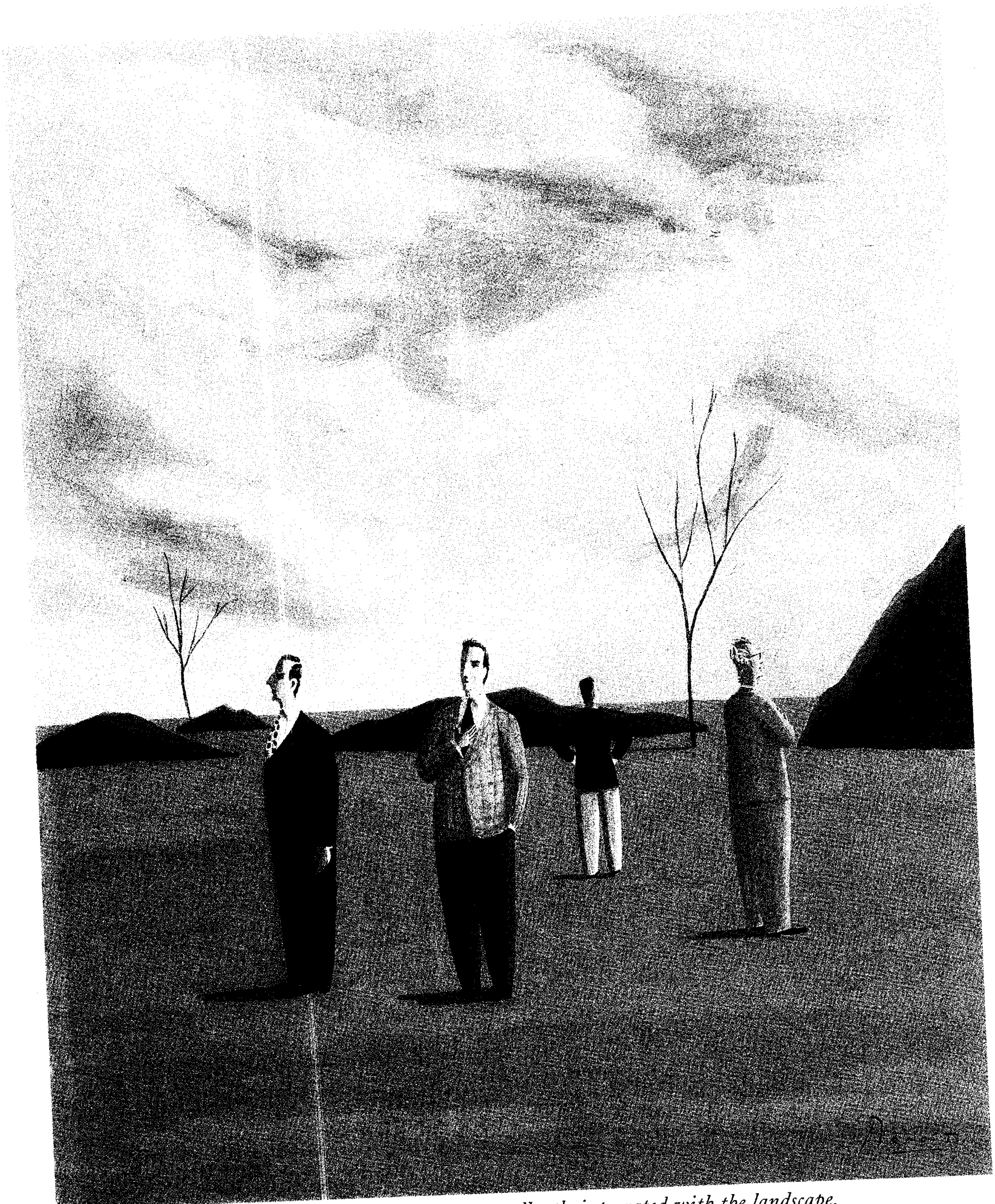


Relations between the U.N.H.C.R. and the Croatian government have been, at best, uneasy since 1991, when the Serb-Croat war began, so such an admission on the part of a U.N.H.C.R. spokesman is worth taking very seriously—particularly because it has been the job of Mendiluce, and of the U.N.H.C.R. chiefs of mission for Croatia, Jean Noel Wetterwald and Jacques Mouchet, to persuade the Croatians to take in as many Bosnian refugees as possible, at least temporarily, while the International Committee of the Red Cross, private relief agencies, and the U.N.H.C.R. attempt to arrange passage for these displaced people to Western Europe and North America. To be sure, the Croatians did not help their own cause by adamant public pronouncements about the "sacred obligation" of all Bosnian males to return to the front lines, or by periodic roundups of Bosnians who were illegally in Croatia and often congregated in front of Western embassies in Zagreb, hoping to secure visas. Nevertheless, the strain on the Croatian economy was severe. Western governments might talk blithely of the need for the Croatians to offer asylum to the victims of ethnic cleansing, but these governments were quicker with advice than with cash donations, let alone any demonstrable willingness to take in many Bosnians.

There were exceptions. As usual, the Nordic countries had behaved in an ex-

STORYBOARD

by Benoît van Innis



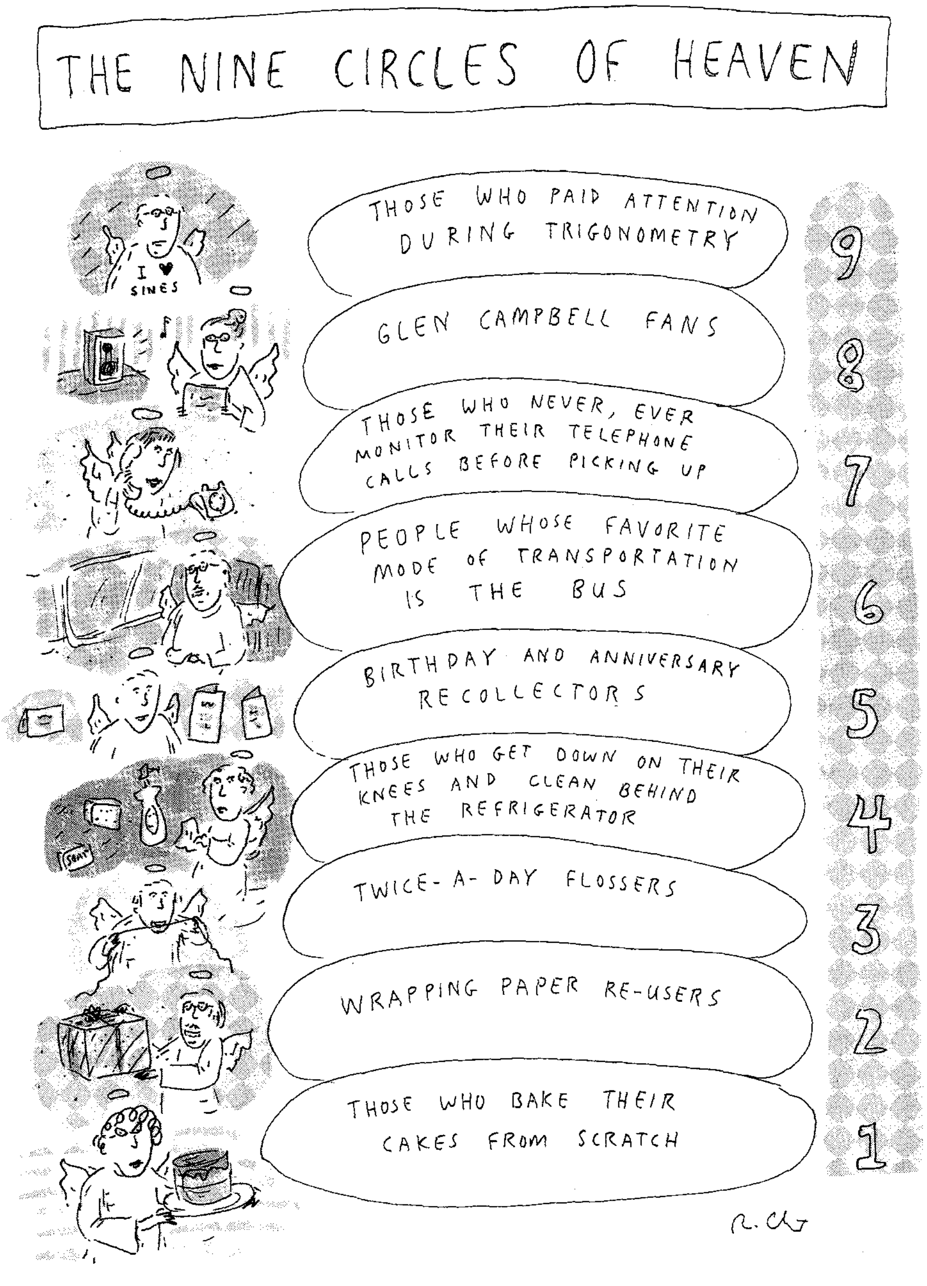
By any measure, the house was excellently integrated with the landscape.

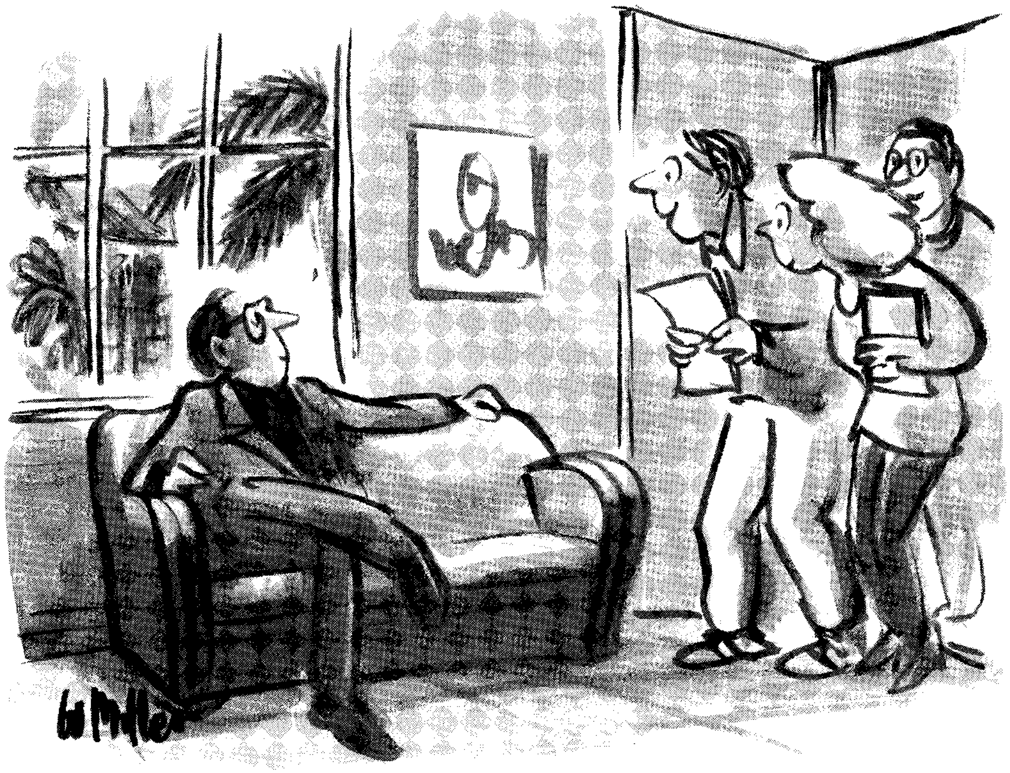
emplary manner from the start of the crisis. Sweden alone had agreed to take in fifty thousand Bosnians, while the Norwegian chargé d'affaires in Zagreb, Vegard Ellefsen, worked tirelessly to bring out as many sick refugees as he could from northern Bosnia, often travelling through the lines to escort them himself. This tall, elegant figure, impeccably turned out in a suit or blue blazer, standing under a gutted bridge somewhere in no man's land arguing with the homicidal soldiery of both sides, was one of the few inspiriting sights in an otherwise fairly unrelieved exhibition of people at their vilest. The Danes, for their part, provided drivers for the U.N.H.C.R. supply convoys leaving Zagreb, without which many people in northern Bosnia might have starved to death. The Germans took in the most refugees: two hundred and twenty thousand by the fall of 1992. By all but single-handedly forcing the European Community and, by extension, the world to recognize Slovenian and Croatian independence and to set a deadline forcing Bosnia to opt for independence before any internal settlement between Muslims and Serbs was reached, the Germans bore a special responsibility. Nonetheless, at a time when Germany was receiving hundreds of thousands of refugees from Eastern Europe, the former Soviet Union, and Africa and the Middle East, its decision to take in so many Bosnians was both risky and admirable. By contrast, the United States agreed to take in a thousand, France eleven hundred; the United Kingdom took in two thousand but deported thirty-six Bosnians whom it judged to have been in England illegally.

The U.N.H.C.R. people, both in Zagreb and in the field offices in northern Bosnia, were convinced that the crisis was going to get worse. Even if the fighting stopped, Serb forces controlled almost seventy per cent of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Croats controlled twenty per cent, much of it in the self-proclaimed Republic of Herzeg-Bosnia, situated in largely Croatian-populated western Herzegovina. So there was no reason to suppose that the ethnic cleansing, which had driven the refugees out to begin with, would stop.

"As many as one million Bosnians may leave this winter if the war doesn't stop and people continue to be displaced," Mendiluce told me. "If a corridor is opened from Sarajevo to Split, on the Adriatic, something we need to do to provide humanitarian relief, then we will probably see another hundred thousand people heading to the sea. In other words, Europe will be invaded. Short of shooting them, I don't see how it will be possible to stop these Bosnians from coming into Croatia and from there moving into Western Europe. Again, we spend our time desperately trying to alert the international community to the depth of the crisis, but whether anyone is paying attention to us—any serious attention, anyway—is another question entirely. And we are only passing along what we are learning ourselves, because, you understand, with every report we receive, the scenario seems to worsen."

In former Yugoslavia as a whole—and, for different reasons, in Western Europe and North America—by the fall of 1992 the belief had taken hold that there was really nothing to be done for the Bosnians, just as nothing could have been done for the Beirutis before them; this belief superseded even the horror that so many had felt when the first images of the Serb concentration camps were televised. West Europeans were absorbed with the Maastricht treaty; the British were absorbed with their economic crisis and the question, yet again, of whether to become part of Europe; Canadians had a new treaty on confederation to consider; and the United States was having an election. Just as in-


THE NINE CIRCLES OF HEAVEN
I ♥ SINES
THOSE WHO PAID ATTENTION DURING TRIGONOMETRY
9
GLEN CAMPBELL FANS
8
THOSE WHO NEVER, EVER MONITOR THEIR TELEPHONE CALLS BEFORE PICKING UP
7
PEOPLE WHOSE FAVORITE MODE OF TRANSPORTATION IS THE BUS
6
BIRTHDAY AND ANNIVERSARY RECOLLECTORS
5
THOSE WHO GET DOWN ON THEIR KNEES AND CLEAN BEHIND THE REFRIGERATOR
4
TWICE-A-DAY FLOSSERS
3
WRAPPING PAPER RE-USERS
2
THOSE WHO BAKE THEIR CAKES FROM SCRATCH
1



"*Congratulations! It's a sitcom!*"

ternational aid workers speak routinely of "donor fatigue" at moments when there are too many disasters making headlines, and contributions fall off sharply, so it is possible to speak of "viewer fatigue" in the case of the war in former Yugoslavia. What was at first a front-page, top-of-the-evening-news story has become a long-running *fait-divers.*

The Serbs, Croats, and Muslims themselves often seemed to share this attitude. Given that neighbors who had been trading recipes two years before were now massacring one another, the readiest explanation was that hatred was the real face of Yugoslavia's warring nations, and that ethnic cleansing was its emblem. Yugoslavism, as it used to be called, had been a euphemism for Serbian dominance in the period before the Second World War and, stripped of its ethnic baggage, had been imposed by Tito's Communist regime after 1945. Though a million and a quarter of Yugoslavia's twenty-two million inhabitants declared themselves to be "Yugoslavs" in the 1981 census—a negligible percentage, but one that had risen steadily over the decades—most still thought of themselves as Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, or Muslims. Intelligent dissidents like the writer Slavenka Drakulić might insist, at no small risk to themselves, that the crisis had been manipulated by Belgrade and Zagreb, and that people a decade earlier had not identified themselves primarily as Serbs or Croats. But even she conceded that before there was ethnic cleansing, there had been ethnic thinking in all the constituent parts of former Yugoslavia.

As the U.N.H.C.R.'s Peter Kessler put it, "Yugoslavism was a broad idea but it was never a very deep one. When the old Communist leadership faded, there was no *Yugoslav* leadership to take its place. Old-line Communist Party bosses like Milošević in Serbia saw that the best way to hold on to power was to play the nationalist card." Not that Milošević, or Tudjman in Croatia—let alone Karadžić, whose success is entirely due to his ability to play on old ethnic fears and antipathies—had invented this ethnic thinking or imposed it on a recalcitrant populace. To the contrary, even when former Yugoslavia was at peace, and it seemed safe to assume that modernization financed through tourism would soon create a developed European country, it was common to hear people in Zagreb, or Belgrade, or Ljubljana speak rapturously of the nobility of their own national group and the commensurate baseness of all other national groups. And as the war has continued, the fighters on the front lines (with the exception of the Bosnian Muslims, whose ethnic chauvinism, for all the talk of Islamic fundamentalism, is, relatively, nothing much) are not the only ones being overcome by fantasies of original virtue for their own group and original sin for their enemies. Even the most liberal and soft-spoken noncombatants indulge in the same essentialist mythmaking.

A Croatian woman, a journalist who for the last year has been helping foreign correspondents get to the battlefronts, told me, "Since the Bosnians have poured into Zagreb, we Croats have been reminded of their taste for onions. Nowadays, it hardly seems possible to get on a bus or walk through a public square and not smell them." And she confided, wrinkling her nose, "You understand, we Croatians simply *detest* onions." It was a small remark, made offhandedly by a woman who was given neither to ethnic stereotyping nor to bouts of ethnic self-love. Yet there it was, the old Yugoslav complaint, as lethal in its way as the land mines on the road to Velika Kladuša or the racialist speeches of Dr. Radisav Vukić, a leader of Dr. Karadžić's political party in Banja Luka. Vukić had said that for him the children of mixed marriages (he meant marriages between Serbs and non-Serbs, which were said to make up thirty per cent of the total in places like Sarajevo) "are already dead." The Croatian journalist would not have hurt a fly, and she detested the obscenity that was ethnic cleansing. But the language of racism, and of ethnic thinking, remained all too available to her; and this availability, as much as the machinations of local politicians, the self-confirming cruelties of war, and the ineptness of the international response, was what made the prospects for peace throughout former Yugoslavia seem so dim.

Even the victims of the war were not immune to such habits of feeling. It was understandable that a Bosnian journalist involved in taking down the testimony of people who had been held in camps like Omarska and Trnopolje or had been expelled from their villages and walked a

"This is Mr. Mendez. He's been redistricted into our family."

hundred miles, under fire and across minefields, to reach Croatia or Muslim-controlled areas of Bosnia, was busy writing what he described to me as "a case study in evil, by which I mean a history of the Serbs since ancient times." But it was harder to understand a correspondent from the Sarajevo newspaper *Oslobodjenje* ("Liberation")—a cultivated woman in her early thirties who had covered architecture and culture before the war, and now eked out an existence for herself and her small daughter, living in an anteroom of the paper's Zagreb bureau—who said matter-of-factly, "We Bosnians were always warm and friendly, so even leaving the material questions to one side, it's rather difficult for most of us to make a life here in Croatia. Because—well, you see, we have a saying, 'Croatians do everything, I mean *everything*, as if they were wearing gloves.' "

This was a woman who had identified herself as "Yugoslav" in the last national census, whose husband was part Muslim, part Croat, and who had named her son Mak because, she proudly informed me, the name Mak was neither Muslim nor Serb but Bogomil (a heretical Christian sect that flourished in Bosnia in the early Middle Ages and from whom the Bosnian Muslims were sometimes said to be descended). "With a name like that," she said, "he could have chosen who he wanted to be. He would not have been trapped by his nation. That's all over now. We Bosnians were probably the only people to have really believed in Yugoslavia. Partly, that was because Tito was sympathetic to us, recognized us as a distinct national group. But more to the point, it was because we didn't want to create a Greater Bosnia, the way the Croats historically fantasized sometimes about a Greater Croatia or, of course, the way the Serbs have always dreamed of Greater Serbia. You know the joke they are telling in Sarajevo? It goes, 'What is Serbian pacifism?' 'Greater Serbia all the way to the Pacific Ocean.' Well, all we Bosnian Muslims wanted to be was Yugoslavs." She paused. "Look at me." She gestured at her silk blouse and Benetton sweater. "Do I look like an Islamic fundamentalist? And there are far more people fighting and dying for Sarajevo, and Bihać, and Velika Kladuša who are like me than wear the chador. But the Serbs want to kill us all, and the world doesn't give a damn."

She began to weep. If there is any place in the world that can purge one of even the most vestigial habit of thinking in ethnic categories, it is former Yugoslavia. But if there is any place where such thinking is inescapable, even for people who were and remain its victims, that place is also former Yugoslavia. It is a part of the world where almost the only pity on offer is self-pity, where slogans like "Only Unity Can Save the Serb" have overwhelmed reason, and where refugees are feared and resented far more readily than they are welcomed.

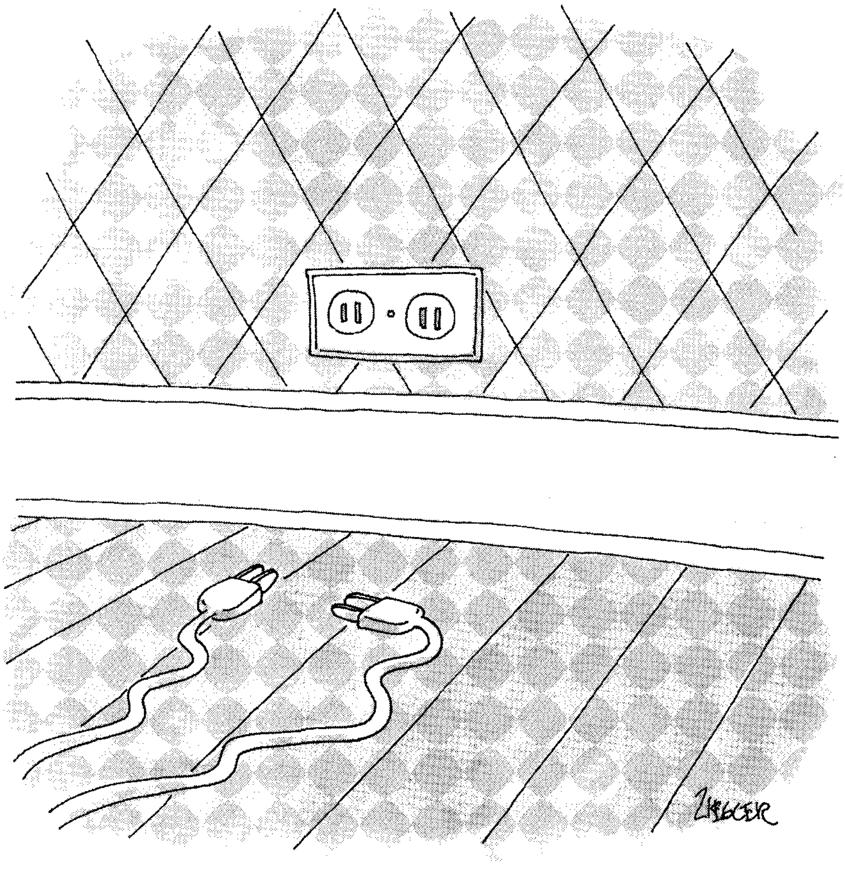
In early October, the International Committee of the Red Cross arranged for fifteen hundred prisoners from the Trnopolje camp to be released and bused to the northern Croatian city of Karlovac, where they were received by U.N.H.C.R. officials. The hostility of the local people to their arrival was typical. Workers putting the finishing touches on the receiving areas complained that they had been conscripted by the government, at no pay, and demanded to know why these Bosnians were being so well treated while so many people in Croatia were out of work. A man building a fence meant to separate the refugees from the local people told me angrily, "I think we should send them back to Bosnia. They don't belong here, and besides, you can bet that while they are here they'll be taking our jobs and eating food that our people need for the winter."

The area was dense with Croatian policemen, partly to keep curious spectators away but also because, a few days before, vandals had set fire to a storeroom holding mattresses for the arriving detainees. Karlovac seethed. The refugees were brought in, dazed and almost eight hours late, along a cordoned-off side street, surrounded by a living wall of policemen and Croatian paramilitaries. To an onlooker, what was impressive was the antipathy. Even though the Croatian government had played up the accounts of ethnic cleansing, the antipathy was so deep that the refugees' suffering could not dilute it. What was equally disheartening was that it had taken half the U.N.H.C.R. and I.C.R.C. headquarters staff in Zagreb, volunteers from both organizations flown in from all over the world, and any number of UNPROFOR soldiers, Western diplomats, and United Nations Secretariat officials the better part of ten days to arrange this initial transfer. There were a million potential refugees still in Bosnia, on the eve of winter. How were the relief organizations or the interested governments to cope with them? Ethnic cleansing was not simply the uncovering of hatreds that had been below the surface in the Balkans for a generation—hatreds that Communism had covered, like a fire blanket, but not snuffed out. Ethnic cleansing had also manufactured a refugee crisis in Europe on a scale not seen since the end of the Second World War.

LIKE the Armenians in 1915, the Jews in the nineteen-thirties, and the displaced persons after the Second World War, the Bosnian refugees in former Yugoslavia were human beings the European nations were not willing to come to grips with. A Lady Chalker or even a François Mitterrand might visit the battle zones, but while individual political figures were active, governments were not. The Bosnian Muslims might as well have been the Jews of the refugee ship St. Louis, who in 1939 set sail for Cuba, only to be turned away from Havana and the United States and, in the end, sent back to Europe, where most would die in concentration camps. Slowly, the Muslim refugees were being bottled up in northern and central Bosnia. When Croatia, Slovenia, and the Western European countries said, in effect, that they were full up with refugees, almost the only possibility left was for the refugees to head toward the town of Travnik, which was being defended by a joint force of Croats and Muslims. But in late October the Croats turned on their allies, threatening to make the region almost as inhospitable to Muslims as the Serb-controlled areas.

From the beginning, the mission of the international relief agencies had been all but impossible. The proposition that the mere sending of food and supplies to the areas where ethnic cleansing had been going on would somehow stem the flow of refugees was being disproved daily. Neither the U.N.H.C.R. food convoys nor the presence of UNPROFOR troops had brought the crisis to an end. During the early fall, U.N.H.C.R. officials—aware that the ethnic-cleansing campaign in northern Bosnia either had succeeded or was almost complete everywhere except in Banja Luka proper, and that the city would not long be spared—hoped that the deployment of a Canadian UNPROFOR battalion in Banja Luka might stave off the worst excesses. But the Canadians, lightly armed and vulnerable, were understandably reluctant to set up camp in a city where the authorities and heavily armed Serb forces were hostile, and where the nature of their own mission remained undefined. That had been the problem with the UNPROFOR operation all along. Peacekeeping of the kind the United Nations has experience with works when both sides want peacekeeping. It is about making sure a ceasefire holds, not imposing peace by force of arms—just as the U.N.H.C.R.'s mission is to provide relief for refugees from a war, not succor on the battlefield.

But the war in northern Bosnia was different. It was indistinguishable from the campaign of ethnic cleansing. Even if one did not understand this from the evidence of the Bosnian refugees themselves, it was clear from something as simply observable as the way the Serbian soldiers in Bosnia chose to arm themselves. In the streets of Banja Luka, irregulars strutted around with not just one assault rifle but several, and quite often with an impressive assortment of sidearms and knives. Impressive, several UNPROFOR officers commented to me, if the purpose is to kill unarmed civilians. For if these Serbs believed they were going to face people who could effectively shoot back, they would, prudentially, carry more ammunition and fewer weapons, and fire in the short bursts necessary to hit a particular target, rather than in the wild, clip-emptying salvos of fighters who neither know nor much care where



"The one on the left is cute."

their bullets finally land, just so long as they land.

A European Community peacekeeping monitor stationed in the southeastern part of the country told me wonderingly what most impressed him about the fighting: "No one seems remotely interested in digging in." He had recently retired from the British Army (with so many ex-officers from Western European armies among the monitors, rumors persisted in Zagreb that their real purpose was not peacekeeping but intelligence gathering, and the setting up of agents all over the Balkans); part of his incredulity could be dismissed as the contempt professional soldiers from good armies always level at the antics of militias and untrained officers. But he was also well aware that the Serb tactics had their uses if ethnic cleansing was the real goal. "When you fire an automatic weapon," he said, "the whole trick is to squeeze the trigger and then immediately stop squeezing. Even in that time, some of the bullets will go wide or high. But, of course, these fellows are not aiming at other soldiers—they're aiming at the whole village, so you might say that from their point of view, every shot they fire hits the mark."

And what they couldn't hit with shells, or rocket-propelled grenades, or bombs, or Kalashnikov fire, they were likely to go after with the knives they could be seen wearing in sheaths in their combat boots or sewn into the back of their jackets. "This is a war to the knives," a Serb soldier told me proudly, and although my interpreter later assured me that this was an old peasant expression current among Serbs in the Krajina, many of the worst massacres of Bosnian Muslims have been carried out with knives, as if the people doing the killing imagined themselves to be slaughtering animals.

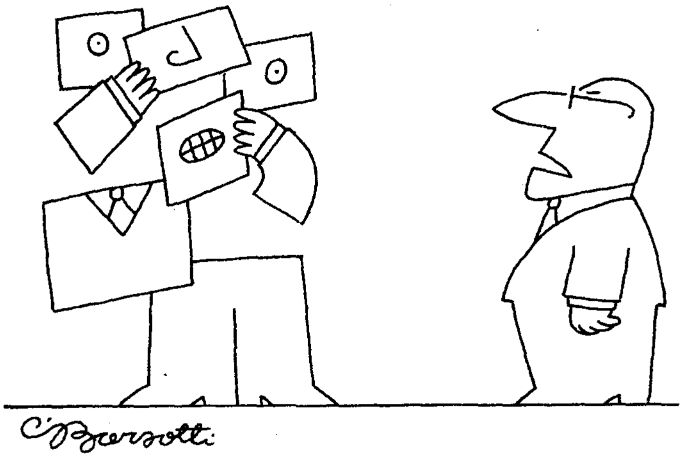
To the Serbs, the Muslims are no longer human. What is one to make of identical stories I heard, first from an old man in a Bosnian refugee camp in Zagreb and then from another refugee, fifty miles away in a camp in the Slovenian city of Maribor—two people who could not possibly have known each other—of incidents in which Muslim prisoners lying on the ground in rows, awaiting interrogation, were driven over by a Serb guard in a small delivery van? Or of the Serb woman who told me that Serb White Eagles had come to her village, into her farmhouse, and demanded that her husband kill their Muslim neighbor living across the road? Her husband had refused, and the White Eagles had killed him and, a few moments later, the neighbor as well. The Serb husband was, as Dr. Karadžić's fighters liked to say, a "bad" or "tame" Serb—that is, hardly a Serb at all—and, of course, the Muslims were Mujahedin, not men.

An Italian journalist from the Trieste newspaper *Il Piccolo* travelled to a village near Sarajevo that had fallen to the Serbs at the end of August; he was taken by the local commander to a room where, he was told unabashedly, two hundred Muslims had been slaughtered. And then the Serb officer began to complain. The wooden flooring, he said, had been so saturated with blood that he ordered it ripped out and burned. "My men could not be expected to function properly," he said, "with that kind of stench in the air."

THERE is savagery in every civil war. Once blood has flowed, the individual fighter thirsts as much for revenge as for victory. And since in former Yugoslavia atrocities have been committed by all sides, the desire for vengeance has taken the form of further atrocities. But such excesses are also a Serb war aim. The more terrified the Muslims become, the more likely they are not just to flee but to refuse ever to return to lands that the Serbs have taken. A Muslim man in Bosanski Petrovac, a town in western Bosnia where Serb forces massacred a large number of Muslims in September, told a field officer from the U.N.H.C.R. that he had been forced by his captors to bite off the penis of a fellow-Muslim. The U.N.H.C.R. official who took this testimony later said he would stake his reputation on the man's truthfulness.

If you say that a man is not human, but the man looks like you and the only way to identify this devil is to make him drop his trousers—Muslim men are circumcised and Serb men are not—it is probably only a short step, psychologically, to cutting off his prick. From the Armenians to the Jews to the Bosnian Muslims, there has never been a campaign of ethnic cleansing from which sexual sadism has gone missing. And just as those carrying out the ethnic cleansing seem to feel that they can mutilate their prisoners at will, so they seem prepared to destroy conquered lands, houses, and farm animals. "We've liberated Radovac," said a Serb fighter home on leave from the front—looking, in his civilian clothes, like any gawky teen-ager from San Francisco or Bremen, and holding his girlfriend close as the radio played an Italian pop tune. Later, I learned that Radovac had always been an entirely Muslim village—something this boy must have known—which meant he believed that its people were not the real inhabitants, however long their tenancy, but interlopers, just as the prisoners his comrades took were not human beings, but beasts.

The most lurid tales the Bosnian Muslims had told about the process of ethnic cleansing—stories dismissed as exaggerations during the spring and summer of 1992—turned out to have understated the slaughter. And nothing changed. For outsiders who tried to follow events in Bosnia, the same phrases were repeated every night: Sarajevo shelled again; refugees massacred again; politicians' promises broken again. Where every combat is a mas-



"Henceforth, Illingworth, I will expect you to have your act together before you arrive at the office."

sacre, it is human nature to eventually want to look the other way, change the channel, or embrace some not quite so hopeless concern. But such a response does not alter the massacres going on, right now, as this is being written, and Sarajevo is being shelled, and the Serb politicians in Banja Luka are making fresh promises they have not the slightest intention of keeping.

Perhaps one story can stand for the tragedy of the Bosnian Muslims. It was told to me in Banja Luka by a middle-aged man whose only request in speaking to me was that I disguise his identity. "Unlike Krzić, I'm not quite prepared to write my own obituary," he said. "My half brother was one of the first to be killed. He was a teacher in an elementary school in a small village. The attack was not a surprise. Neighbors came and told him, 'You're educated, and they're killing all the notables. You have to flee. Go to the river. You should be able to swim across to safety.' But my brother refused. He said, 'I'm not leaving. I haven't done anything to anyone. I'm not even a real Muslim. I drink, and eat pork.' And so he stayed, and the soldiers came, and they killed him, just as the villagers had warned would happen. And now I keep thinking about his death, and I can't hate. I just can't generate the hatred. Sometimes I pray to God that He will come and make these pigs who murdered my brother disappear from the face of the earth, but I realize that I couldn't help make them disappear. I wonder about this all the time. Am I right not to hate? Am I right to try to hold on to my cosmopolitan feelings? I think so, but I'm not sure. In the schools, when I was a boy, they taught us about the persecution of the Jews. It seemed like ancient history, an artifact from a museum, or something you read about. And now we're the Jews, we Muslims of Banja Luka.

"I try not to hate," he repeated. "I try not to let in my ignoble thoughts." In other words, morally at least, he continued to try to be a hero—which, in the context of northern Bosnia during one of the great crimes of twentieth-century Europe, meant that he could only be one thing: a victim. And there are one million more victims in Bosnia, waiting for death in the winter snows. ♦

ARTIST AT LARGE

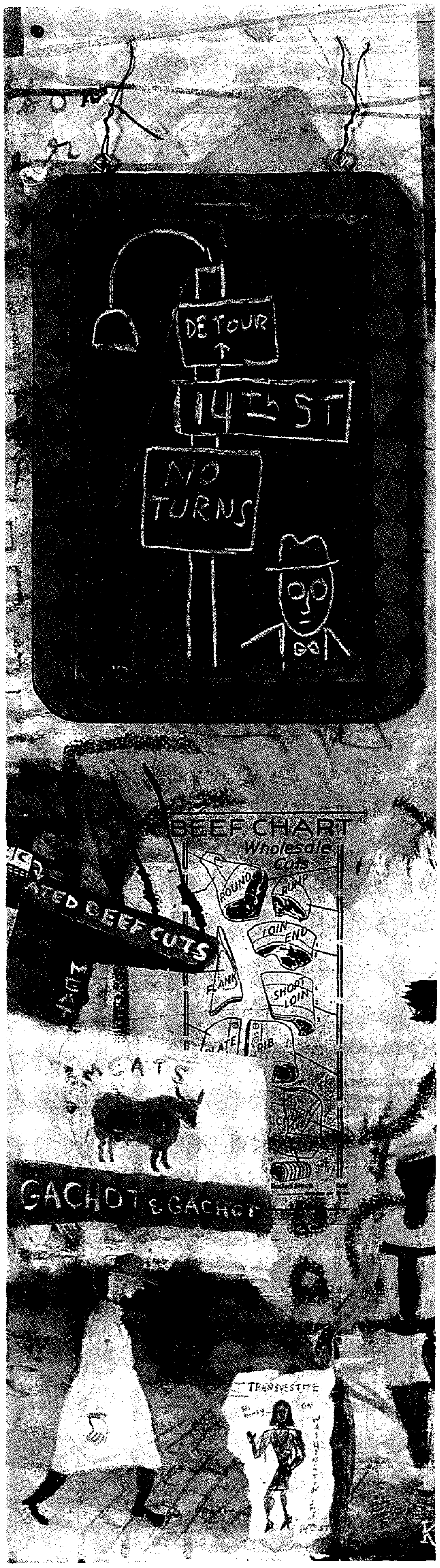
14TH STREET

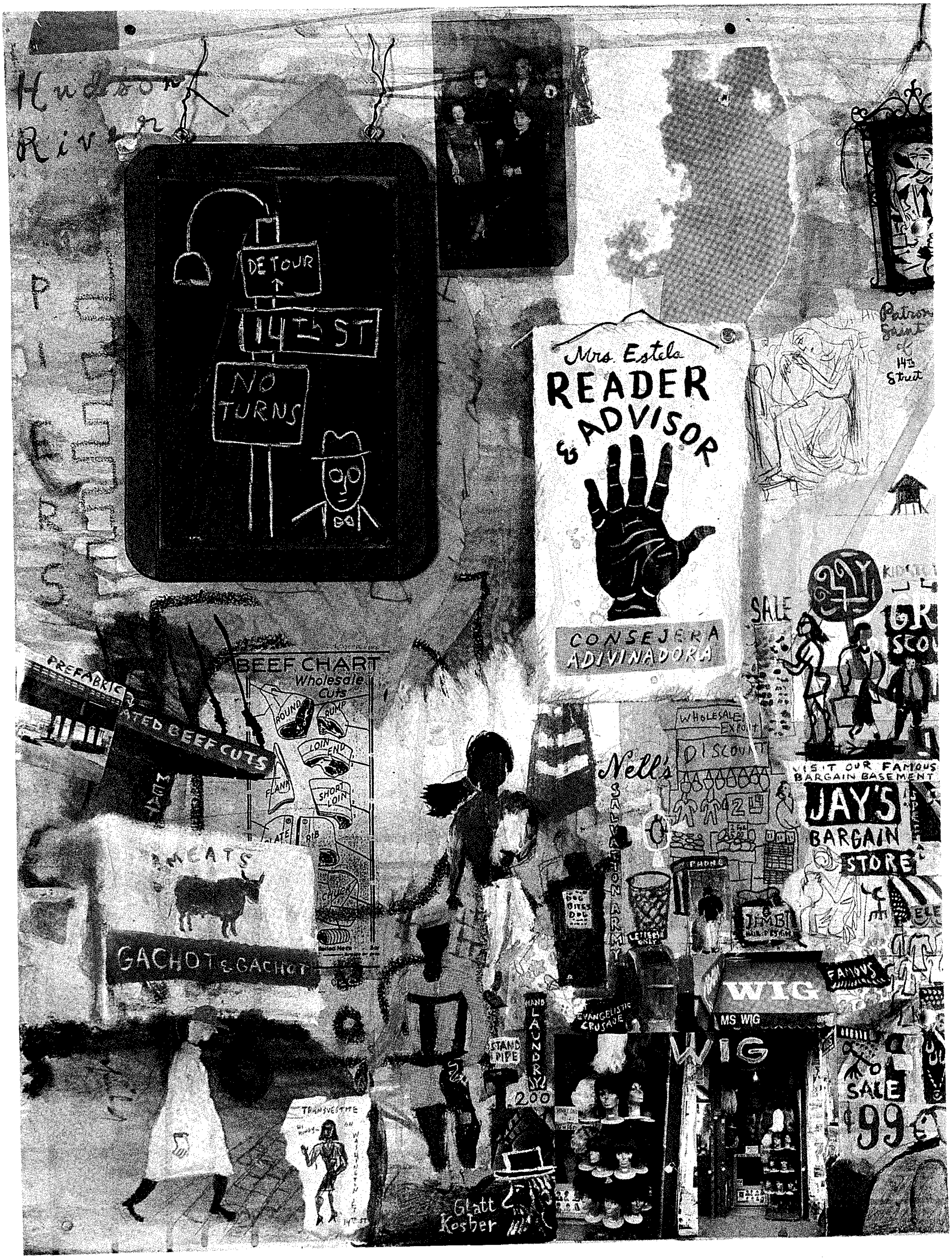
by Josh Gosfield

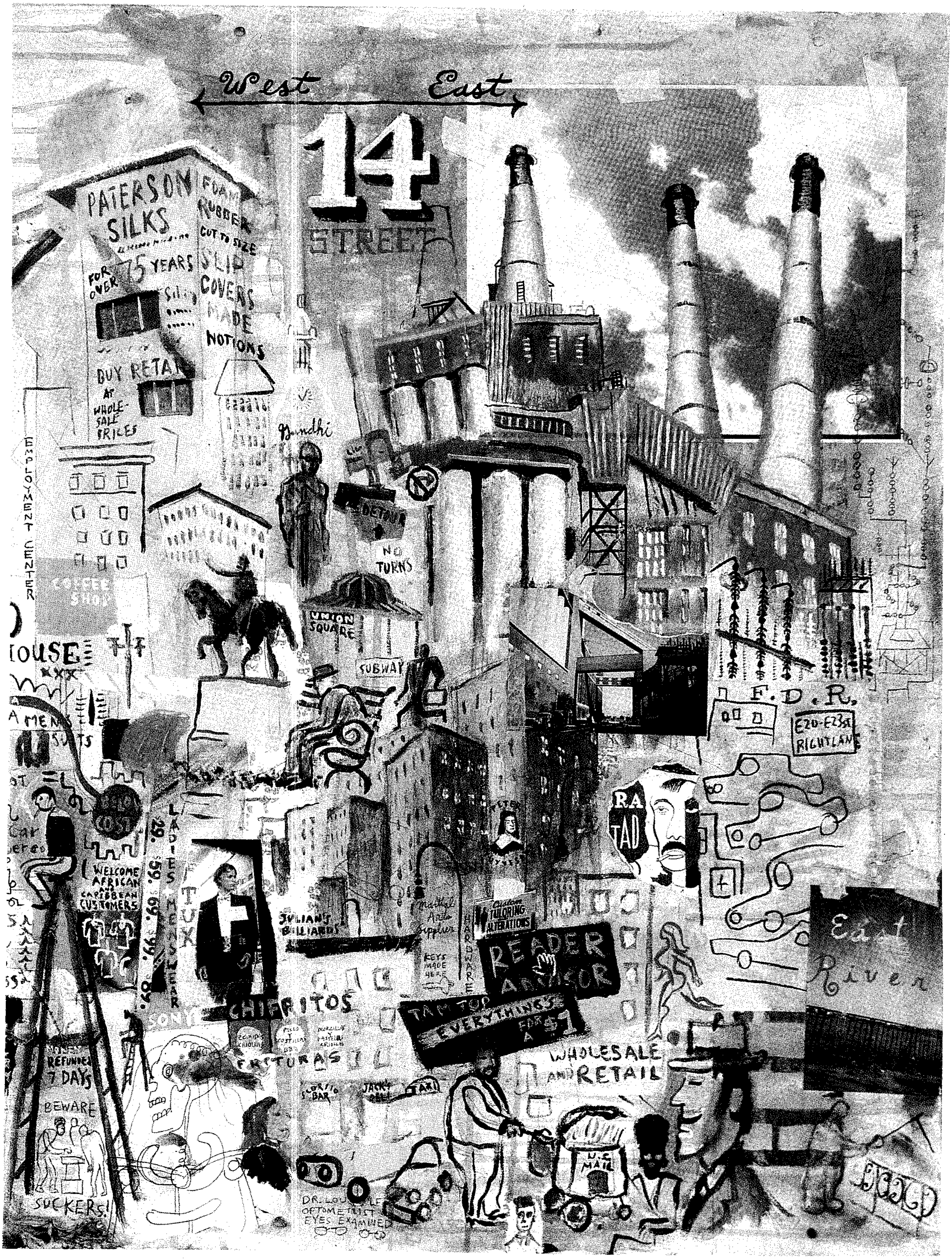
FOURTEENTH runs seventeen blocks—they're long, "avenue" blocks—from river to river. "Under Construction" and "For Rent" are frequent signs. Except for a single block, on the north side only—Union Square—aesthetics are not the point. The Vermeer-beautiful cobbles along the loading docks of Gansevoort Market, between Hudson Street and the Hudson, are there for a purpose: they support the wholesale-meat trucks by day and trip up the hookers by night. The flashiness of bargain stores that line much of the street's south side is utilitarian flash. It exists only to call attention to the availability of knockoff watches, mass-market stirrup pants ("4.99!") and bath towels ("2.99!"), ninety-nine-cent leopard-print panties: cheap stuff.

At 9 A.M. on a Saturday, the bargain-store men are already lifting their stores' steel shutters, and setting up the outdoor bins, and each is positioning a chair or a step stool or a full-sized stepladder at the curb in front of his store. Some of the ladders have rags taped onto the top step; the men will have to sit there. This year, almost every store has a small tub of water on the sidewalk outside, for displaying the (new!) swimming plastic frog. In summer, a *piragüero* will set up his block of ice somewhere and start making *piraguas*—shaved-ice cones, flavored with lemon or tamarind syrup. In the fall, the street food is falafel, tacos, churros, honey-roasted peanuts. By noon, the north side of Fourteenth is the express sidewalk; the south side is for strolling or stopping. At the curb, street venders' folding tables alternate with the ladders. Some specialties: batteries, saints' medallions, essential oils, sweaters, Webster's Dictionary. The battery man says, "*Uno peso*, wandolla, wandolla!" If a passerby hesitates even a second, all the men on the ladders call, "*Entra!* Over here, *mira!* Over here! Hey, checkidow-checkidow! Inside! Inside! Inside! Inside!" Nowhere else can a plain pedestrian feel so indispensable.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN




Hudson River
PIERS
DETOUR
14th ST
NO TURNS
Mrs. Estela
READER & ADVISOR
CONSEJERA ADIVINADORA
Patron Saint of 14th Street
SALE
PREFABRICATED BEEF CUTS
MEAT
BEEF CHART
Wholesale Cuts
ROUND
RUMP
LOIN END
FLANK
SHORT LOIN
PLATE
RIB
CHUCK
MEATS
GACHOT & GACHOT
Nell's
SALVATION ARMY
WHOLESALE EXPORT
DISCOUNT
PHONE
DOG BITES
VISIT OUR FAMOUS BARGAIN BASEMENT
JAY'S BARGAIN STORE
FAMOUS
WIG
MS WIG
HAND LAUNDRY
STAND PIPE
200
EVANGELISTIC CRUSADE
TRANSVESTITE
14th ST
Glatt Kosher
SALE
$99


West
East
14
STREET
PATERSON SILKS
FOR OVER 75 YEARS
BUY RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES
FOAM RUBBER CUT TO SIZE
SLIP COVERS MADE
NOTIONS
EMPLOYMENT CENTER
COFFEE SHOP
HOUSE
Gandhi
DETOUR
NO TURNS
UNION SQUARE
SUBWAY
F.D.R.
E20-E23 St RIGHT LANE
MENS SUITS
LOW COST
WELCOME AFRICAN AND CARIBBEAN CUSTOMERS
.29 .59 .69 .99 .69
LADIES MENSWEAR
TUX
SONY
JULIAN'S BILLIARDS
Martial Arts Supplies
KEYS MADE HERE
HARDWARE
Custom TAILORING ALTERATIONS
READER ADVISOR
CHIFRITOS
FRITURAS
TAM TOP
EVERYTHING'S FOR A $1
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
MONEY REFUNDED 7 DAYS
BEWARE
SUCKERS!
SCORPIO BAR
JACK'S DELI
TAXI
DR. LOU
OPTOMETRIST
EYES EXAMINED
U.S. MAIL
East River

FICTION

ONE-WOMAN BLUES REVIVAL

by Ralph Lombreglia

As Lisa drove to the radio station, it started raining again, a cold, prickly rain that made her windshield look like a special effect on TV—the world dissolving into something else, one luminous dot at a time. And not a moment too soon, she thought. Cut. Fade to sunny seashore scene. It had been raining now for more than a week, and this was mud season to begin with, when the snowmelt came down from the mountains. The mantle of the earth was mush. Struggling to open the hood of her quixotic car this morning, she'd stepped on her front lawn, and it sucked the boot off her foot. Water stains were etched on her ceilings, like antique maps of her craggy heart.

She left the wipers off and turned on the radio instead. Milo Puccini, who had the show before hers, was playing a new cover of "Over the Rainbow" by Brain Bandage, a group of cyberpoppers from Secaucus, New Jersey, whose music featured hostile military drumming, phase-shifted guitar fuzz, drugged boys chanting, and—you had to hand it to them—a Chicano trumpet section, which took you by surprise. But, Chicano trumpets or not, it was still robot music, revelling in its own soullessness. Lisa didn't get it—kids and their trips these days. When she was in college, she'd taken a cultural-history course with a professor whose favorite phenomenon was the "sunset effect"—the tendency of things to get most garish just before they disappear—and that was how she explained pop music to herself now: a tremulous thing glowing weirdly in the dusk, like phosphorescent lichens on fallen trees.

It was Lisa's job to defy the darkness, to keep the old light shining. She did the classic-rock show on WWHY in Hollyfield, Vermont—ten in the morning to four in the afternoon. She'd done it for seven years. She played all the great stuff on her show, with emphasis on the tunes you would have heard when the station was founded, twenty years before—back when the whole town wore Guatemalan peasant blouses and ate umeboshi plums. She didn't personally go back that far. But neither was she a newborn like Milo here, fresh out of Hollyhock College on the hill.

The sopping landscape was disappearing nicely. She shivered and turned up the heat in her old Toyota. It was a homely little stump of a car from the early nineteen-eighties. You still saw a lot of them on the road—never-say-die vehicles, which usually came in blue, orange, or white. Lisa had found one in metallic mocha. She was lucky that way. But hers was saying die. It had taken twenty minutes to get the thing going this morning, and every time she hit a puddle it almost conked out. It didn't like to be wet. Neither did she. She had an image of Mitchell, her husband, somewhere warm and dry, with some little someone, enjoying the idea of his wife in misery. It was a thoroughly irrational thought—Mitchell wasn't aware of her misery and, as far as she knew, he wasn't seeing anybody—but at least it was more rational than her sleepless conviction at 3 A.M. that Mitchell was somehow making it rain. It was a strange thing, estrangement. And *she'd* left *him*.

When she couldn't see the painted line on the road, she chickened out and flipped the wipers to high, and something better happened than the mere reappearance of the world. The wipers were exactly in synch with "Over the Rainbow," hitting it right on the backbeat, fitting in fine with the android groove. More than fine: they were the most happening thing on the tune. And when, bit by bit, the wipers went out of phase, Lisa kept time with them and let "Over the Rainbow" deconstruct itself. Brain Bandage would have liked that, and for that reason she arrived in the station parking lot liking them more. But she couldn't account for the drive that got her there. She'd flown the whole trip on autopilot, something she'd been doing more and more these days. So far, nothing bad had happened. Maybe her shrink was right, and it really was her subconscious mind she was supposed to trust, even for the allegedly conscious things.

She should have seen the end coming when she started conducting her marriage through the dog. But it began innocently enough; even Mitchell had found it amusing at first. The dog was a black Lab named Jesse, which Lisa had bought two years ago. She'd always wanted a puppy. Mitchell had always opposed getting one. He didn't really care for living things; it was all he could do not to kick her cat. Lisa was suspicious when he finally relented, but she hoped his heart had opened to the concept of family. She didn't deny that Jesse was her surrogate son, and soon she was talking to him that way. When Mitchell came home after work, she'd say, "Look, Jesse, Daddy's home! I wonder if Daddy got those groceries the way I asked him." If Mitchell was in a good mood, he'd say, "Yes, Jesse, I got the groceries. They're in these paper bags your mommy can see perfectly well I'm carrying. And now I wonder if Mommy's planning to cook my dinner for me." They had some yuks doing the communication riff with Jesse. But then Lisa started doing it more and more, for all the stuff that was really pissing her off. "Well, Jesse," she might say, "I thought your daddy could sit and talk to me for a while, but I guess he'd prefer to catalogue his record collection some more." Or, "What do you know, Jesse? Daddy's in another one of his crummy moods." By the end, she wasn't saying anything to Mitchell except by telling it to the hound. It was confusing for Jesse, poor beast, especially when the screaming started.

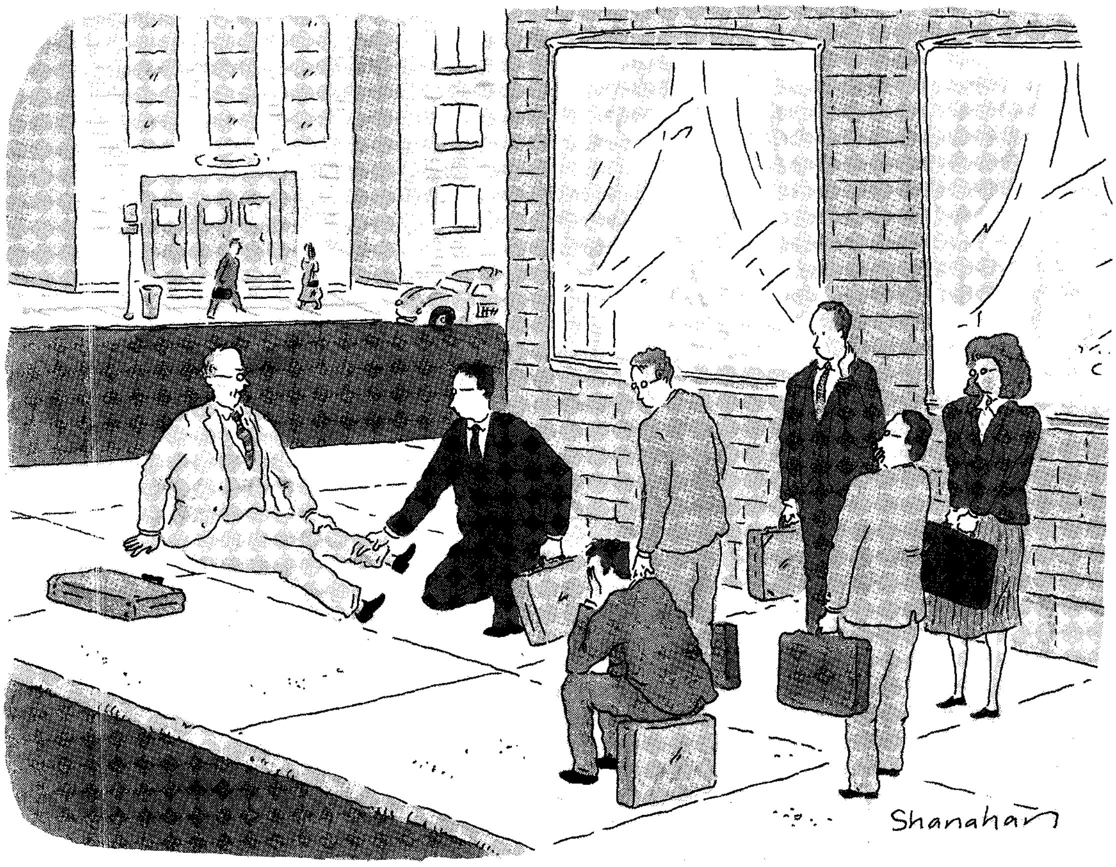
Mitchell, a mercurial man, owned the record store in Hollyfield. Four months ago, Lisa had left him after eight years of marriage. He hadn't been abusive, exactly. He was just a self-centered goon, whose charm of a decade before had dissolved entirely in his mania for collecting artifacts and memorabilia of the history of rock and roll, in particular anything having to do with the life and career of Elvis Presley. Mitchell had come into this world as a normal Presley fan, but he'd evolved into one of those people who buy black velvet paintings of Elvis, and bourbon bottles shaped like the King in Vegas, and don't see anything funny about it. He attended rock-nostalgia trade shows. He *corresponded* with other collectors. For eight years, he had pretended to be preparing himself—mentally, financially—for the child Lisa wanted to have, and then he announced that he thought a dog and a cat were sufficient. It was an incredibly lucky break for men that women were nonviolent.

When Lisa decided to move out, she got the notion of a cabin in the woods—just she and Jesse and the cat, away from Hollyfield and everyone who knew her and Mitchell together. She would purify herself with a winter alone and then start her life again in the spring, reborn with the bees and the daffodils. It seemed like a good idea at the time. Now, after that winter in the woods, analyzing her life, she was at the edge of the map, where it says "Here be dragons." She should have sampled some other opinions—Milo's maybe. You'd never catch Milo falling for the old bucolic fantasy. Or Brain Bandage. Brain Bandage would have stayed right there in town with the empty mill buildings and the crowded bars.

She found an early-nineteen-sixties ranch-style house for rent five miles into the country—a joyless little box that in any location but the redemptive woods of Vermont would have bummed out the Buddha. The house had a redwood deck overlooking the back yard, and that had clinched it for Lisa—standing on the deck with the realtor, looking into the evergreens. The realtor was a matronly woman named Louise, who said the woods were full of wild pink dogwoods in the spring. A yearning possessed Lisa to see songbirds land in the salmon-colored blossoms. She wanted to sit on the deck with her coffee at dawn and watch bunnies hop in her parcel of lawn. She dismissed the long, cold months she'd have to spend inside the house, which had been rented for years by two old-time hippie couples who'd left the four simple rooms in terrible shape. They'd left other things, too, including a plastic bag full of pennies on the kitchen counter, like an offering to something or someone (the Maharishi, perhaps, whose image adorned a lapel button stuck to a corkboard by the phone), and a note, pushpinned to the basement door, that read, "Peace be on this troubled place."

It crushed Lisa's spirit to step through the glass doors of WWHY's one-story bunker, but at least it wasn't raining in there. If she'd been paying attention in the past year, she'd have seen that bad architecture was enveloping her existence like the aura announcing an epileptic attack. For twenty years, the station had been housed in a funky old Victorian on the campus side of town, a former Hollyhock women's dorm that contained the whole essence of WWHY. But six months before Lisa left Mitchell, the struggling station was bought by a speculator named Otto, who also owned this cinder-block abomination out on Route 100. So far, he'd done nothing to his new acquisition but rip it up by its roots and drag it across town. Lisa doubted he'd ever mess with the programming. Musically, Otto was at the plaid-pants end of the dial, and some other local descendants of Lawrence Welk already had a station up there, wallpapering their assigned frequency with easy-listening goo. If Otto believed in anything, he believed in markets, and everybody knew what WWHY's market was—Hollyhock College and the bands of hippie leftovers living all through these beautiful green hills of Vermont.

Another glass door gave onto the hallway, its cinder-block walls made to resemble nougat candy by a thick coat of



"It's badly sprained, McElroy, and you know as well as I do that I'd only slow you down. Go on without me—and that's a direct order!"

"I'm told he's very big on the West Coast."

pastel-speckled rubberized paint. The whole building belonged under the earth—a genuine bunker, where you could stare at soft-serve concrete till you ran out of water, ate the cat food and then the cats, and finally climbed out to see what was left. We should be breathing through tubes, thought Lisa, walking down the hall. Milo was in the announcer's booth, his Eraserhead haircut partially obscured by the big white headphones adorning his ears like landing lights. Lisa made a face at him through the glass, but he didn't see. Rodney, engineering in the opposite booth, opened his mike and spoke into Milo's phones. Milo turned and saw Lisa, and began slapping his watch. I know, I know, she answered, mouthing the words. She was forty minutes late.

Rodney beamed through his dusty wire rims as she entered his booth. If you needed a techie in your life, a man with a nice wad of keys on his belt, you wanted it to be Rodney. He was the original engineer of WWHY and its chief engineer today—the only member of the staff with an actual license from the F.C.C. He resembled the young Thomas Edison, right down to the shoes, though he wasn't really young anymore. Nobody was, except Milo.

"How about these great sounds, Rod?" Lisa said, plopping into a chair.

"Milo's music upsets me," Rodney replied.

"Really? Some mindless dolts using a million bucks of studio time to make stupid, pointless ugliness? What's upsetting about that?"

He looked up from the clump of audio cables he was untangling. It seemed as if he'd been untangling them for a while now. "I guess it's just me," he said.

There was a sad story you always heard about Rodney, and if you hadn't heard it he would tell you himself, with the most heartbreaking earnestness. Owing to some boyhood mishap, he had a metal plate in his head. That wasn't the story. The story was that one night in the early seventies, some d.j.s at the station talked Rodney into smoking marijuana with them, something he'd never done before. The pot interacted with his plate in some unprecedented neuro-metallurgical way, shifting valences or unleashing ion fields in his brain, with the result that he never came back down. The fun-loving d.j.s laughed when he told them the next night. They assured him that he was imagining it. But he wasn't. He waited a few more days, then a week, and nothing changed. He never touched a reefer after that night, and he'd been stoned for two decades now.

"What are you doing here?" Lisa asked. Rodney rarely officiated over particular radio shows—twiddling the knobs and watching the meters. The transmitter itself was his sphere of operations now, out in the hills. Lisa thought of it as a furnace that Rodney stoked, heroically, all by himself.

"We got a bone in our throat around 4 A.M."

"No kidding. Did we die?"

"Briefly."

"Do you have any bigger bones?"

They laughed. On the other side of the glass, Milo was wearing a pink T-shirt that said "Elvis Came from Mars" below a picture of the young Mr. Presley singing out of the side of his horsy, carnal mouth. The T-shirt troubled Lisa out of all proportion to what it said. Quite possibly Elvis *had* come from Mars—she'd had the thought more than once herself, in connection with the King's possession of her estranged husband's soul. But this apprehension went beyond Mitchell and her marriage; she felt it coming from farther down. For weeks she'd been this way, plunging into deep anxiety over the slightest things. It was partly the relentless rain. She wheeled her chair over and put her cheek on Rodney's shoulder. He smelled musty—mildewed, in fact—but so did everything these days. She hadn't been on a date since leaving her husband, and now it was the weekend again, and she wanted to go out with somebody, just somebody nice and not somebody she already knew, either, which ruled out everyone.

Behind the glass, Milo was scowling at her while some head-banging travesty whacked away on the monitors. "Hello, Lisa," he said, his voice floating over the music like the Wizard of Oz's. "Thank you for coming to do your radio show this morning."

Lisa and Milo agreed on only one thing in life, but it was something so fundamental that it made them friends—the vileness of “mellow.” She leaned into Rodney’s mike. “Milo, give me a break, will you? My car wouldn’t start in the rain, and then it kept conking out all the way over here. I got about two hours’ sleep, because my bedroom smells like a landfill and a monster raccoon runs through my floor all night. My dog wakes up and barks at 3 A.M., my cat starts yowling, and my shrink is now pushing survivors’ groups and light meds.”

“Survivors of what?” Rodney asked.

“What kind of light meds?” asked Milo.

“Marriage and downers,” Lisa replied.

Milo stared at her, gnomelike beneath the big phones, while his ravagers of beauty finished their song. Then he opened his mike to the world. “All right, everybody,” he announced, “our very own flower child, Miss Lisa, is finally here to do her show. Please be nice to her today. Her car won’t run in the rain, so she parked it at the dump and lives in it now with her dog and her cat and her raccoon. They take bad medicine and never go to sleep. If her husband is listening, she’s not coming back. It’s a sad story. But the old girl can still rock and roll, so let’s segue into those classic moldies with the new one from Lizard Euphoria, a little thing they call ‘Want Slash Need.’ ” Then Milo spun the tune, if tune it could be called, and pried the headphones off his head.

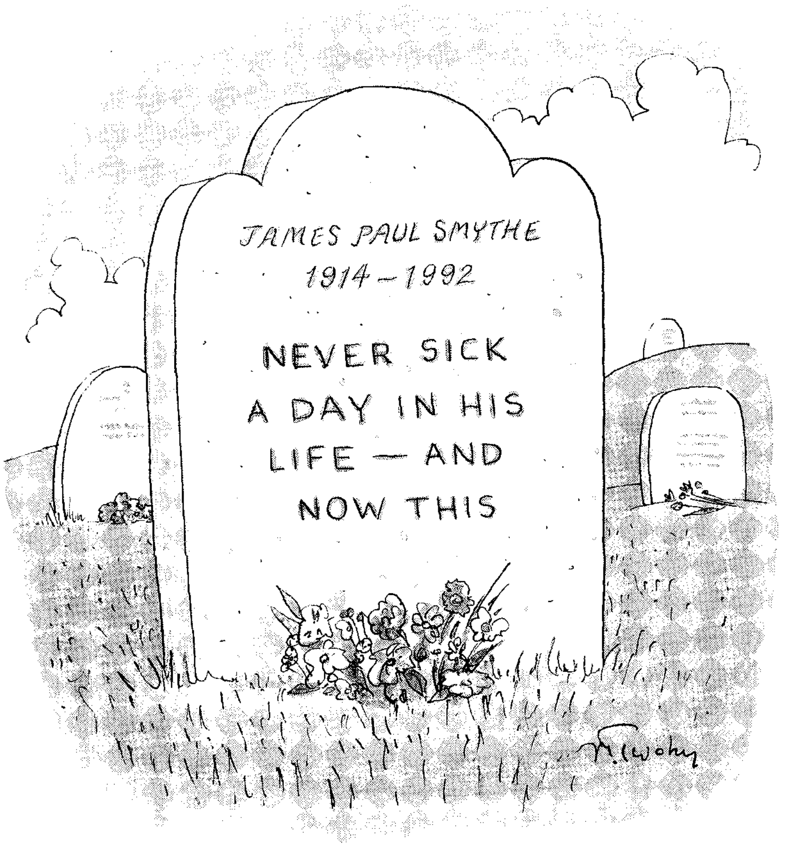
Which somehow caused Lisa to figure it out. It wasn’t really about Elvis at all. The picture of the King on Milo’s shirt was taken in 1957—the year her father threw her bottle in the sea. She’d been thinking about it in the shower this very morning. It happened on a Jersey-shore vacation with her folks when she was three years old. She was playing beside her parents’ beach blanket, dropping her bottle in the sand and then crying because it had sand on it. Her mother cleaned it off for her four or five times, and then the next time she dropped it the old man leaped up and flung it into the waves. That was how Lisa was weaned. Thirty-five years later, a T-shirt was making her feel bad about this. So it was true: she was hysterical. All the stray garbage signals of the world had found their satellite dish, and its name was Lisa. Her father was dead now, meaning he was truly alive. Alive forever. Leaving her husband had brought him back; she thought about him every day.

Milo poked his head into engineering. “I’m playing the long mix of this,” he said. “Seven minutes.”

“Milo,” said Lisa, “promise me something or I’m gonna worry. Don’t go in Mitchell’s store wearing that shirt, O.K.? He’s weird about Elvis.”

“Mitchell weird?” Milo said. He looked down to see what shirt he was wearing. “Lisa, I drive all the way to Brattleboro to buy music, just so I won’t have to set foot in Mitchell’s store, ever, for any reason. No matter what I’m wearing.”

Lisa shot him with a gun-shaped hand that meant “Good thinking.”


JAMES PAUL SMYTHE
1914 – 1992
NEVER SICK A DAY IN HIS LIFE — AND NOW THIS

“I don’t shop at Mitchell’s store, either,” said Rodney. “He yelled at me once, and all I was doing was looking through the bins.”

“Yeah, but how many hours had you been looking?” Milo asked.

“I don’t keep track of things like that, Milo.”

Lisa lifted her head from Rodney’s shoulder and thought, He’s really a very sweet man. She wheeled her chair back to take a look at him. He’d shaved himself badly the day before, leaving a patch of brown-gray stubble under one nostril, and several more on his neck. No, Rodney was not the answer. She stood and kissed his cheek. “You’re not the answer, either,” she told Milo.

“What’s the question?”

“What is Lisa doing for the rest of her life?” she said, and gave herself to the fluorescent hallway, the shining linoleum path to the coffee machine.

“She’s doing the classic-rock show on WWHY!”

“Oh, no,” she said, not looking back. “No, no, no.” Though it was perverse and destructive, she allowed herself the thought that she was old enough to be Milo’s mother, simply so that she could enjoy the consolation of the subsequent thought: But I would have had to get started awfully early. And then she recalled that she *had* got started awfully early.

She yelped once in the coffee room and poured herself a mug of the black acid bath in the Mr. Coffee carafe. One of Milo’s pre-dawn survival tricks was to put three foil bags of ground coffee in the filter instead of one, and then coax the results past his tongue with heavy measures of nondairy creamer. He had left the morning arrivals to figure this out for themselves.

She had a sip of sludge. She knew a very nice gay man, H.I.V. negative, who donated sperm to lesbian couples in the area. She never thought she’d join the ranks of the turkey-baster

NIGHT TRAVELLERS

Rising from Newark I see the cars of the homebound commuters assembled like migrating caravans.
Lush as glowworms, gregarious as electric eels in their dusty blue Hondas and plush Monte Carlos,
they jam the tollways and access roads, flood the exits and passing lanes, circle the sinuous clover leafs
until they are nothing but rivers of dun and aluminum and butter-colored light,
arterial channels of ivory and gold, pythons transmuting the freeway web to luminous honeycomb.
Now I see the Trojan horses of industry, refineries and loading docks at Elizabeth.
Now the magic kingdom itself, Manhattan, pathologically lucid on Midsummer's Eve,
which according to the book I'm trying to lose myself in as we shudder to scale the oxygen stairwell
was the optimal hour for witches' transport by broomstick and airborne bread paddle,
the dancing of mad hags under Venus Mountain and the Wild Hunt's enchanted stampede,
covenants and covens, auguries and invocations, henbane, belladonna, elderberry, nightshade,
as the travellers to Hackensack and Scotch Plains must suffer the runes and rituals of unemancipated flight,
hubbed enumerations and the tokens of interchange, the ghosts of evening loosed from back-yard barbecues
as from the window I hear the song of baseball cards in bicycle spokes and crickets in the neighbors' lawn,
lost summers of crabgrass, resin of oak leaves, taste of chalk from the window screen
as I wait for the sound of my father's car in the driveway, Ford Falcon, 1963,
as even now I imagine the children are sent to bed with patio voices and the urn-light of fireflies in jelly-jar sarcophagi,
all the children in all the suburbs, tens of thousands, millions of them, rising into the air in striped pajamas,
hovering like midget astronauts, tiny inmates in coonskin caps, convict stars above a nation of lawn chairs and tinkling ice cubes
and sprinklers whirling like tireless apostles, the beautiful sprinklers casting their nets, whispering silver apologies to the dust.
Now the airnurse is passing out thimbles of whiskey, the pilot has spoken of altitude and trajectory,
vectors, velocity, how distance reduces to speed over time, the ways our lives reduce
to intervals of burnished light on the freeway, a ritual semaphore of stop-and-go traffic, sleepy kisses, radio static,
the invisible jet stream propelling us forward as the past recedes like farmland beneath our wings.
There are no spells against this grief, no incantations to bridge the longings of memory,
days and nights I cherish far better than projected wind speed or nomenclature of root salves.
I don't really know when midsummer falls or sign of hemlock or if the moon has risen at all beyond the acetylene clouds,
but I am rising to 31,000 feet and as far as I can see there is nothing but darkness
and nothing on this craft but bourbon and water and light the color of bourbon and water to ease the fire of our passage.

—CAMPBELL McGRATH

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moms, but it was starting to look like either that or become Lisa Harrington, Raccoon Lady of Hollyfield, Vermont.

IT had been a dumb move to feed the raccoon in the first place, she'd be the first to admit it. But he was cute and she was lonely. Recipe for trouble.

Her rented house had a pantry window facing the redwood deck in back. Since the end of the bitter-cold weather, she'd been leaving it open so Sergeant Pepper, her cat, could come and go at will. One evening after dinner, cleaning up at the sink, she sensed Sarge in the corner of her eye. When she turned to look, it wasn't him. It was a mammoth raccoon on the windowsill, looking at her with his broad, masked face. He was moving his pointy nose all around, smelling the pantry smells. The long black nails of his hands hung over the edge of the sill.

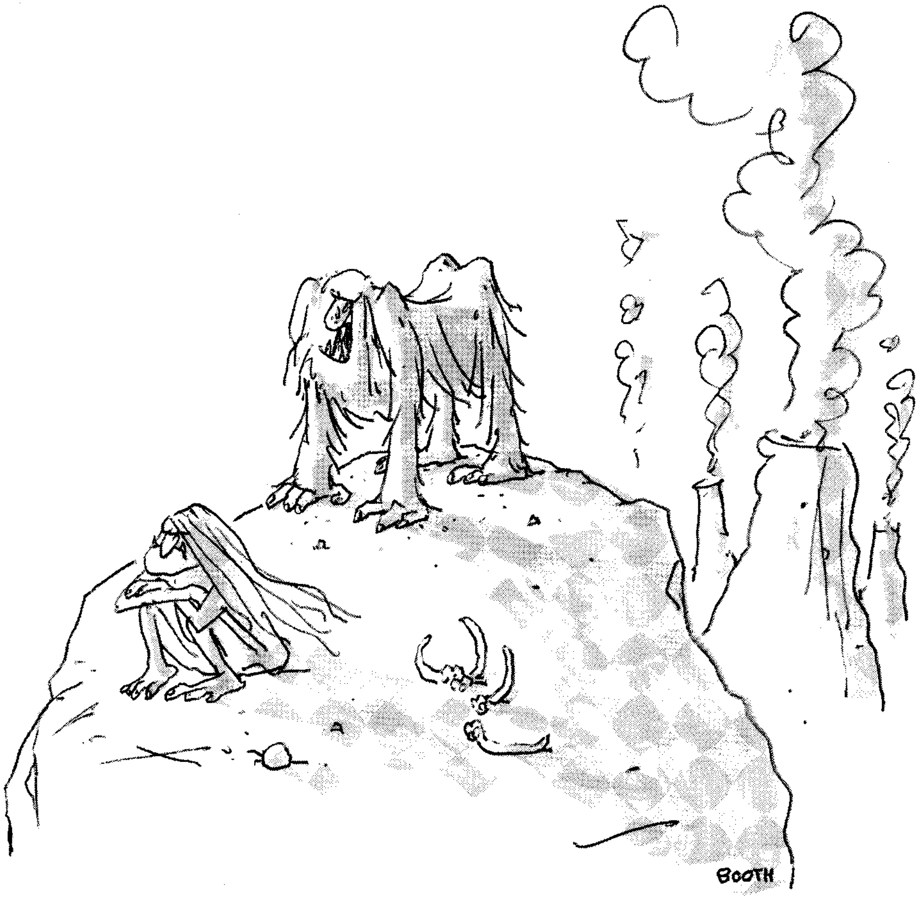
You couldn't live in Vermont without seeing lots of raccoons, but she'd never seen one this close up, or this big. She'd certainly never seen one sitting in a pantry window, so trusting and calm. She felt, after all these unsatisfactory years of adulthood, that she might finally be in a fairy tale. "Who the hell are you?" she said. "Do you talk?" To her great disappointment, he did not.

Jesse was sleeping on the living-room rug. Lisa stepped into the pantry, and, far from *running* away, Sparky—she'd already named him Sparky in her mind—came a little farther in. Quietly, she took bowls of cat kibble and water out the back door to the deck. Sparky waited on the railing, rising on his hind legs to sniff the air and flex his slender hands. When Lisa went back in, he hopped down and ate the food while she watched through the door. She had to keep the window closed from then on; otherwise Jesse would kill Sparky on her kitchen floor, or Sparky would kill Sergeant Pepper on the redwood deck. Somebody would kill somebody. When Sparky came the following night, he scratched adorably on the glass. Lisa bumped him up to Sarge's canned provisions—Elegant Entrée, Liver in Creamed Gravy, Tuna in Sauce.

Beyond the town limits, they didn't send a garbage truck to your house; Lisa had to take her own trash to the dump once a week. Between trips she kept her bags in the basement against the cool stone wall. A week after Sparky arrived, she went to take another bag down, and a stench came up the stairs. She crouched on the steps with the flashlight. Every garbage bag was ripped open. She sent Jesse first and then followed him down, tiptoeing in her flat shoes around the scattered trash. The dog wriggled through the basement like a large black muscle, vacuuming the floor with his snout. Periodically, he stopped to scratch himself, and it made Lisa feel itchy, too. Her ankles bristled. Didn't I shave my legs this morning? she thought, glancing down at the stubble there. She could have sworn she did. The light in the basement was bad, but she seemed to have hair on her feet as well. Then she saw the stubble hopping.

She shrieked and ran upstairs, and washed her legs in the tub, spritzed her rubber boots with flea spray and went back downstairs. Jesse was still on a psychedelic nose trip at the far end of the room. In the yellow light of the bare bulb, Lisa saw the black particles of fleas rush away from her boots like iron filings repelled by magnetism. Thousands of them were flicking around the concrete floor amid piles of white dust and plaster scraps she'd never noticed before. She glanced up at the ceiling. It was all busted—holes punched through it in many places, irregular clumps of white solids dangling by threads.

It took her a second to understand what this was. Sparky, the fat hog, had been running in the space between the ceiling and the floor upstairs, breaking through the plaster wherever it wouldn't hold his weight.



"There were hooves in my lunch! I told you I don't like hooves."

• •

MILO's musical parting shot was pure thrashing rudeness, but it gave Lisa four minutes in the record library. She arrived in the booth with a stack of CDs, put on her phones, and cued up a disk. She was supposed to do a station I.D. followed by spots for a waterbed store and a Chinese takeout place, but they'd wait. She pulled a slider on the console to kill Lizard Euphoria, pushed another slider open, hit the button, and—*wham!*—Jimi Hendrix cracked the gloom with "Still Raining, Still Dreaming," the only song Lisa could possibly play to start a radio show today, because it *was* still raining and she *was* still dreaming, and because if raccoons talked they'd sound like the amazing wah-wah guitar Hendrix played on this tune.

Lay back and dream on a rainy day. Jimi made her feel so much better that she went on to his version of "Red House," a blues she dedicated to herself, because her raccoon-and-flea-infested house was red. By the time the great man shook his strings through the first chorus, she had figured out what to do: an all-day blues marathon. Her condition called for the heavy medicine. I'm a one-woman blues revival, she thought, and ran to the record library again.

"How about some B. B. King, everybody?" she said when she was back in her d.j. chair, and the Master riffed on Lucille, his famous guitar. "Now let's hear from the other King," she told radioland, "and I do mean Albert," and Mr. Blues Power ripped into one, followed by Buddy and Freddie and Muddy and Memphis. She did a whole half hour of the Wolf, and calls came in on the listener line. They were liking this out there. She'd struck a nerve with these blues. It must have been the weather, not to mention the economy these days. Vermont was more depressed than Lisa was. Last month, the station had run a news piece on the numbers of people eating road kill to get through the winter.

Maybe she could get someone to eat Sparky, she thought, answering the flashing phone. No, she didn't want Sparky on a spit. She just wanted him out of her house.

The man on the line was all worked up and couldn't speak English very well. "This is best radio I hear since I come to this country!" he exclaimed.

"Glad you like it," said Lisa.

"I love blues!" he said.

"Great. What's your name?"

"Tommy T.!"

"Tommy T. That's your name?"

"Yes! I grow up with this blues!"

He sounded Eastern European—Czech or Polish or something like that. "And where was that, Tommy? Where you grew up. Gdansk?"

He was silent for a second inside her phones. "You have excellent ear," he said. "My home is near Gdansk."

Lisa laughed. "I was kidding, Tommy. It was a joke, you know? Lech

Walesa? Solidarity? Gdansk shipyards?"

"Yes!" he said. "Why is Gdansk joke?"

"It's not. I meant that Gdansk is the only thing people like me know about your country, so I mentioned it."

"Oh."

"Would you like to request a song, Tommy?"

"I know how your car is breaking!"

" 'I Know How Your Heart Is Breaking.' Sounds familiar. Who did it?"

"No! You! Your car!"

"*My* heart is breaking. As a matter of fact, it is, Tommy. But just how did you happen to know that?"

"The man on radio tell about it. Before."

A man on the radio told him my heart was breaking, thought Lisa. One way you knew you'd plunged to the deep, hidden crux of reality was that the strange people started calling you up. It happened to Lisa periodically—clusters of crazies ringing her phone.

"Tommy, have you ever noticed how other people's license plates contain secret messages meant for you alone?" He fell silent. Lisa recalled that she was strange now herself, and shouldn't be casting stones. She had a James Cotton song going with twenty seconds left to run and there was nothing else cued up. "I have to put you on hold," she said, and hit the button for Rodney's booth. "Rod, talk to this guy for me, will you? I can't figure him out."

She flipped through some disks. The station had a brand-new CD copy of "Layla," by Derek and the Dominos—an immortal creation that contained, as she remembered it, an astounding version of "Have You Ever Loved a Woman?" It was a song about a man in love with his best friend's wife, which Eric Clapton actually had been at the time. That was why it was astounding. If you didn't know, you knew the instant you heard his guitar.

She let it roll and punched Rodney again. "So what's the story?"

"Food. Music. People. You're on your own."

"He's from Poland."

"I got that."

"His whole life is the blues."

"I sort of got that, too."

"He came to America to play blues guitar. He wants to fix your car."

She unravelled this for a second. "Oh, my car."

"Yeah, what did you think?"

"Never mind." He was a guitar bum who also worked on cars. Why did those things always go together? And here was evidence that it went well beyond America—to Poland, of all places. Didn't that prove it was something in the structure of the male brain? She got back on the phone.

"You play Eric Clapton!" Tommy exclaimed.

"I do that sometimes. But this one's for you, Tommy."

"Thank you!"

"I understand you play the blues."

"Yes! I am blues-guitar player!"

"A guitar player who fixes cars? I've never heard of that."

"I am fixing car for living. You stall in puddle, yes?"

"Yes. Right. But now it won't even start in the rain anymore."

"I know! Vapors! Wires getting wet! Not hard to fix. Great honor to fix blues lady's car. Please come to shop today. I fix for you!"

She did need to do something about the car, and her usual mechanic was Mitchell's best friend. "What's your real name, Tommy?"

He didn't answer right away. "Tomasz," he finally said. "Tomasz Tomachewski. But is no good for blues."

"I can see that. And where are you fixing cars, exactly?"

She knew the garage he was working at, and said she'd drop by after her show. She had a soft spot for Tommy T., because he reminded her of a feeble old joke she'd loved as a girl at summer camp—the one about a Polish window washer who frightens a woman on the phone. *I am viper. I am coming to you.*

"I am coming to you," she told Tommy T.

"I fix car for blues disk-jockey lady!" he declared.

THE garage where Tommy T. worked was a place Lisa had seen for years but never visited—a former gas station, it seemed, known now as Al's

Car Repair. She sputtered over there in the unending rain. Rodney had gleaned on the phone that Tommy knew someone who knew someone who knew Al, and that was how he'd got this job. He must have been an ace mechanic, but, even so, he was dumb lucky to be working at all; he'd only been in the States three months.

As if her car knew where they were, it hit a puddle in Al's potholed lot and died right there. She opened her door to the stinging weather. WWHY was playing loud in the shop. She got halfway across the lot when the world wobbled like a bad TV tube. In the dark mouth of the building, beside the stout chrome shaft of a lift, her father was working under a car. Not her father as she knew him last, but a man younger than she was now—the father who threw her bottle in the sea. He was wearing bluejeans and a red plaid shirt, and his straight brown hair fell to his shoulders like the prince in disguise in a story he used to read to her. She stopped in the lot and closed her eyes. In the red darkness, her father-prince emerged from the building with her bottle in his hand. When she opened her eyes, the real guy had come out holding a wrench. It wasn't her father in his late twenties, just a man who looked miraculously like him. "*Blues*?" he cried out.

She smiled and nodded her head. He came running over. He wanted to shake hands, but his were coated with engine grease, so he just waved the wrench around and babbled. He was a good five years younger than Lisa was, and he acted younger than that—the enthusiasm overdose combined with the language barrier, she supposed. But he wasn't the dark, self-involved guitar jock she'd expected. He was a big, cute puppy of a guy.

"I know, Tommy!" she finally got in. "You love the blues. You told me."

Two other guys came out, men in grubby overalls who wanted to see the lady d.j. "We always listen to your show!" one said.

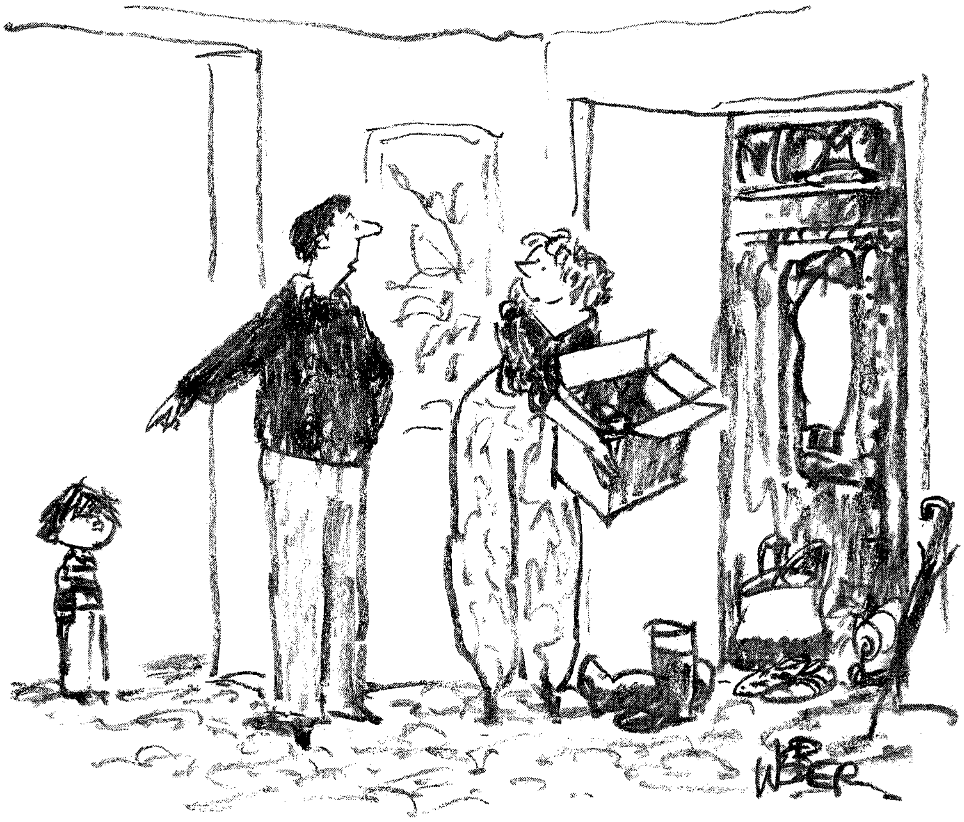
"We didn't think Tommy was really gonna call you," said the other.

"Tommy," Lisa said. "I hope you didn't call me on a dare."

Tommy didn't understand this.

"We didn't dare him to do nothin'," said the second guy. "It was his idea."

"If I close my eyes, it's just like the radio!" the first guy said.



"Philip has questioned my stewardship."

• •

People always said this. The guys pushed her car into a bay, where Tommy examined it for a while. It turned out she had bad corrosion of delicate parts, and the supplier was closed for the day. He would get replacement parts tomorrow, but her car had to stay the night.

"I ride you home," Tommy said, but first he had to wash his hands and show her his guitar and amp, which he had right there with him at Al's Car Repair. They were precious vintage Fenders, just like the ones the famous bluesmen played. He opened the guitar case and lifted a Stratocaster from the orange plush. It was blue. He held it up like a baby for Lisa to see.

"You bring this stuff to work with you, Tommy?"

"I worry if someone will steal. Also, maybe after working I jam. I must jam, Lisa!"

He had an old beat-up Dodge wagon, not the most confidence-inspiring vehicle for your new mechanic to be driving, but the heat and the wipers worked, and they were the essential things right then. The weather was revolting. Lisa thought, When I get back in my house, I'm not coming out till I see the sun, like a groundhog. Which reminded her. "You know anything about raccoons?"

He looked at her quizzically. "Animal?"

"Yeah, the animal." Tommy T. made her feel afresh the vast possibilities of America, where raccoons might be a brand name of something, or a rock band you'd never heard about. She spread her fingers across her face to mimic the masks of the woodsy creatures who seemed so cute till you discovered they were vermin, vicious and diseased. She had stopped feeding Sparky, but he came to her closed window every night anyway. When she banged on the glass to make him go away, he hissed at her—a frightening, feral hiss. "I think I have one in my basement."

"Not good when animal in house," Tommy said.

"Any animal? I have a dog and a cat."

"Dog is good! Why not dog get raccoon?"

"Because he'll kill it, Tommy."

"Good!"

"I don't want my dog killing things. Besides, raccoons have rabies. That raccoon could bite my dog and my dog could die."

This was hilarious to Tommy. "Raccoon not kill dog! Dog kill raccoon!"

At Lisa's house, he guided his big spongy boat into the horseshoe drive. She was unlocking her front door when she saw him getting his equipment out. "Tommy, it's perfectly safe here," she said, and gestured to the woods around them. "Nobody's gonna steal your stuff."

"Too cold for guitar in car," he said, hauling out the battered luggage of his sacred things.

Her heart sank at the adolescence of it, his obsessiveness about his stuff, but artists were like that, weren't they? It wasn't like being an Elvis fanatic. If you could find a man to love you the way Tommy T. loved his Fender guitar, you'd be all right.

She heard Jesse plop down from the bed when she opened the door. She'd been letting him sleep with her since moving out here—starting him out at the foot of the bed, but giving in until now he stretched out full-length, with his head on the pillow. He came down the hall like a cannonball, saw the man in the drive, and flew past Lisa out the door. Tommy had his guitar in one hand and his amp in the other, and no time to set them down. When the dog leaped, Tommy hoisted his knee, and Jesse landed on his back with a squeal Lisa had never heard him make. He got up and tried it again, and got the same thing from Tommy.

"No jump!" Tommy commanded. To Lisa's amazement, Jesse obeyed. "Heel!" Tommy said, and Jesse escorted him up the steps, all eye contact and lolling tongue. He'd met the alpha male Lisa was always hearing about from the obedience-school people.

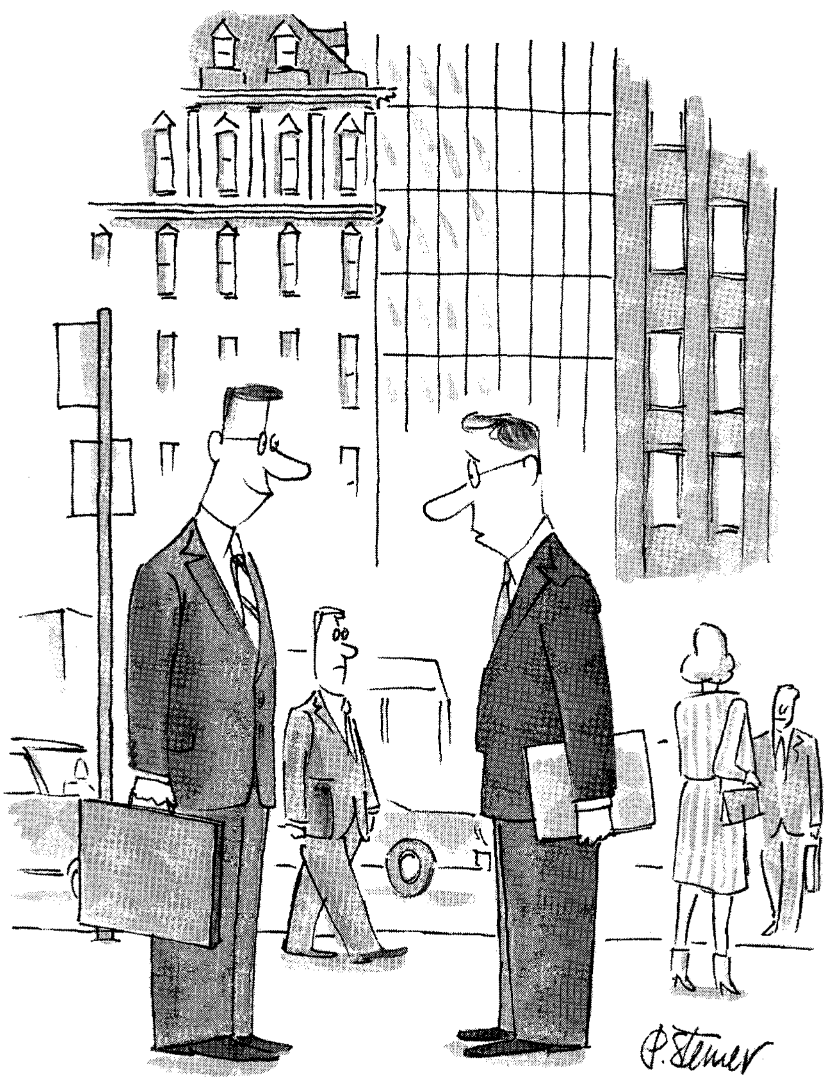
Tommy taught Jesse to sit while Lisa got the guitarist a beer. She wondered about the signal she was sending, having this stranger in her house, and thought she should get right to the raccoon. Sparky saved her the trouble. They heard the undeniable scrabbling of a sizable mammal in the floor.

"Oh, ho!" Tommy said, crouching to follow the sound to the pantry threshold, where a pipe came up from the basement. "Stay!" he told Jesse, his hand like a cop's. The hole in the floor was larger than the metal tube passing through it, and missing the decorative cuff used to finish such installations. Tommy beckoned Lisa over. In the gap between floorboards and pipe, she saw the eye of a raccoon.

"He watch us!" Tommy whispered.

"Sparky, you devil," Lisa said. "I call him Sparky," she told Tommy.

"You have hammer?"



"A tattoo? You're kidding. It sure looks like a suit."

"You're not going to hit him with a hammer!"

"No! Not hit him! Nails, too?"

She had those things in her junk drawer in the pantry. Tommy swigged his beer and headed for the basement. "Stay," he told Lisa and Jesse both, and closed the door behind him.

"Don't you hurt him!" Lisa said to the door.

Tommy started smacking the basement pipes with the hammer. The clanking shot through the arteries of the house and ended up in the fillings of Lisa's teeth. Suddenly the floor was raccoon pinball, Sparky bouncing around like bonus points in five places at once. Jesse went wild and tried to dig holes in the linoleum. Lisa heard Tommy yelling, "Ha! Hey! You!" and hammering nails into wood. Was he crucifying the poor thing?

She pulled Jesse out the back door. Sergeant Pepper slipped out behind her and shot off the deck. Lisa dragged Jesse down the deck stairs, and hooked him to his wire tether that ran the length of the yard—scene of her dreams of springtime rebirth and renewal. At the moment, it was a slapping, sucking pit of muck.

After a while, Tommy appeared on the deck with Sergeant Pepper undulating around his feet. "Surprise!" Tommy called down. Through the railing, Lisa could see Sarge nuzzling his ankles. "Sparky not boy!"

"What!"

"Have babies!"

"Oh, no!" Lisa cried. "I didn't know that!" She ran up the steps. "Then we can't throw them out! Stop! Don't do anything to them!"

Tommy had coffee grounds and scraps of deliquescing salad on his boots, and he was scratching himself all over. "Lisa, you have female emotion."

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED
levin

"Don't you dare tell me that!"

"Sorry!" he said. "I find hole, too!"

"They were coming in a hole?"

"I hammer it up!"

"How many babies?"

"Three? Four?" He pulled down one of his socks and clawed his ankle. "Fleas bite me, little suckers!" He stamped his foot. "Lisa! Sparky must live outside!"

"I guess you're right," she said.

He pointed along the length of the house. "I get them out window! Watch!" he said, and ran back in.

Lisa returned to the muddy yard. It was twilight—the magic time, when the souls of animals took dream forms and wandered through the world, visible only to the shamans of the tribe. Lisa remembered this from some spooky Carlos Castaneda books she'd read in college. The basement window popped inward and Tommy's face appeared in the house's foundation. He propped the window with a stick and disappeared.

"No jump!" she commanded Jesse, but he jumped anyway, choking on his wire. Then his mouth dropped open in a rictus. He flexed the black leather of his nose-wings, tuning in to nature's great radio.

Lisa didn't like being outside alone at night, and now her shaman thoughts were making her upset. She heard a flapping sound and looked up: bats were flying against the nacreous sky. Softly, she started to sing: "Heavenly shades of night are falling, it's twilight time . . ."

A loud, weird wail hit the darkening air. Her heart stopped, and she fell to her knees in the mud. She wasn't breathing. She looked for Jesse. He was dead, too; the electrocuting spirit scream had knocked him right into the ground. Then she touched her face. No, she wasn't dead. Jesse wasn't, either. He sprang up like a swamp creature to howl and lunge at the otherworldly sounds emanating from the house. Lisa struggled to her feet. The open tops of her boots had filled with mud. She slogged across the yard until she could see into the open basement window.

The bare bulb in the ceiling was on, and Tommy was in the halo of yellow light with his Fender Stratocaster. He'd plugged his amp into the socket above the bulb, and if he didn't have it turned up all the way, Lisa didn't know what all the way could possibly be. It was monstrously loud. She could *feel* his fingers slithering over the strings like the lips of some ravenous animal feasting on the guitar. His long brown hair waved around his face as he played one screaming blues lick after another.

It was more than Sparky could take. Her bandit's face appeared in the window. Tommy leaned into his amp for the feedback and fuzz of Hendrix at his most crazed, and smaller raccoon faces popped up next to Sparky's, dazed and confused. One by one they went over the sill like lemmings, pushed from behind by their mother.

Jesse had been woofing at the woods to protest the guitar, but the raccoon activity caught his eye. He covered half the yard in two bounds, and stood on his hind legs in disbelief, which caused Sparky to see that a large dog occupied the place where she'd pushed her babies. She flew out the window. Lisa dove for Jesse and wrestled him into the mud, and together they watched as Sparky herded her brood across the yard and up the trunk of a leafless maple tree. Their hunched forms stood out against the sky—a mother and three babies in the safe, high branches.

Tommy unpropped the window and slammed it shut. Lisa hadn't realized he'd stopped playing his guitar. She hadn't realized something else: the raccoons were so easy to see because they were bathed in moonlight. The moon was out, inside a big hole in the clouds. It wasn't raining anymore.

Tommy appeared on the lighted deck, squinting into the night. "Raccoons go away!" he called to the back yard. "I play blues for you, Lisa!" No one answered. He came down into the mud. Lisa was sprawled across her Labrador retriever in the foot-deep soup. "Hey, what happen?" Tommy said.

"Tommy T.," said Lisa, wiping mud from her eyes. She unfastened Jesse's tether and let him go. He hit Tommy like a bomb. "My hero."

JESSE went back on his wire run, and Tommy T. went into the shower. Lisa gave him her largest, longest robe—a pink terry-cloth one with satin lapels. She made him a plate of cheese and crackers, and left it on the counter with another beer. He'd piled his clothes outside the bathroom door. In her flowered kimono, she took his muddy things and hers to the washer downstairs. The raccoons were gone but not the fleas; they peppered her ankles as she hopped from foot to slippered foot. When she got back upstairs, Tommy had found the food and was eating it in the living room while inspecting her record collection. The pink robe, ankle-length when Lisa wore it, barely covered his knees. “You look ridiculous.” She giggled.

Tommy looked down and laughed at himself. “Great records!” he said.

“We get them for free. Your clothes’ll be ready in an hour.”

She forgot that she couldn’t start her washing machine and then hop in the shower. Cold water trickled on her toes. Tommy was not likely to run away without his jeans, but with men you never knew. Paradoxically, she wanted him to leave, so she could call her girlfriend, Sally, in town, and talk about him. When the water came back, she showered and hurried out. Tommy was making no attempt to run away. He was playing an obscure Willie Dixon album and singing along. She watched him from the doorway. He seemed so relaxed and happy. She thought twice about entering the living room in only a kimono, her wet hair combed straight back, but she couldn’t very well get dressed and leave a foreign guest stuck in a bathrobe by himself. He bore a stunning resemblance to her father. “You play great guitar,” she said.

“Thank you!” he replied, and finally shook her hand. Then he kissed her.

“Tommy T.!” she whispered.

“Lisa disk jockey,” Tommy whispered back, putting his arms around her.

“Lisa Harrington,” she said, and raised her face to be kissed again.

Unearthly shrieks erupted from the basement. Tommy gasped and dropped his beer. It hit him on the toe. He hopped to the kitchen with his foot in one hand and the foaming bottle in the other. “What is this?” he cried.

“I don’t know!” Lisa said. Jesse began to howl in the yard. The shrieking in the basement was now joined by scraping and banging, and a screeching like innumerable nails on a blackboard. “I’ve never heard anything like this in my life!”

She looked out the pantry window. In the moonlight, Jesse was flying around on his wire like Peter Pan. She remembered the hippies’ note, pinned to the basement door. “Let’s just leave and come back in the morning!”

Tommy grabbed her flashlight from a shelf, put his boots on his bare feet, and slipped away, one slow step at a time, into the bedlam below. When he was gone, the telephone rang. Lisa snatched it from the wall. It was Mitchell.

“I can’t talk to you now,” she said.

“What the hell is going on over there?” he said. “What’s that noise?”

“I don’t know. I think this house may be haunted or something.”

“Really. Well, I just called to tell you I’ve met someone. I didn’t want you to hear it through the grapevine.”

It was the most considerate thing Mitchell had done in ages. Had he actually changed? She felt a pang of loss and regret. “Who? Who did you meet?”

“What difference does it make?”

“I’d like to know.”

“Her name’s Diane. She works in that boutique on Main Street.”

“*The leotard store?*”

“Yeah, I guess that’s what it is.”

“Not the little blond one.”

“I guess she’s little and blond.”

Lisa slammed the wall with her fist. “Mitchell, she’s, like, ten years younger than I am! And you’re six years older than me! You could be her father!”

“Why do people always focus on that?”

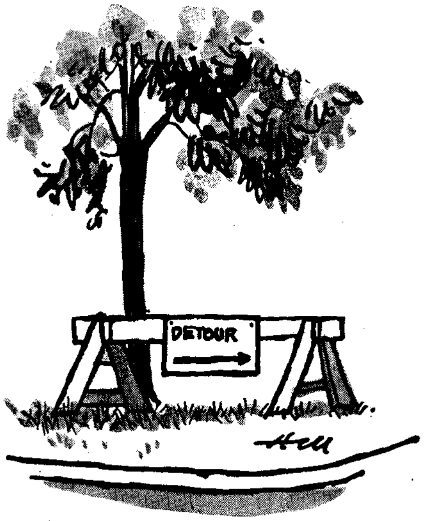
“I’ll bet she wants to have a family, right?”

“I don’t know, Lisa. I just started seeing her. You left me, remember?”

“Yeah, and this is why, you ass!”

The logic of this stopped him for a second. “Are you O.K. over there, Lisa? Yes or no.”

“No. And I found something out for you today. Elvis came from Mars.” She slammed the phone down and turned to find Tommy standing there.



“Guess what!” he said. He led Lisa down the deck steps and swung the flashlight on the house. Sparky was on the narrow ledge of the basement window, clinging there with her rear feet and scraping her front paws down the glass with a teeth-shattering screech. Behind the glass, a smaller version of Sparky clawed in a similar fashion, and screamed, while Jesse howled and bucked like a bronco in the moonlit yard. “I close baby inside!” Tommy said sheepishly.

“A *baby* is making that sound?”

“Want his mama!”

“What do we do now?”

He slapped the backs of his hands. “Gloves?”

In a kitchen drawer she found two oven mitts imprinted, for some reason, with maps of Montana, and practically made for raccoon wrangling. Tommy put them on, and Lisa put on her boots, and they went down into the cellar. At the far end, the baby was perched beside the window on a pipe. It stopped shrieking when she shone the flashlight in its eyes. With a deft maneuver, Tommy seized it in the mitts. Lisa moved the light into Sparky’s face through the glass and swung the window up. Jesse’s barking filled the room.

“I forgot the dog!” she said. “He’s blocking their tree.”

“Get him away!” said Tommy.

Out in the yard, Lisa leashed Jesse and took him off the wire run. “No pull!” she cried, but he towed her halfway to the house like a water-skier. Lisa stopped him the way you stop in real waterskiing, by falling in. “Bad dog!” she cried, and hauled him back across the yard.

Tommy pushed the screeching baby out the window. It plopped into the soupy ground. Sparky jumped down and nosed it out of the mud, and together, mother and child, they crossed the yard and climbed the tree.

“I love lady mud wrestling,” said a voice behind Lisa. “Never saw it with a dog before, though.”

She spun around. Mitchell was standing at the edge of the house, moonlight silvering his leather jacket and paratrooper boots. Jesse yelped and bolted away, pulling Lisa off her feet again. She rose from the mud in a rage. "No pull, Jesse!" she screamed. "Mitchell, what the hell are you doing here?"

"Ah, my grateful wife. You were in trouble, so I rushed over to help."

"Thanks, we don't need any."

"Who's we?"

"Me and Jesse. See you, O.K.?"

"Lisa, I don't think so. I'm worried about you. Look at yourself."

She reached a wild pitch of exasperation. "Hear that, Jesse?" she cried. "Your daddy's worried about me! He was never worried about me before!"

The back door opened, and Tommy stepped out onto the deck above them. Sargeant Pepper got out, too; he leapt onto the deck railing to rub against the corner post and meow at the moon.

"The place is haunted, all right!" said Mitchell. "Here's the ghost! What big teeth you have, my dear!"

Tommy lit their faces with the flashlight. "Ghost?" he said. "Teeth?" He came halfway down the stairs. "What man is this?" he asked Lisa.

"It's my husband," she said.

"You put my leg on, Lisa!"

"This is Tommy," Lisa told Mitchell. "He's from Poland."

"What's he doing here?"

"He's not my boyfriend, Mitchell. He's fixing my car."

"They do things funny in Poland."

"He fell in the mud helping me. I'm washing his clothes."

"You look nice in that robe, Tommy," Mitchell said. "I gave that to Lisa for Valentine's Day once. Why don't you come down here? I don't like talking to people standing on stairs, especially when they're wearing my wife's underwear."

"He doesn't live here, Tommy," Lisa said. "We're getting divorced."

"Why should Tommy care, Lisa? He's just fixing your car."

Bravely, Tommy came down the stairs and stepped into the mud. Up in the house he'd looked silly in the knee-length pink robe, but now, his long hair brushing the satin collar in the moonlight, he looked like Galahad—transported here with the dress and manners of a more heroic age. Animals obeyed him. "You are man from music store," he said to Mitchell.

"Yeah, that's right. Why? You shop in my store? I don't remember you. I'll have to give you a special deal from now on."

"Poor bastard. The New York 'Times' just panned his zinfandel."

• •

Mitchell's tone of voice upset Jesse. He hunkered in the mud and barked.

"Can't you shut up the goddam dog?" Mitchell said to Lisa.

"No bark!" Tommy said. Jesse cast his eyes at Tommy's feet and stopped barking. "Come!" Tommy said. When Jesse skulked to him, Tommy took the leash from Lisa and made Jesse heel and sit.

"Wow," said Mitchell. "Look at that. How long you been training my dog, dude?"

"*Your* dog!" Lisa said. "You hate this dog! You never wanted this dog!"

"How long you been seeing this guy?" Mitchell asked her. "You had him in the wings before you left, didn't you? You sent him to spy on me in my store. Maybe this has been going on for years, huh?"

"I met him this afternoon, Mitchell. You know why the dog obeys him? Out of respect, that's why. Think about it."

"You need a new headshrinker, Lisa."

"Headshrinker?" Tommy asked.

His innocence was exhilarating. "It means a psychiatrist," Lisa said.

"Crazy-people doctor?"

"That's right," Mitchell said. "She's crazy, Tommy."

"*He's* the crazy one!" Lisa said. "*He* thinks Elvis Presley's still alive!"

"There happens to be a lot of evidence he is," said Mitchell.

A bark of laughter burst from Tommy's mouth. "Elvis is dead, Mister!"

Mitchell flinched as though he'd been struck. "Don't you ever say that about Elvis, punk!"

"You're sick, Mitchell," Lisa said. "You're not a well man."

"I'm sick? I'll show you how sick I am!" he cried, and raised his hand.

"Stay!" Tommy yelled.

"You're next!" Mitchell screamed.

"He's all talk, Tommy!" said Lisa.

But this was something Tommy had no reason to believe. "Get him, Jesse!" he commanded, and unhooked the leash, and when Jesse left the ground you could tell that Mitchell had not been the daddy he should have been. ♦

PROFILE

FACING THE SHOOTER

by Alec Wilkinson

MIKE RICHTER, the fleet young goaltender for the New York Rangers, has a large, square face, like a detective in a comic strip. The bloodlines in his family run to two types: long-boned and thin, and compact and sturdy. Richter is the latter. He has sloping shoulders and broad hands. He is about five feet ten, and husky. He looks bigger in street clothes than he does in his uniform, because the padding he wears on the job is so bulky, and increases his body to such a size, that it makes his head look small. When Richter is wearing regular clothes, one notices a wide back, thick legs, and shoulders that seem to descend from his ears. A crescent-shaped scar in the center of his forehead contracts when he lowers his head to think, as he usually does before answering a question. The scar is the result of a shot from a teammate which struck his helmet two years ago, during the warmup before a game. Richter's manner is cheerful and generous and coöperative, but guarded. It is not in his character to be introspective. There is a boyishness to his face which suggests that he hasn't yet grown into his circumstances—those of a big-time athlete in the world's biggest sports town—and also suggests an openness that is not actually part of his nature.

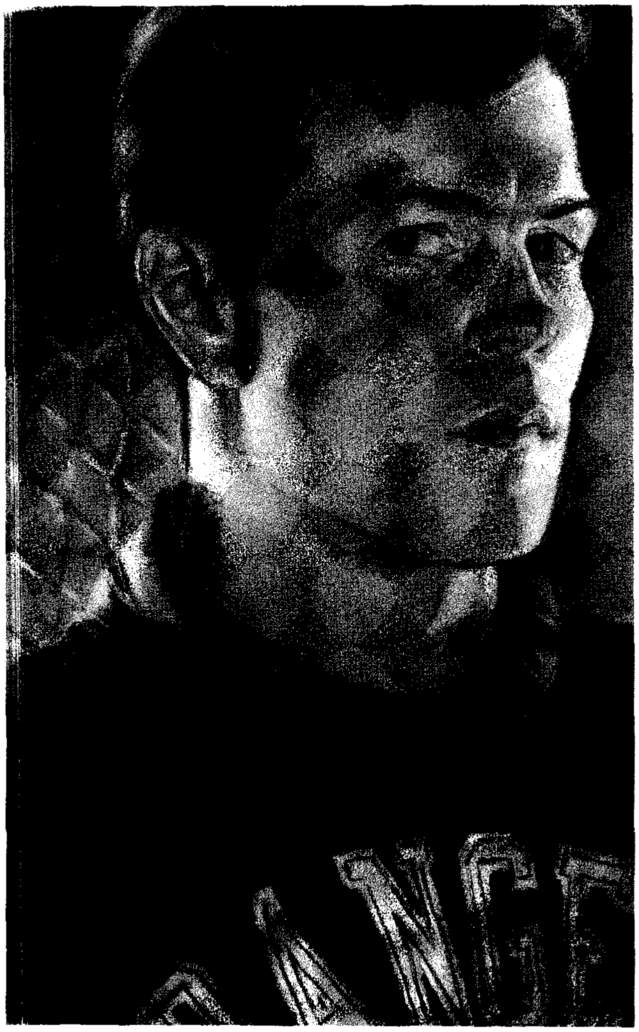
In June, 1985, at the age of eighteen, Richter was selected by the Rangers in the second round of the annual draft of amateur players. He had graduated from high school two weeks before, and had decided to attend the University of Wisconsin instead of Harvard. Richter is the youngest member of a large family—he has two brothers and four sisters—and his father had been ill, so there was little extra money for tuition. Wisconsin offered a full scholarship, with the expectation that Richter would play for their hockey team. For years, Richter, growing up in Flourtown, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, had privately nurtured the ambition to play in the National Hockey League, and he felt that the program at Wisconsin, which offered more games than Harvard's and a more single-minded atmosphere, would better prepare him to get there. That no one from suburban Philadelphia had ever done so didn't deter him.

It has always been a commonplace in hockey that a singular sort of person is drawn to occupying the goal. Goalies have traditionally been thought of as men who nurse grievances, cherish slights, startle easily, brood, and suffer nervous complaints. The annals of hockey include the example of at least one goalie who became nauseated and threw up before games. On occasion, he would leave a game to be sick, then return to the net. Sometimes, asleep on an airplane, he would suddenly kick one of his feet to the side, as if he were stopping a puck. Ulcers and insomnia have been prominent among goalies. A goalie named Wilf Cude was habitually so tense on days when he was to play that once, at lunch, he threw a steak at his wife, because she asked how a particular goal happened to have got past him. The steak hit the wall behind her, and before it reached the floor he had decided to retire.

Part of the anxiety a goaltender suffers has to do with the responsibility of his position. A goalie is the only player who plays the entire game, and he is the only player whose lapse of concentration can guarantee a goal to be scored. He is also the only player who cannot win a game. All he can do is lose one, help preserve a lead, or keep his team in a game that is close. People unfamiliar with the complexities of hockey are more likely to blame a goalie for a goal than any other player, even one whose defensive error may have allowed the person who scored to be unattended. A goaltender once described the pressure all goalies experience by saying, "What other job do you know of where, when you make a mistake, a red light goes on behind you, and fifteen thousand people call you a jerk?"

Richter does not throw steaks. The streak of the exile is strong in him, though. Among his teammates, he is an exotic. Young men from Canada still fill the majority of positions on the rosters of National Hockey League teams. While it is no longer rare for a professional hockey player to be an American—perhaps one in every five or six is—what nearly all the other Americans have in common is that they grew up in cold climates. Like the Canadians and the Europeans they play alongside, they were raised within the context of a sport that was played widely by children in the towns where they lived. It is not unusual for professional hockey players to have played next to more than one teammate since childhood, and many professionals have played with or against one another, or have heard of one another, or have had friends in common for years before they begin making their living from hockey. In a back room of the house where Richter grew up is a corner with pictures of Richter on teams he belonged to as a child. Each year, several faces are subtracted—boys whose interest was eclipsed, or who no longer played well enough to keep pace with the speed at which Richter was advancing. Richter had the isolated childhood of an athletic prodigy. He played for teams whose members were drawn from ever-widening circles of territory. By the time he was sixteen, he was tending goal for a team sponsored by the Tropicana Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, eighty miles from his parents' house. Playing games on weekends, the team travelled as far north as Boston. As the years passed, the pictures on the shelf in the corner of the house featured fewer and fewer boys from Pennsylvania and the states around it, until Richter, at sixteen, was seated among players exclusively from Massachusetts and New Hampshire and Minnesota and Michigan.

Growing up in Philadelphia, Richter developed indefatigable habits of work to overcome his having so little time on the ice compared with boys raised in northern hockey towns. His obsession with hockey caused him to spend long periods of his childhood by himself. Richter's mother says that he was a simple teen-ager to raise, because she always knew that he would be home Friday night, preparing for Saturday's game. "I was fairly shy," he says. "In some ways, having so much to do was a relief for me. I never went to a prom. I never had an ordinary growing up. I always had a series of tasks in front of me—to do well in this camp, or at that tournament. When one had been accomplished, there was always a second on the horizon. One after another, they got me through my childhood."



After a hard ride to the top, Mike Richter, the twenty-six-year-old star goalie for the New York Rangers, still has a tireless desire to better his game.

SCOTT HUNT

At summer hockey camps Richter attended as a boy, he met coaches who told him that the best competition was to be found at private schools. In the eighth grade, Richter drew up an estimate of how much money his parents spent on electricity for him to watch television and use lights in the house, and of how many showers he took and what it cost to buy and heat the water and to wash his clothes, and of the expense of the gasoline his family used running him back and forth from practices and games, and of the food that he ate, and tried to convince his parents of how much money could be saved if he were at boarding school with someone else looking after his needs. His parents were unmoved. Eventually, though, they sent him for senior year to Northwood prep, in Lake Placid, a small school known for the quality of its hockey teams.

Richter is accomplished more than gifted. He has extraordinary speed in his feet and his hands, but so do many goalies. More remarkable is his ability to play his position intelligently. As a boy, Richter learned the technical aspects of goaltending, and he devoted himself to perfecting them. He has a tireless desire to better his game. John Davidson, the Rangers' television announcer and a former goalie, says that what distinguishes Richter from the approximately forty-five other goaltenders Davidson observes each season in the National Hockey League is the intensity of his resolve to make himself more proficient. Richter's determination is unusual in someone who has progressed as far as he has. His habits of work are a tenacious response to a permanent feeling of deficiency—of being set back, of having an obstacle to surmount—and the success he has had with them is clear. In his first full season in the league, he was a finalist for the Vezina Trophy, given each year by the league's general managers to the goalie they select as the best. Even so, there is a solitary and lonesome quality to him, as if he still felt his separation from the kids he grew up with, who were going to movies while Richter did situps and jumping jacks and sat on his bed at night writing entries in the notebooks he kept to record his performances.

FEAR preys less on the minds of goaltenders now than it did in the past. The equipment they wear is better designed and more substantial than it used to be; the position is less painful and dangerous. A goalie is the most cumbersomely attired figure in sport. He is also the player in a hockey game least likely to be injured by the puck. The first modern goalie to wear a mask in public was Jacques Plante, of the Montreal Canadiens, who put on a mask on November 1, 1959, at Madison Square Garden. He had been using a mask in practice and in warmups, but his coach would not allow him to wear one in a game. The coach felt sure that the eye slits on the mask were too small to allow Plante to see the puck clearly and, in particular, prevented him from seeing a puck at his feet. Moreover, the coach believed that the mask made Plante less fearful and therefore less alert and less effective. By November of 1959, in the course of tending goal, Plante had broken his nose four times and his cheekbones twice, had fractured his skull, and had received more than a hundred and fifty stitches, without anesthetic, from trainers in locker rooms to close cuts on his face. Eight minutes into the game that night, the Rangers' star right wing, Andy Bathgate, released the puck from his backhand. The puck hit Plante in the face and opened a cut by his nose. Plante fell to the ice and was taken to the dressing room. Hockey teams then employed only one goalie. Each home team kept on hand a man willing to take the ice wearing an injured goalie's equipment. Often the replacement goalies were men with day jobs and a sideline interest in hockey. The Canadiens didn't want to use the replacement, so Plante returned after twenty minutes, with seven stitches and wearing the mask. He had refused to go back to the net without it. Before he was hurt, he had made two saves, and then he made twenty-five more. The Canadiens won, 3–1. After the game, Plante told reporters, "My head was hurting and I swallowed a lot of blood. I wasn't in any condition to play, but with the mask—well, I felt a little easier."

When he retired, Plante wrote an instructional book for goaltenders. "People say I was afraid when I started to use the mask in 1959," he wrote, "but I ask them, 'Would you call it brave if you jumped out of a plane and didn't wear a parachute?' "

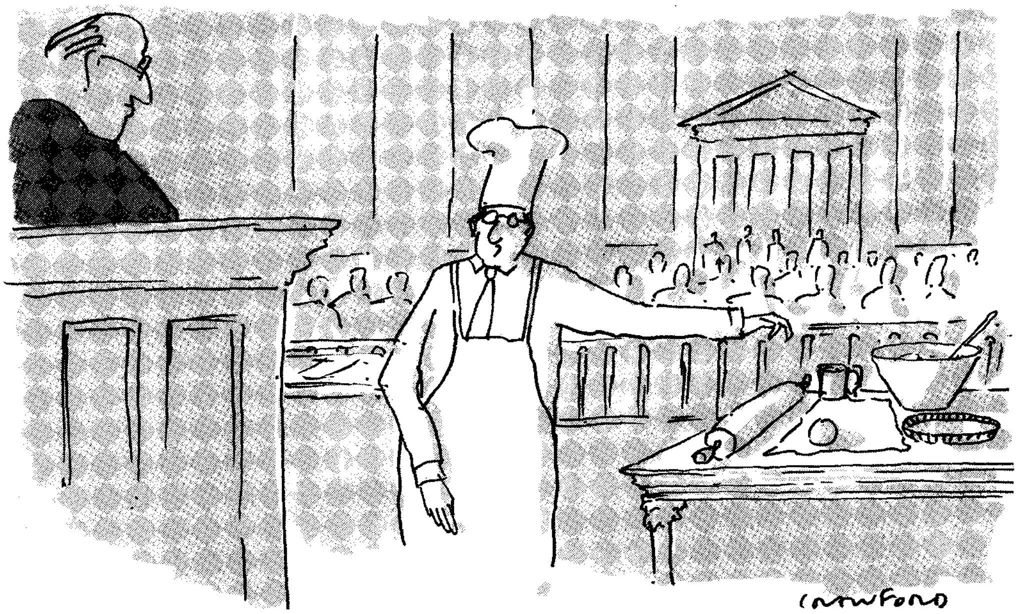
It wasn't only the lack of a mask that compromised goalies. The padding they wore to protect their chests and arms and shoulders and hands was not thick enough. They frequently lost nails on their hands and feet and had bruises all over their bodies. During the nineteen-sixties, players routinely began taking exaggerated swings at the puck in order to send it faster and harder toward the net—a slap shot. A forward would carry the puck into the opponent's end, and if he saw no clear opportunity for a successful shot he might draw his stick back above his shoulder, lean his weight into his swing, and bounce the puck off the goalie's shoulder, or his chest, or his head. The next time the player found himself in a similar position, he might repeat the theatrical arc of his swing. The goalie would flinch, slightly; his shoulders would rise, slightly; the blade of his stick would lift off the ice, slightly. And the player would send the puck underneath it. This kind of manipulation made goaltenders resentful and morose.

RICHTER says that often he doesn't see the shape of the puck coming toward him—he sees the streak and knows what direction it's headed in. He says that the puck doesn't hurt when it hits him—that the padding he wears protects him—but I have noticed bruises and welts on his body, and I have once or twice seen him wince when he takes off his equipment. Occasionally, a bruise will nag him all season, because it keeps being hit by the puck. Jacques Plante writes in his book that if you are the sort of person who worries about being hurt you are not cut out to be a goalie. I have never seen a goaltender, though, who doesn't try to get out of the way of a puck winging toward his head.

"We have what you young people might call an old-fashioned marriage—we are not best friends."

Richter says that a goalie is more likely to be hurt in practice than in a game, because there are so many pucks on the ice and not every player checks to be sure he has his goalie's attention before shooting. Also, Richter says, few of his teammates are able to control the elevation or the path of the puck once it leaves their sticks. When they wind up and airmail the puck to him from fifteen or twenty feet away, many of them have no better idea of where it might go than anyone else. Moreover, professional hockey includes a motley assortment of personalities, and there is always the teammate who finds head-hunting diverting.

A player with a heavy shot can send a puck toward a goalie at a hundred miles an hour. A few players can shoot it even more forcefully. The verb that hockey players use in describing the velocity of a player's shot is "bring." The proper reply to the question "Who shoots the puck hard?" might be "Well, I guess Al MacInnis can bring it, eh?" Assuming that no opposing players are standing in front of the goalie and intentionally blocking his view, or that a puck being brought to him has not struck any of the thicket of sticks that have been thrust in its path, the goalie is expected to stop the puck. A goalie defends a space six feet across and four feet high. In the course of a game, he will usually face between twenty-five and thirty shots. They will come at all speeds and from all directions, and in all sorts of sequences and intervals, and mostly with very little warning. The puck will strike all parts of the goalie's body. The shots that miss the net make a sound against the boards or the glass behind him like a rifle shot, or a slamming door. The ones that solidly strike the posts of the goal make a sound like someone clanging a wrench against a piece of plumbing pipe. Hockey is a raucous Canadian prairie attraction moved indoors, and it looks chaotic and formless, but it isn't. It's just fast—the fastest team sport in the world. If it were possible to freeze players in the midst of a game and trace their paths, their trails would indicate a plan as plainly as if they were steps on a ballroom dance floor. There are plans of attack, and there are plans of defense. A goalie on a team with a feckless defense may face forty shots in an evening, and more is not out of the question. Richter once faced sixty-two, and saved fifty-nine, a Rangers record.



"Your Honor, prior to sentencing, if it please the court, I'd like to make just a few brief remarks about pâte brisée."

• •

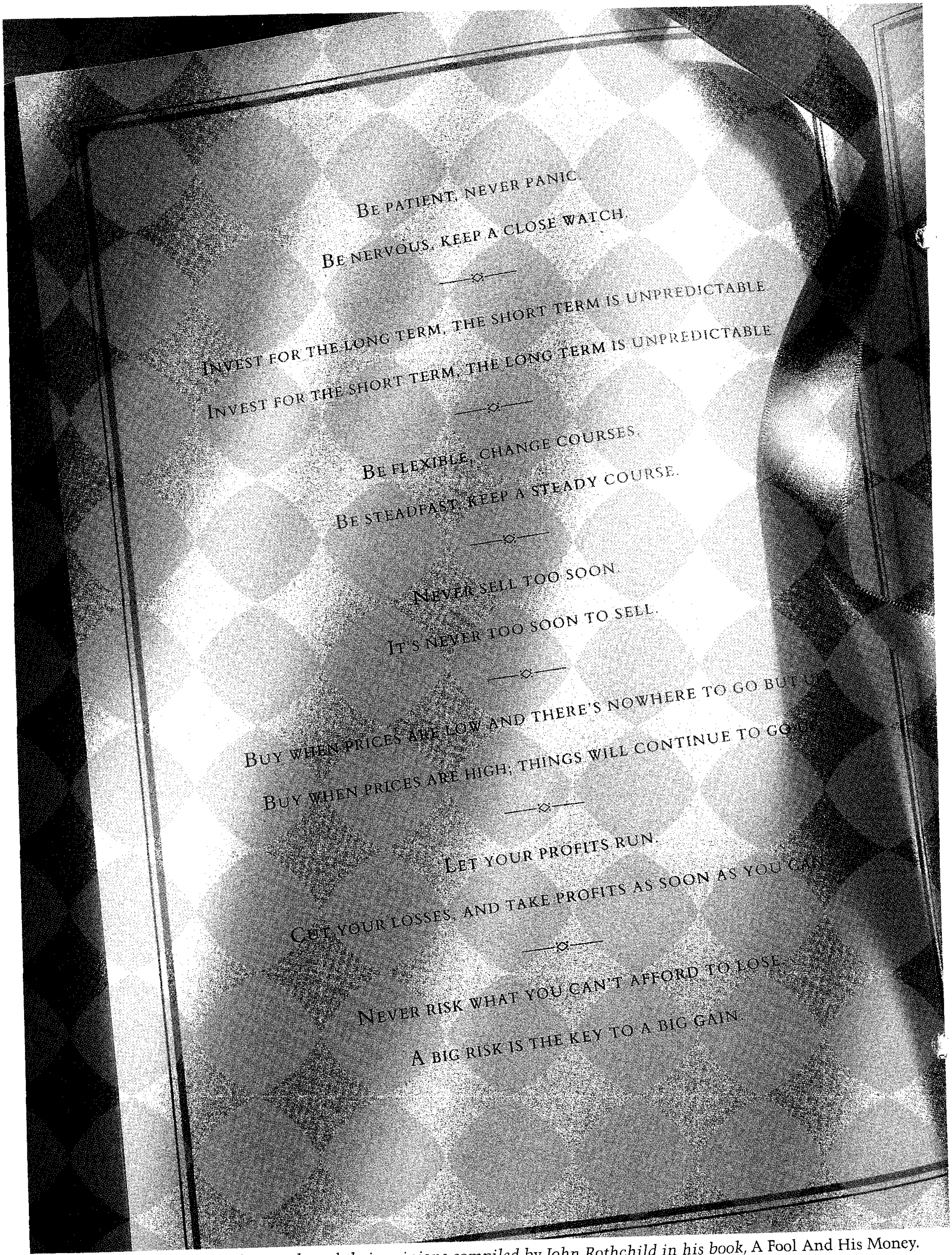
Watching Richter at work—that is, isolating him from the activity of the rest of the game—involves as many moments of boredom as it does to be Richter at work. In any game, he will pass a fair amount of his hour keeping track of the puck at the far end of the rink—"like a fan," he says, except his attention is not diverted by the hot-dog vender, or the drunk with the air horn behind him, or the figures on the out-of-town scoreboard. Richter will actually take part in very little of the game, but the parts he is involved in will be among the most important. As devoted as he is to staying on his feet and facing the puck—what is called "squaring yourself to the shooter"—he will spend a good amount of any game on his back or his stomach or his side, sliding this way and that, lunging toward a player who has carried the puck past his leg, stretching furiously to cover as much of the goal as he can. Because of the nature of the surface he plays on, he can't always be where he would like to be. Once he is down, it isn't easy to get up. He wears thirty-five pounds of equipment. As the game advances, his clothes and the pads he wears on his legs absorb water from the ice and from his body and grow heavier.

RICHTER is a little bit shorter and far more muscular than goaltenders usually are. With his large thighs and classically modelled upper body, he is more like a defenseman. The strength he is able to call on from his legs is at the center of his game: it allows him to move quickly from one side of the net to the other and to drop to his knees and get back up several times in the space of a few seconds. A lot of goals in hockey are scored on a goaltender who has fallen to the ice in making a save and hasn't been able to right himself fast enough to face a second or third attempt. This rarely happens to Richter. Goalies who rely more on their reflexes than on an ability to position themselves strategically move more after the puck has been shot. Richter moves more *before* the puck is shot, and when he is on his game he finds himself always where he wants to be. This forces a shooter to attempt a shot or a pass more complicated than the one he had planned, since the only parts of the net available to him are the corners.

To a shooter, the goalie looks like a piece of geometry. The best shooters see triangles—between the goalie's legs, between the goalie's leg and the side of the net, between the goalie's arm and the side of his body. Shooters will usually send the puck toward the center of an opening. The smaller the opening, the more difficult it is to aim for the center. The kind of battles that take place between a goalie and a shooter are rarely apparent to people in the stands. If a goalie is able by quickness and cunning to restrict a shooter's opportunities, so that the shooter sends the puck wide of the net, or buries it in the goalie's pads, or passes instead of shooting, or loses possession of the puck without having taken any shot at all, most people in the stands will believe that the shooter fumbled a chance, not that the goalie gave him nothing to shoot at or forced him to try more than he could manage.

The style of a goalie who is adept at performing the technical movements of his position, who excels at calculating the intricacies of the angles available to a shooter and instantly reducing them to their least promising form, who can move with great speed in any direction, from any posture, and who has learned to let his body rather than his reflexes carry the burden of his work, will appear very unflamboyant. Since he is not likely to be caught out of position, he is not likely to be making the kind of diving, lunging saves that draw a crowd to its feet. It may seem as if the shooters were always sending the puck into his body. On his best nights, he may look as if he were facing an opponent who cannot manage an effective attack. He will demoralize opponents, and, depending, of course, on the team in front of him, he will probably win far more often than he loses. A goalie who does this well is likely to be compared to Mike Richter.

FOR part of November and all of December, 1989, Richter lived at Wally's Motor Inn, on the outskirts of Flint, Michigan. The view from his window was of a field with tires in it. Through the walls of his room came sounds representing the full catalogue of human nocturnal behavior. Most of his neighbors were solitary men. Fistfights occasionally broke out among them. Wally's premises included a truck stop, and Richter ate most of his meals at the truck stop's restaurant, which was open



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◆

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It's never too soon to sell.

◆

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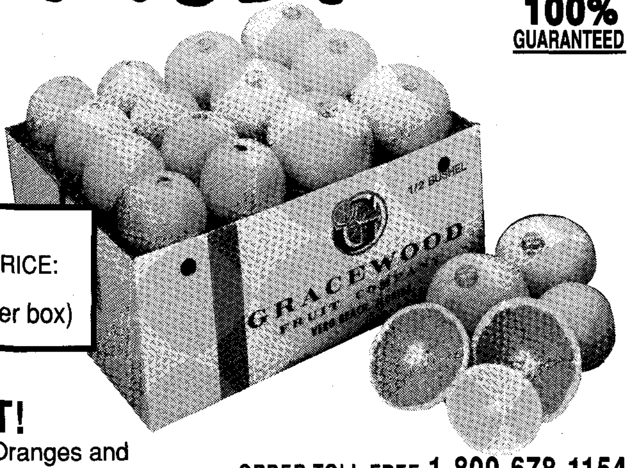

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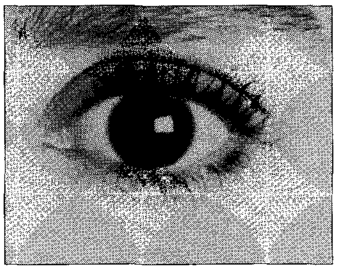

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all night. Often, he fell asleep to the sound of diesels idling in the parking lot. Half a mile from Wally's was the rink where Richter practiced and played with his teammates on the Flint Spirits, at that time the minor-league affiliate of the New York Rangers. He was twenty-three. When he wasn't at the rink, he was usually in his room at Wally's, reading books on nutrition and fitness and positive thinking.

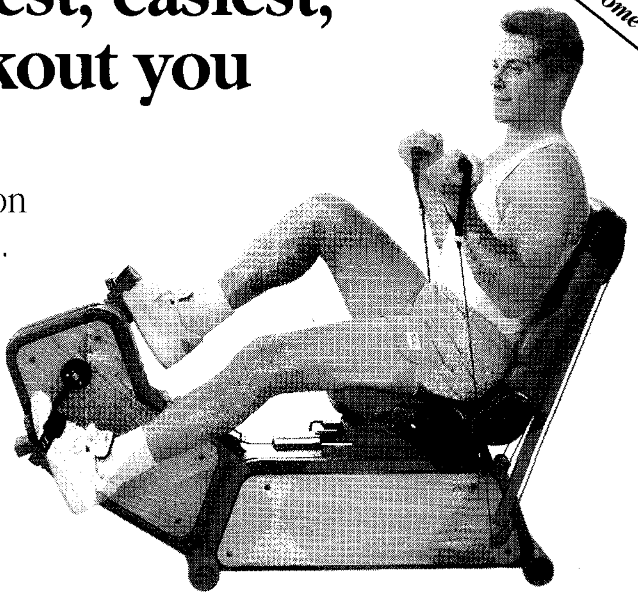
Richter's father had died in September of 1985, a few weeks after Richter had begun his first year at Wisconsin. When his mother called to tell him that his father had passed away, he was so at a loss that he said, "Are you sure?" He went home for the funeral. His father had been the sort of man who was rarely sick, and his death cast a pall over the house. After the services, Richter returned to school and the familiar, timeless world of hockey practices and training and travelling and games. Some part of him felt that as long as he remained in Wisconsin he could put some distance between himself and what he felt about having lost his father, and to some extent he did. What he really felt about his father's death was waiting for him at the end of the school year when he returned to Philadelphia, and a house that seemed utterly changed without his father's presence. At some point, he found himself saying, "Enough tears, enough sadness—my life has to go on." Richter thinks that his father, a businessman, never thought much of the idea of hockey as a career, and it pains him that his father has not been able to see his successes.

Richter left the University of Wisconsin in 1987, late in his second year, for the team being assembled to represent the United States at the Olympics. At the end of a year and a half of preparation, Richter and his teammates arrived in Calgary, played a week and a half of boisterous, daredevil hockey, and finished seventh in a field of twelve. Richter and his agent felt that it was time that he come to terms with the Rangers. Before the Olympics were over, Richter agreed to a two-way contract—that is, he was to be paid one amount if he played for the Rangers and another if he played for the farm team. The Rangers had two capable goaltenders in Bob Froese and John Vanbiesbrouck, so they assigned Richter to their minor-league franchise, which at the time was in Denver.

"The assistant coach met me at the airport in Kalamazoo, where the team was on a road trip," Richter says. "I practice one day and play the next, and I say, 'O.K., I'm in the pros now,' because I'm excited, but it turns out I'm in Kalamazoo for a month. There's some reason the team can't play in Denver—arena's booked, I guess. We played five games in eight nights in one stretch, then six in nine in another, but it's O.K., I'm in the pros, and I'm playing a lot of hockey. Still, it's different. I had been through college hockey, where you play two games a week and travel by plane and stay in nice hotels, and I had played with the national team, where you travel by air and every time you turn around someone is trying to do something for you or give something to you—'Can I get you something to eat, Mr. Richter? Are you comfortable with that chair?' In addition, everywhere the national team played we were the home team. We went into the Spectrum, in Philadelphia, and played the Flyers, and the crowd was cheering for *us*. In the minors, you are just one player among many. You visit Saginaw, Flint, Muskegon, Peoria. The fans were ruthless, because they were mad about the Olympics—no miracle on ice. And even though I'm playing a lot of hockey, and I'm still excited, some part of me can't help noticing that I'm travelling by bus now, and that the players are all different ages, and some have gone as far as they ever will and are thirty years old and holding on to a job that is paying them maybe forty thousand a year—better, still, than anything the world outside has waiting for them—and some are my age but know that the team has no plans for them, and that the future is likely to be a continuation of the present, but, again, they at least have a job doing what they love. But even so, regardless of any of that, all of us are putting on wet equipment from the night before which no one has washed.

"As the days go on I begin to see that the team is also made of Western Hockey League players and Quebec League players, and the western Canadians don't particularly care for the Quebec guys, who feel the same way back, but if there's anything they both agree on, it's that no one really likes United States college players. The Canadians think the United States players are taking jobs from Canadian kids, and that the Americans don't have the same fire for the game that Canadians do. Also, they think that Americans aren't tough enough. Someone told me soon after I got there not to wear anything like a sweatshirt with a college emblem, because that would be considered inflammatory.

"So it begins to dawn on me that I really do feel a letdown being sent to the minors. That year, 1988, was the last year of the Russian hockey team's true period of greatness, so I had been playing against strong competition, and even if our team hadn't distinguished itself at the Olympics, we had played well. You go to the minors, and it's not something you dream of when you're young. Of all the fantasies I entertained about playing professional hockey when I was growing up, I honestly



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can't recall one that involved taking the ice in an arena that was half empty for a minor-league team where people in the stands shout unspeakable insults, which you hear on the ice. The team pulled itself together, though. We finished in first place in the division on the last day of the season.

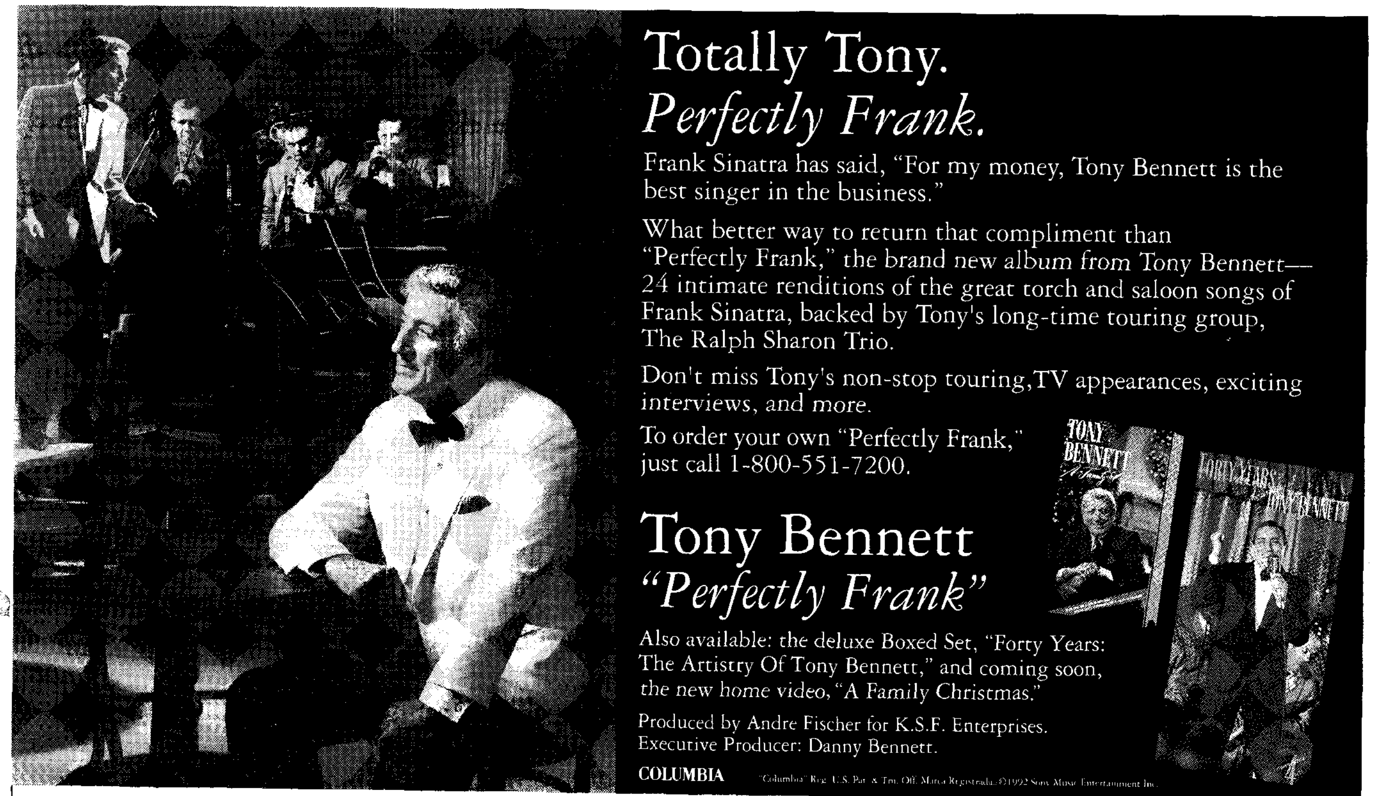
"The next fall, Froese and Vanbiesbrouck came into training camp still established as the Rangers goaltenders, but I played well in the exhibition season, and I was thinking that the Rangers would keep me around, but they didn't, and I was devastated. After I got the news, I went back to the locker room and told a few people, and they were saying, 'Don't go, don't go,' but I didn't see any point in refusing to report.

"I came back to Denver, and this time no one is at the airport to greet me. I'm eating lunches in *Denny's*. All the good players had been traded. I'm in a complete funk. We were going to get creamed—you could see it clear as a road map. We had a lousy team, and I was going to get shelled. We started the year with games where it would be five to nothing at the end of the first period. The year before, the team had been very tough; not only did we win games but we had some punishing physical players. They were all gone, though, and the guys on the other teams would remember how they'd been pummelled the year before, and they'd take it out on this team and just beat us up. We had a road trip that lasted a month, because the rodeo came to town. I looked at the schedule, and there were seventeen games away. We made the playoffs but we didn't win a game. I was called up then to the Rangers for the playoffs. The team was down three games to none to the Pittsburgh Penguins in the first round, and Phil Esposito, the general manager, who had fired the coach with two games to go in the regular season and had taken over as coach, put me in goal to start the fourth game. It was a desperate tactic—the team was demoralized and things were more or less hopeless—but I looked at it as an opportunity to steal the game. Which I didn't. Pittsburgh scored three goals in almost no time, and although I settled down after that, we still lost the game and went home for the season. David McNab, the Ranger scout who had first spoken to me, when I was a teen-ager, and who was partly responsible for my being drafted, called me and said, 'Congratulations, you're the only goalie in history to lose the playoffs for two Ranger teams.'

"The next fall in training camp, I worked as hard as I could. Vanbiesbrouck and Froese were still ahead of me, but I began the year in New York. The Rangers had a new coach, Roger Neilson. By November, though, he had grown tired of trying to play three goalies. Also, it was hard for me to get time in the net in practice. It wasn't my place to ask Froese or Vanbiesbrouck to step aside, and I had to find time wherever I could, piecemeal. Mainly, I was just sitting and not practicing, so they decided to send me down once again—this time to Flint, where the team had moved. Roger took me aside and said, 'It's tough; you're a good young goalie, but you're not getting the chances here.' Then he said, 'The bad news is you'll take a pay cut to play in the minors'—and I'm thinking, A *pay* cut, I'm going from a hundred and twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand—'but,' he says, 'the good news is that Flint's not really a bad place, and you'll have a chance to play, and maybe some other team will pick you up.' I just felt my chest constrict, because I had been drafted by the Rangers and really wanted to play for them, and I hadn't even really had the chance, and here we were talking about leaving.

"So now I'm living at Wally's. I didn't want to move into a house or an apartment, because that was a step toward a permanent stay, and I wanted to be ready to be out of there, should the phone ring. The Rangers were playing an exhibition game against a travelling Soviet team on New Year's Day of 1990, and I had been told that I would be called up for the game. I began to get some sense from my coach, though, that maybe the Rangers had changed their minds and didn't really want me to come, and I felt like I was being manipulated, and didn't like it and got angry and said I was going. My girlfriend had come to Flint for New Year's, and I knew I was going to miss the team party, but I also knew I could go to New York, play the game against the Soviets, and be back in Flint in time to play the game on the schedule for the day after New Year's.

"I get to LaGuardia. It's New Year's Eve. There's no one at the airport to meet me. It's Sunday night, dark, a pouring-down rain. No cabs, because they're all in the city taking people to parties. I finally get one of those vans that take you to the city and stop every ten minutes along the way. I had just enough cash to pay the fare. I hadn't brought any money, because I'd expected someone to be at the airport to meet me. The Rangers had reserved a room for me at a hotel by Madison Square Garden. I'm carrying my goalie equipment into the lobby, and the bellhop asks if he can help me, but I don't have any money to tip him, so even though I'm practically falling down and had barely made it through the revolving door, I say, 'Oh no, that's fine, I can get it.' All I had was a credit card and my bank card from Flint. I couldn't see, I'm so hungry. The hotel's room service



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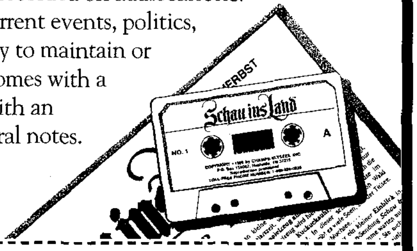

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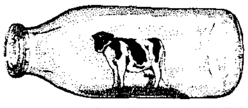

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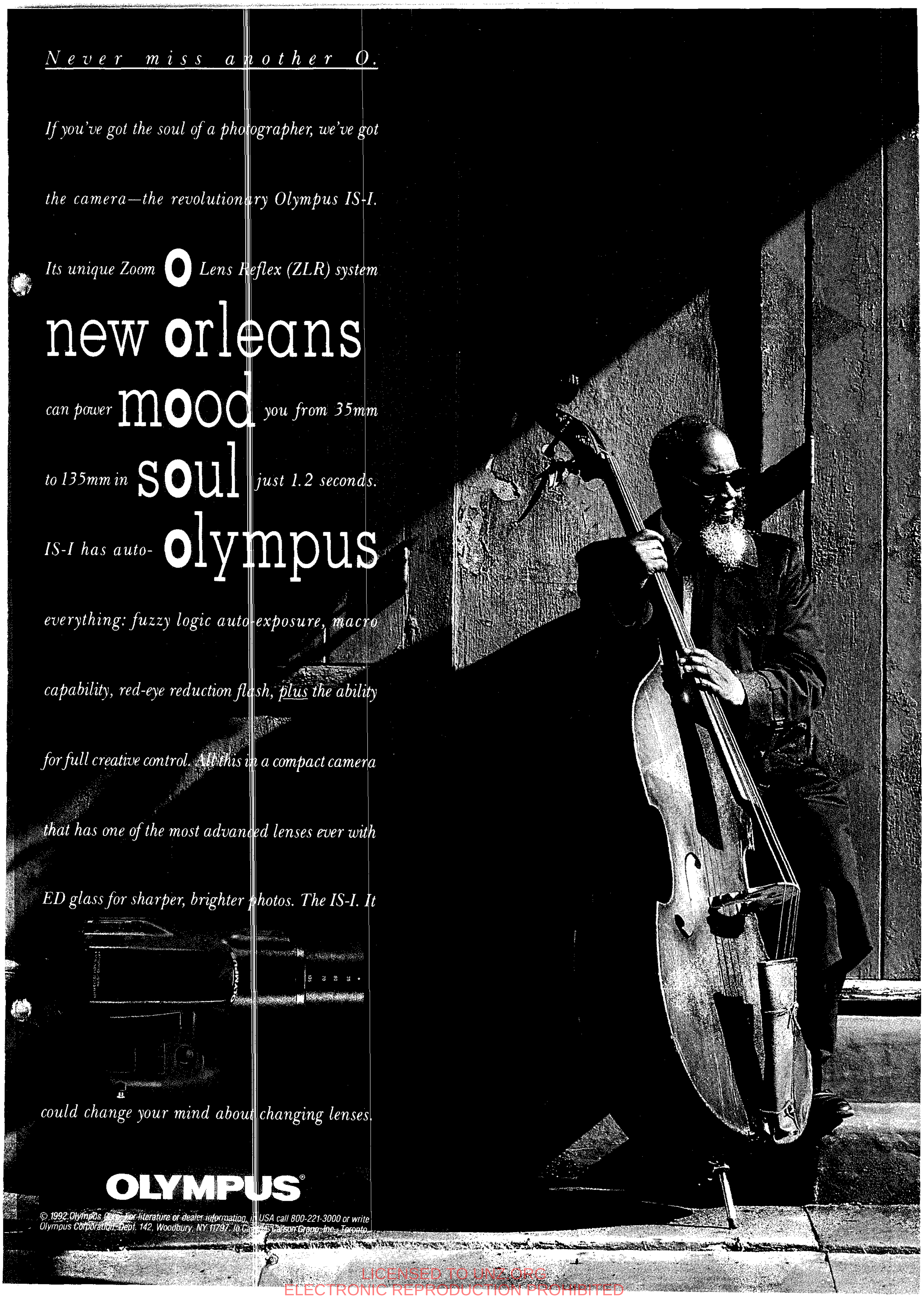
was closed for the night. It's New Year's, and probably everyone else in the city knows you want to be on the twentieth floor or above to get away from the noise, but I'm from Flint and they give me a room on the fourth floor. I go out on the street and start walking around, looking for some place I can eat with my credit card, but everything's closed, and the places I find open don't take credit cards. I'm standing in the coffee shops, looking at the desserts in those turning display racks and those cabinets with the mirrors behind them. I come back to my hotel room. I had half a granola bar in my suitcase, and I eat that. Everyone in the world is drunk and is outside my window shouting and tooting those little tin horns. I had a glass of water and went to bed.

"The next morning, I walk over to the Garden, but it's locked. I go to a diner, where there's this old Greek man behind the counter, and I say, 'Hi, my name's Mike Richter, I'm a goalie in the Rangers' organization.' I tell him he can take my credit card, my bank card, my license—whatever he wants—but can I order some food and promise I'll pay him back? He said, 'Order what you want, we'll deliver it to your room, and you better pay me back.' So I had some ham and eggs and some toast and I felt better, and I go over to the Garden, and we lose, three to one, but I play O.K. After the game, I take my shower and pack up my stuff and find the team guy who's supposed to get my ticket back to Flint and tell him I'm in a hurry, because there's a game back there and I want to be home in time to play. I figure the Rangers don't really want me around anyway, so I don't want to be there. Besides, my girlfriend is back in my room at Wally's. The guy goes to talk to Roger, the coach, and he says, 'Better have him hold off.' So I call my girlfriend at Wally's and give her the news, and get a ride to a Ramada Inn up in Westchester, where the Rangers have a room for me. Then I went with the team on a road trip in January and when I get back they put me in a hotel in Armonk, and after a few weeks the real-estate agent who rents most of the players their places says to Roger, 'What about Richter? Don't you think you should get him a house? He's at the hotel,' and Roger says, 'Jeez, is he still there?'

"So I get a house, and I'm playing at



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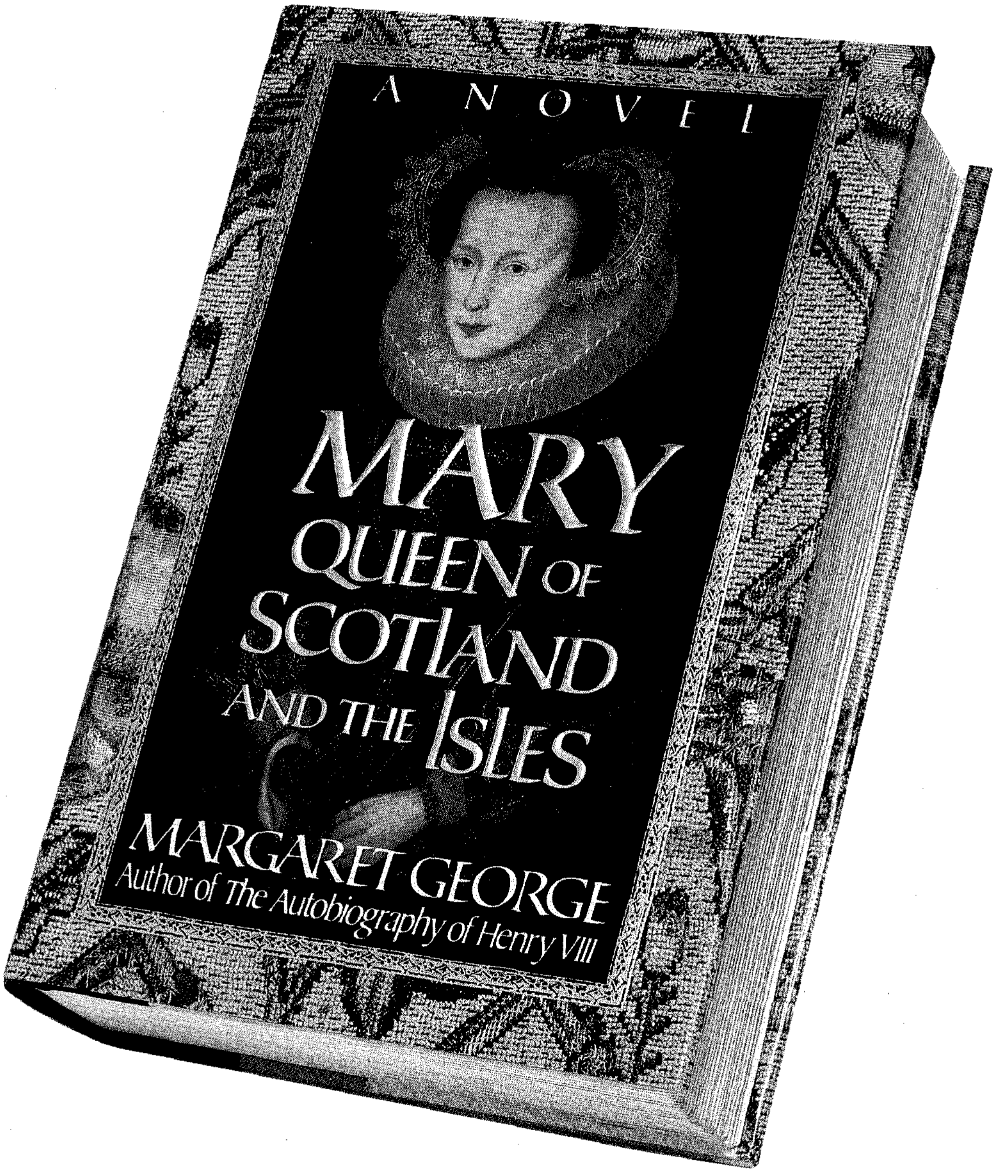
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Madison Square Garden. I lose my first game, then I play seven in a row without losing and get named the league Rookie of the Month, and I'm really excited, and I never see Wally's again."

ONE day last spring, I showed Richter an arresting picture of himself from the *News*. The picture appeared on the back page of the paper—that is, on the front page of the sports section. It took up most of the page—it was the biggest picture of Richter I have ever seen—and it showed him making a bell-ringing save on the shifty Philadelphia player Rod Brind'Amour, who had skated in alone on a breakaway. Richter looked like one of those soldier dolls whose legs and arms have been twisted into unnatural positions. His legs were split, and his arms were flung to the sides like wings. His left arm was behind him, and his right arm held his stick so that the blade defended the triangular space between his legs.

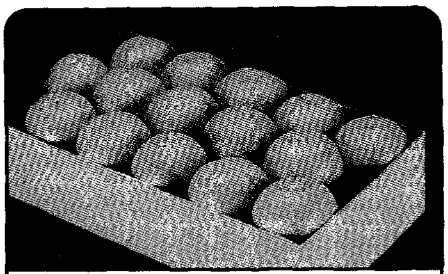
Richter was living by himself at the time, in a house with five bedrooms and maids' quarters in a neighborhood of other big houses by the golf course of the Westchester Country Club, in Rye. He had rented the house in the fall with two other players, and both had been sent to the minors early in the season. The house was cold and enormous and drafty and dark. The only evidence in it of Richter was some cereal boxes in a row on the counter in the kitchen, a few books and some pictures in the room where he slept, and a closet with his clothes. The house was on the market for a million and a half dollars. People would arrive with real-estate agents and walk through it without Richter's knowing they were coming, or would be there while he was away and leave lights on in parts of the house he didn't often visit, and he would find them several days later.

Richter likes to use props when he talks. In a restaurant, he will collect anything at hand to depict a hockey player. "Say you're a forward . . ." he will begin, and start shifting the salt and pepper shakers and the sugar packets around as if they were cards in the hands of a monte dealer. At home, he liked to answer questions about goaltending by standing in front of the fireplace.

"That save was right near the beginning of the game," he said. "We were on a power play. Brian Leetch had carried the puck into the Philadelphia end and lost it. A Philadelphia player knocked it back up against the boards, a pool shot, and it came to center ice, where the only player was Brind'Amour. Everyone on our team was in the Philadelphia end—they'd been trapped by that quick clear—and they hadn't even started back by the time Brind'Amour got the puck. I skated about ten feet forward, so that I could reduce the angle he had on the net, but I couldn't get out as far as I wanted, because he was travelling full speed, and I had to stop and begin travelling full speed in reverse to stay with him. I want always to be a barrier in front of him, with no holes, if I can help it, so that he has no way to shoot through me. The most difficult place to protect is the space between your legs. When you're in position, your knees are bent and your feet are apart, so there's a gap between your shins, called the five hole—the corners of the net are one, two, three, and four. For all the other saves, you make your body explode to reach the puck, but with the five hole everything is moving in. You have to, I don't know—I guess, implode, and that's very difficult. Anyway, my eyes are watching the puck on his stick. If I'd had more time, I might have tried to see where he was looking, but a player like Brind'Amour is tricky enough that he'll skate with his head down and only look up quickly, or barely raise his eyes."

I called Brind'Amour, and he said, "Once I had the puck on my stick, I took a quick look but mostly I kept my head down. I can see what I'm looking for—how far out of the net he is, whether he's leaning one way or the other, or maybe leaving more space to one side, if he's got his arms close to his body, or if there's any room between his legs—but I don't want *him* to know that. All I could tell as I got closer was that no one else was with me, and that there wasn't much available. Richter was where he wanted to be, and he wasn't giving much away."

Richter: "Brind'Amour has a clear lead on everyone else, no one is going to catch him, and he must have realized that, because about twenty-five feet from me he changes from having his arms extended and the puck out in front of him to carrying the puck on his forehand,



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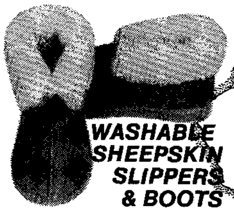

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close to his body with his arms relaxed, which means that he can either shoot now or throw a fake. As long as his arms are extended, and he's skating hard, he can't shoot—he has no force available to propel the puck."

Brind'Amour: "I'm going forward, trying to find the first hole I can, but I don't see one. I know he doesn't very often make a first move, and he's quick to recover, so I thought I'd probably only get one chance."

Richter: "What he wants is for me to move first. If I lean one way or the other, or move my feet, or respond to any gesture of his head or his hands or his shoulders or his stick, then I've committed my body, and he will have a fraction of a second to act before I can move in another direction."

Brind'Amour: "Sometimes you don't even think about what you're going to do—you just trust your body to come up with something—and sometimes you plan. It depends on how you feel, and it depends on the goalie. If you know he has a weakness, you might try and take advantage of it, but I didn't know of any weakness with Richter. I made up my mind to walk in and cut wide to the forehand once I got close to him, which would make him open his legs to stay with me, and then try to slide the puck between them."

Richter: "Brind'Amour's feet are planted and set apart, and he's gliding, but he hasn't yet dipped his shoulder or turned his blade to fake a shot, or moved the puck to either side to try and draw me with it. I'm lined up with the puck in front of him, and it looks to me like he is going to his left, because he's travelling in that direction and, as fast as he's moving, I don't think there is room anymore between him and me for him to reverse himself. I have to honor every one of his possibilities, though, because he's flying—if I go down too soon, he'll just chip the puck over me—and how I'm doing it is by taking little tiny steps, so that I'm not thrown off balance or caught leaning to one side or the other, which opens up holes. Also, you take small steps because it's very difficult to move a leg you have put your weight on. By cutting wide, Brind'Amour's trying to make me open my legs, but I'm making sure my stick is in place to protect the space between them."

Richter turned around and picked up the fireplace tongs to use as a goal stick. Then he moved a wingback chair to a position a few feet in front of him and a little to his right, to represent Brind'Amour. "Brind'Amour got to the net," he said, facing the chair, "and I remember it seemed like he almost came to a stop and faded to the left, because he ran out of room, which is ideal; it means that I gave him nothing to exploit, that he used up his chances, and the advantage suddenly began to shift toward me. When he cut wide to the forehand, I had to explode my right leg out in case he was going to shoot, and that was how I ended up in a split. The momentum threw my left arm behind me. And then I fell over backwards. Before I did, he shot the puck toward the space between my legs, but I had my stick blade in front of me so that he had only a couple of inches between the top of the blade and my body, and if he's good enough to fit the puck through that slot he gets the goal."

Brind'Amour: "I didn't have anything, so I tried to make something."

Richter: "Instead, he hit me with the puck."

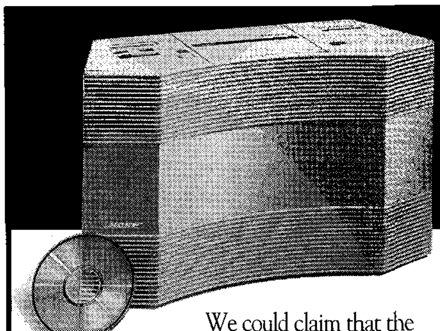
Brind'Amour: "If you're going to write that he stoned me, you better put in that I got two goals on him later in the game."

RICHTER doesn't return phone calls. It is something he says he is working on. His tolerance for talking on the phone is limited anyway. A phone call to him usually ends by his abruptly invoking some variation on the theme of urgency. "O.K., buddy, I'm running a little late. I was supposed to be at the gym/meet a guy/be at the airport an hour ago." Richter lives modestly, especially compared with his teammates. He is the only Ranger who does not have a fancy car; he drives a Honda several years old. Usually, the first purchase a hockey player makes is the best showcase car he can afford. Richter is frugal. He puts his money in the bank. There is a joke among his teammates that if you want to find Richter you announce that you are buying lunch. He was paid approximately seven hundred thousand dollars to play hockey last season, and he managed to save most of what didn't go to taxes and rent. He bought his mother a trip to Ireland, where her family is from, and over the summer he took a trip to Paris. One of his sisters works for a man who has a château in the country south of the city, and he offered Richter the use of it. It took him a while to make up his mind to go. Visiting France meant giving up summer school—he has been attending Cornell during the summers—and resigning himself to making it up later; it will take ten years of summer classes to complete the year and a half he has left. His father conveyed to him the feeling that a person is hopeless without a college degree.

There are stories of Rangers wearing lampshades, and stepping from limousines in funny costumes after the team Halloween party, and livening up the atmosphere of this or that club, but, except for a little sing-along two years ago in an obscure Irish bar on the Upper East Side, I don't know of any such episodes that involve Richter. After games, his teammates head for bars where models gather. Richter, though, is often on his way back home early, in order to have enough rest for practice the next day and the game on the day after that. Richter's adherence to sensible policies of diet and rest give him the air of an ascetic, or a priest. Without any difficulty, I can imagine Father Richter superintending a parish among the leafy precincts of suburban Philadelphia—not dynamic, perhaps, but admired for his deliberateness and reserve—which his parishioners read as wisdom—and beloved for his tenacity and humor. I see him as never insisting to his flock on the need for moral behavior but striving by example to convey its advantages. I do not see him as entirely comfortable with sympathy calls—shyness would restrict his natural feelings. I see him living in a small parish house, his light on late into the night, writing sermons on the subject of what might be said to be the goaltender's creed: only the most rigorous vigilance can see a person safely through this life. ♦

Michael Cornelissen's leaving was his decision: "I'll be turning 50 next year and this is all consistent with my very firmly held conviction that you need to have a fresh face in the saddle at least every 10 years."
—*Photo caption in the Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Anyhow, the leather chafes.



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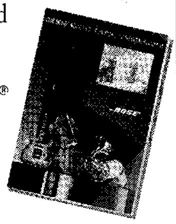

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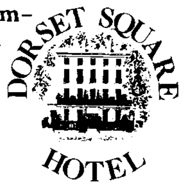

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THE CRITICS

THE THEATRE

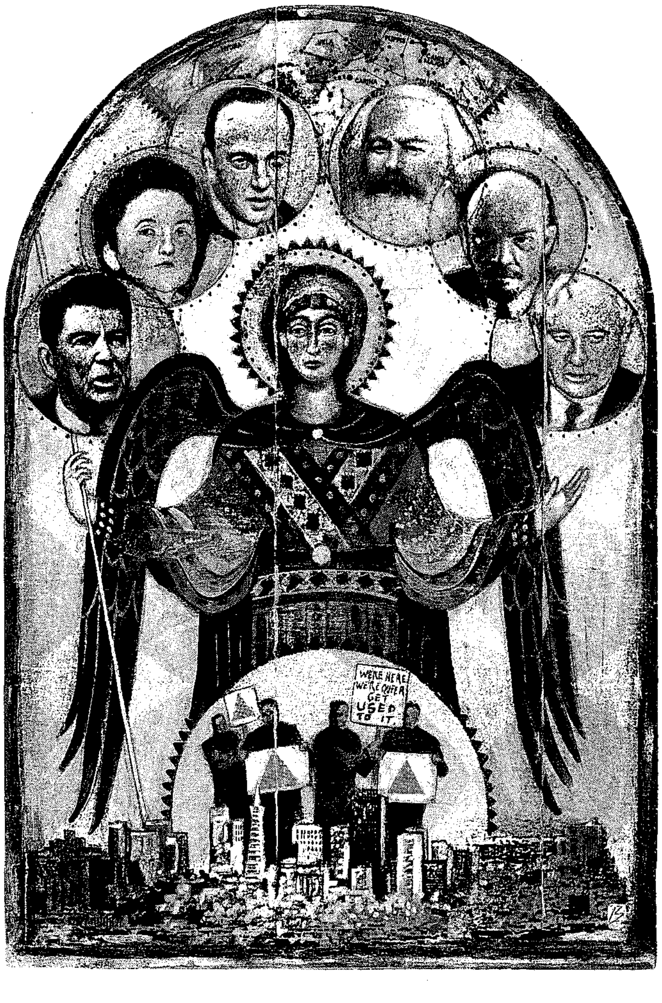
BEYOND NELLY

by John Lahr

HIGH on a hill in downtown Los Angeles, the thirty-six-year-old playwright Tony Kushner stood watching an usher urge the people outside the Mark Taper Forum to take their seats for the opening of “Angels in America,” his two-part “gay fantasia on national themes.” It was the première of the play’s long-awaited second segment, “Perestroika,” which was being performed, together with the first part, “Millennium Approaches,” in a seven-hour back-to-back marathon. “I never imagined that this was going to come out of sitting down in 1988 to write what was supposed to be a two-hour play about five gay men, one of whom was Mormon and another was Roy Cohn,” Kushner said. “The level of attention that’s being paid to the plays is completely terrifying.” On the first day the Taper opened its box office for Kushner’s twin bill, it took in thirty-two thousand eight hundred and four dollars, far exceeding the previous record in the theatre’s distinguished history; and just last week “Millennium Approaches,” which ran for a year at the Royal National Theatre in England, won the London *Evening Standard’s* award for best play. Driving to the Taper for his opening, Kushner said, he had thought, If I have a fiery car crash, the play will probably be really well received and no one will dare trash it, and it would be this legendary thing. Now Kushner was experiencing the actual rush of first-night terror: he couldn’t feel the pavement under his feet. “I feel like I’m walking on some cushion, like dry sponge,” he said. “Unsteady. Giddy.”

Every playwright has a ritual for opening night. Some playwrights walk. Some drink. Some tough it out and watch from the back of the theatre, silently coaxing the players over every production obstacle. Kushner takes himself away for a Chinese meal; in the case of this doubleheader, he’d need two meals. He had already taped his opening-night ticket into his journal. He’d fitted himself out with a lucky ceramic lion given him by his mother and with a medal of the Virgin Mary from Majagure, in what was formerly Yugoslavia. He had one more thing to do. “Once the curtain goes up, I sing ‘Begin the Beguine’—it’s the longest pop song without a chorus,” he explained, shouldering a blue backpack. “I have to sing it *well* from start to finish. If I can get through the whole thing without fucking up the words, it’s going to be O.K.” I left him to it.

Inside the seven-hundred-and-forty-two-seat auditorium, the Taper’s artistic director, Gordon Davidson, shmoozed with the first-nighters like a rabbi with his congregation. Over the twenty-five years of Davidson’s stewardship, the Taper has generated a prodigious amount of theatre work, some of which has invigorated Broadway and Off Broadway. Although the local press likes to bite the hand that feeds it, and periodically snaps at Davidson, no other American regional theatre ap-



DARRELL BOWER

proaches the Taper's creative record. Recently, Davidson and his theatre seem to have had a second lease on creative life, giving George C. Wolfe's innovative musical "Jelly's Last Jam" its first production and staging Robert Schenkkan's "The Kentucky Cycle," which was the first play to win a Pulitzer Prize without being put on in New York. With "Angels in America," which Davidson workshopped, and into which he has already sunk a million three hundred thousand dollars of the theatre's budget, the Taper is poised for another scoop. Davidson worked the room, handing out butterscotch candies, as is his opening-night custom, and smiling the smile that has launched a few hundred shows but none more brazenly ambitious or better produced than Kushner's. The occasion felt more like a feeding frenzy than like a first night. Robert Altman was there, checking out the play as movie material. A good proportion of the New York theatre's high rollers seemed to be there, too, eager to get a piece of Kushner's action: JoAnne Akalaitis, of the Public Theatre, with whom Davidson will produce the cycle in New York in February; Rocco Landesman, of Jujamcyn; the Broadway producers Margo Lion and Heidi Landesman; and a host of critics, including Frank Rich, of the *Times*, and Jack Kroll, of *Newsweek*. As the houselights dimmed, Davidson found his seat and glanced at the copy of "Moby Dick" that Kushner had given him as an opening-night present. "I felt it was appropriate for the occasion," Kushner's inscription read. "It's my favorite book, by my favorite writer, someone who spent years pursuing, as he put it in a letter to Hawthorne, 'a bigger fish.' "

Just how big a fish Kushner was trying to land was apparent as the lights came up on John Conklin's bold backdrop of the façade of a Federal-style building, leached of color and riven from floor to ceiling by enormous cracks. The monumental design announced the scope and elegant daring of the enterprise. It gave a particular sense of excitement to the evening, and bore out one of Kushner's pet theories. "The natural condition of theatre veers toward calamity and absurdity. That's what makes it so powerful when it's powerful," he said before he decamped to Chinatown. "The greater the heights to which the artists involved aspire, the greater the threat of complete fiasco. There's a wonderfully vibrant tension between immense success and complete catastrophe that is one of the guarantors of theatrical power." From its first beat, "Angels in America" exhibited a ravishing command of its characters and of the discourse it wanted to have through them with our society.

Kushner has not written a gay problem play, or agitprop Sturm und Schlong; nor is he pleading for tolerance. "I think that's a terrible thing to be looking for," he told me. Instead, with immense good humor and accessible characters, he honors the gay community by telling a story that sets its concerns in the larger historical context of American political life. "In America, there's a great attempt to divest private life of political meaning," he said. "We have to recognize that our lives are fraught with politics. The oppression and suppression of homosexuality is part of a larger political agenda. The struggle for a cure for AIDS and for governmental recognition of the seriousness of the epidemic connects directly to universal health care, which is connected to a larger issue, which is a social net." Set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, "Millennium Approaches" maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their sexual and public destinies. Louis, unable to deal with illness, abandons his lover, Prior, who has AIDS; Joe, an ambitious, bisexual Mormon Republican legal clerk, abandons his dippy, pill-popping Mormon wife, Harper ("You, the one part of the real world I wasn't allergic to," she tells him later); and Roy Cohn, in his greed, is faithless to everybody. "There are no angels in America, no spiritual past, no racial past, there's only the political," Louis says, in one of the idealistic intellectual arabesques meant to disguise his own moral and emotional quandary, which Joe Mantello's droll characterization both teases and makes touching. Louis invokes Alexis de Tocqueville, and it's Tocqueville who put his finger on that force of American democracy whose momentum creates the spiritual vacuum Kushner's characters act out. "Thus not only does democracy make every man forget his ancestors, but it hides his descendants

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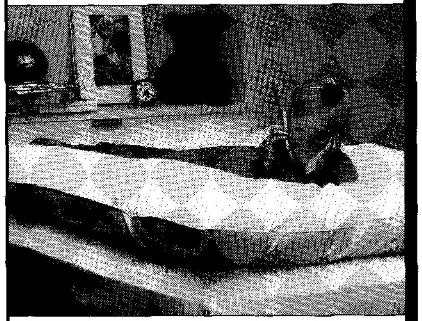

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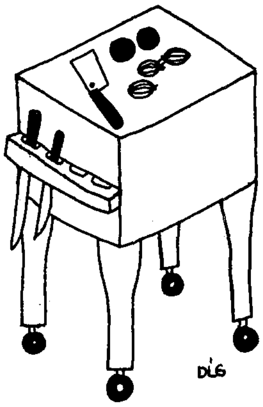
and separates his contemporaries from him," Tocqueville wrote. "It throws him back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart."

This isolation has its awesome apotheosis in the dead heart of Roy Cohn. "Hold," Cohn barks into the phone—his very first word. Turning to Joe (Jeffrey King), whom he's singled out as a potential "Royboy," he says, "I wish I was an octopus, a fucking octopus. Eight loving arms and all those suckers. Know what I mean?" This is a great part, which calls out of Ron Leibman a great performance. Roaring, cursing, bullying, jabbing at the air with his beaky tanned face and at the phone with his cruel fingers, he incarnates all that is raw, vigorous, and reckless in Cohn's manic pursuit of power. "Love; that's a trap. Responsibility; that's a trap, too," he tells Joe while trying to set him up as his man inside the Justice Department and spell out the deep pessimism behind his rapacity. "Life is full of horror; nobody escapes, nobody; save yourself." With his rasping, nasal voice swooping up and down the vocal register, Leibman makes Cohn's evil incandescent and almost majestic. ("If you want the smoke and puffery, you can listen to Kissinger and Shultz and those guys," he confides to Joe at one point. "But if you want to look at the heart of modern conservatism you look at me.") Cohn is the king of control and the queen of denial. He tells his doctor when he learns he has AIDS, "Homosexuals are men who in fifteen years of trying cannot get a pissant anti-discrimination bill through City Council. Homosexuals are men who know nobody and who nobody knows. Does this sound like me, Henry?"



But Cohn's hectoring gusto doesn't overwhelm the piquancy of the other stories. Kushner's humor gets the audience involved in the characters, and the play works like a kind of soap opera with sensibility, whose triumph is finally one of design rather than depth. Kushner doesn't impose personality on ideas but lets ideas emerge through careful observation of personality. He listens to his characters and, with his percolating imagination, blends the quirky logic of their voices with their hallucinatory visions. Prior (played by Stephen Spinella) dances with Louis in a dream. In her lovelorn grief, Harper (Cynthia Mace) fantasizes herself in the Antarctic, and later Joe comes hilariously alive, stepping out of a pioneer tableau, during Harper's vigil in the Diorama Room of the Mormon Visitors' Center in New York City. Ethel Rosenberg, who owed her execution to Cohn's single-handed, improper intervention with the presiding judge, appears at Cohn's bedside. These hauntings are sometimes dramatized as projections of parts of the self that have been murdered in order to survive. "Are you a ghost?" Prior asks Louis as he sways in the arms of his guilty lover to the tune of "Moon River." "No," Louis says. "Just spectral. Lost to myself." The final, ambiguous image of "Millennium Approaches," which brings the play to a halt, if not to a conclusive end, is the appearance of an angel to Prior while he languishes in his sickbed. "*Very* Steven Spielberg," Prior says as the set parts and the angel (Ellen McLaughlin) swings down on wires, to proclaim him Prophet and tell him tantalizingly that his great work is about to begin. With the help of jets of smoke, Pat Collins' evocative lighting, and the strong directorial hands of Oskar Eustis and Tony Taccone, the audience is brought bravoing to its feet. The production is far superior in every scenic and performing detail to the celebrated English version.

"PERESTROIKA" is the messier but more interesting of the two plays, skillfully steering its characters from the sins of separation in the eighties to a new sense of community in the embattled nineties. Though "Perestroika" should begin where "Millennium Approaches" breaks off, it opens instead with an excellent but extraneous preamble by the oldest living Bolshevik, bemoaning this "sour little age" and demanding a new ideology: "Show me the

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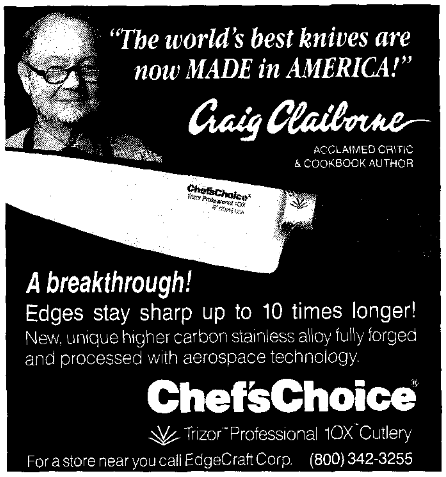
words that will reorder the world, or else keep silent." Kushner can't keep silent; but, while his play refuses ideology, it dramatizes, as the title suggests, both the exhilaration and the terror of restructuring perception about gay life and about our national mission. The verbose Angel that appears to Prior now turns out in "Perestroika" to be the Angel of Death or, in this case, Stasis. She takes up a lot of time broadcasting a deadly simple, reactionary message of cosmic collapse. "You must stop moving," she tells Prior. "Hobble yourselves. Abjure the Horizontal, Seek the Vertical." But, once the characters get back on the narrative track of the plot, "Perestroika" finds its feet and its wisdom.

The real drama of "Perestroika" is the fulminating, sometimes funny battle the characters wage in trying to deal with catastrophic loss. Here, as in "Millennium Approaches," Cohn, the fixer, is shrewdly placed at the center of the argument. Cohn will not accept loss, always stacking life's deck to maintain his fantasy of omnipotence. "I can get anyone to do anything I want," he tells his black male nurse, Belize (played with panache by K. Todd Freeman), before picking up the phone to blackmail an acquaintance for the drug AZT. "I'm no good at tests, Martin," he tells the acquaintance. "I'd rather cheat." And later, with his stash of AZT in a locked box in the foreground, he crows at his nurse like a big winner: "From now on, I supply my own pills. I already told 'em to push their jujubes to the losers down the hall." All change requires loss, and Cohn's power is a mighty defense against change. His emptiness is colossal. Significantly, Cohn dies mouthing the same words that introduced him in "Millennium Approaches." Kushner shows his other characters growing through an acceptance of loss. "Lost is best," Harper says, refusing to take Joe back after his fling with Louis, and going with the flow of her aimlessness. "Get lost. Joe. Go exploring." Prior, too, has finally wrestled control of his life and what remains of his momentum from the Angel of Stasis. "Motion, progress, is life, it's—modernity," he says, unwilling to be stoical. "We're not rocks, we can't just wait. . . . And wait for what? God." His task is to make sense of death and, as he says, "to face loss, with grace."

Part of this grace is humor, the often heroic high-camp frivolity that both acknowledges suffering and refuses to suffer. When Cohn brags to his nurse, "Pain's . . . nothing, pain's life," Belize replies, sharpish, "Sing it, baby." Kushner uses laughter carefully, to deflate the maudlin and to build a complex tapestry of ironic emotion. He engineers a hilarious redemption for the politically correct Louis, who is forced by Belize to say Kaddish over Cohn's dead body in order to steal the remaining AZT to prolong Prior's life. Louis prays with Ethel Rosenberg's ghost over the body, and they end the Hebrew prayer with "You son of a bitch." And at another point in his emotional turmoil Prior turns to Louis and accuses him of having taken a Mormon lover. "Ask me how I knew," Prior says. Louis asks, "How?" Prior rounds on him: "Fuck you. I'm a prophet." Even Cohn gets off a cosmic joke, making a last-minute appearance from Purgatory as God's lawyer. "You're guilty as hell," he growls at the Deity. "You have nothing to plead, but not to worry, darling, I will make something up."

"Perestroika" ends by celebrating community, not individualism, auguring with eerie serendipity the spirit of the new Clinton era. Even the monstrous Cohn is acknowledged as a fallen victim by the brotherhood. "The question I'm trying to ask is how broad is a community's embrace," Kushner says. "How wide does it reach? Communities all over the world now are in tremendous crisis over the issue of how you let go of the past without forgetting the crimes that were committed." In the play's epilogue, which jumps to 1990, Kushner confronts the audience with the miraculous. Prior has lived four more years. He sits in Central Park in animated conversation with his friends. Then, turning the conversation up and down at his command (Kushner's homage to the ending of "The Glass Menagerie"),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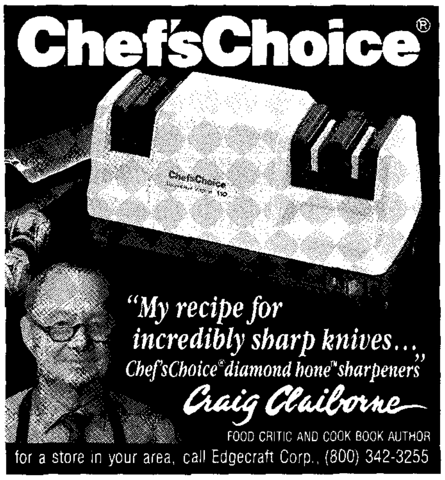
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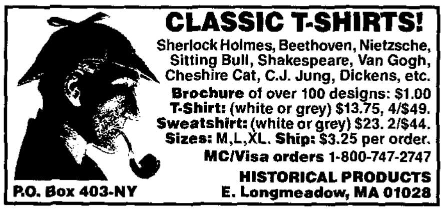
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Prior steps out of the play world to talk directly to us. It's an extraordinarily powerful (if haphazardly staged) moment, in which the community of concern is extended by the author to the human family, not just the gay world. "Bye now," Prior says. "You are fabulous, each and every one, and I love you all. And I bless you. *More life*. And bless us all."

BACKSTAGE, Kushner stood dazed and rumpled among a crowd of well-wishers. "I've been working on this play for four and a half years," he said. "Tonight, a whole era in my life comes to an end. It's been an incredibly strange ride." His exhaustion and the happy fatigue of the cast members, who lingered in doorways, seemed to bear out part of Kushner's opening-night message, which was pinned to the stage-door bulletin board. "And how else should an angel land on earth but with the utmost difficulty?" it read. "If we are to be visited by angels we will have to call them down with sweat and strain, we will have to drag them out of the skies, and the efforts we expend to draw the heavens to an earthly place may well leave us too exhausted to appreciate the fruits of our labors: an angel, even with torn robes, and ruffled feathers, is in our midst."

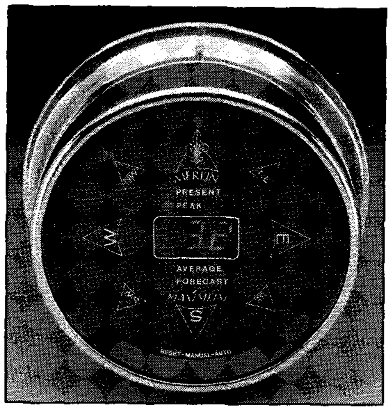
Kushner and the excellent Taper ensemble had made a little piece of American theatre history on that cloudless California night. "Angels in America" was now officially in the world, covered more or less in glory. It was a victory for Kushner, for theatre, for the transforming power of the imagination to turn devastation into beauty. ♦

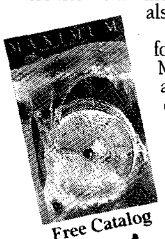
HIGH-TECH SHENANIGANS

by Edith Oliver

IT can at least be said of "Solitary Confinement," which stars Stacy Keach, that its opening last week, at the Nederlander, is perfectly timed for Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations at the local public and private schools, its potential audience being restricted to those of fourteen years or younger, who have spent most of their homework-free time staring at television. Their chaperons will just have to make do. The play, a thriller—which means that rules must be observed, information kept to a minimum—is compounded of mystery, menace, mechanical devices, and brief colloquies in lieu of conversations. The action takes place in the study of a tyrannical billionaire, one Richard Jannings, who, apparently in terror for his life, has confined himself to his apartment, on the top floor of his own office building, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Even his staff—retinue is more like it—is forbidden his presence. When he wishes to speak to his employees, he pushes buttons on his hand-held remote control, and they appear, one by one, on a large upstage television screen, to receive and obey orders. They are switched off abruptly. Jannings thinks that the room is impregnable, every door and window locked, but it is not. There is an intruder, who advertises his presence with jets of steamy poison gas, and then later— Why am I telling you all this? Suffice it to say that Mr. Keach is kept very busy, trying, with considerable agility, to sidestep whoever is out to do him in, and, at the same time, stay in constant touch with his staff.

I found a lot of "Solitary Confinement" confusing, but no more so, I guess, than most science-fiction television shows. Also, I cannot deny that my attention often wandered. The script, by Rupert Holmes (who wrote the successful "Accomplice," as well as "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"), is a dud. Even so, Mr. Keach's performance, in what must be considered a vehicle, is varied and lively, and his elation in the role is contagious. He is a classical actor of some stature, and deserves better; he is well supported, however, and all the technological equipment on hand does him no harm. William Barclay, who designed the elaborate setting, also rates star billing, along with whoever supplied all those props. Marshall W. Mason directed. ♦





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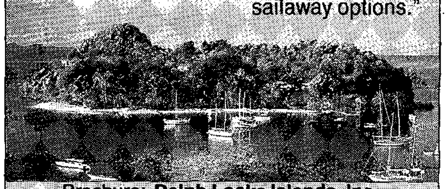

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MUSICAL EVENTS

LAST BIRDS OF PARADISE

by Paul Griffiths

“BUT Grandfather,” the children complained, “all your stories are the same!”

“That,” the old gentleman might well have replied, “is because all of them are true.”

Through more than sixty years of composing, Olivier Messiaen never changed. His view of the sacred purpose of music, to offer a vantage point into the immaterial and the eternal, was the same for the octogenarian as it had been for the young man fresh out of the Paris Conservatoire. The scales and harmonies he discovered as a student—partly through improvising at the organ, partly through listening to Debussy and Dukas—remained at the heart of his music. The long breath, too—the melody that may have begun before it comes into earshot, and has the potential for endless continuation—never faltered, nor did he shift from his position at a remove from the Western tradition, which for a thousand years had been finding ways to fit music to human rather than divine purposes. He had no time for the contrapuntal arguments and the symphonic journeys of that tradition: his tempo was the rush of ecstatic joy, or the motionless stare of contemplation, or the speeds of humanless nature—the speeds of birdsong or planetary motion, speeds without destination. There was no destination, no progress, because there was nowhere for his music to go: if you're already in eternity, then that is an end to travel and wishing. Only because he was, in his physical existence, a man, and therefore subject to the widening experience of a life's course, did his music also widen, ripple out to embrace ever further reaches of sound, which he encountered in other music (more in Asian than in European sorts), in the natural world, and in imagination. But the center was always in the same place.

CHRISTOPHER BROWN

It follows that his swan song, “Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . ”—“flash visions of the beyond,” one might say—has few of the expected attributes of a late work. In its hope, delight, and brilliance, it is, rather, the music of an ageless spirit, and, to the extent that it sounds serene and achieved, it sounds like almost everything else Messiaen ever wrote. That constancy, of style and vision, came out of his certainty: his certainty in his religious faith, and his certainty in the correctness—indeed, the inevitability—of his musical path. If, in this final work, a hundred and twenty-eight musicians have to be assembled, only for many of them to be left waiting for long periods, no excuse or reason has to be offered. Such blissful unself-consciousness is what gives Messiaen's music the ring of truth, if by truth we mean something that could not be otherwise, that seems to have support from more than an individual's wanting it so. This truthfulness doesn't depend on the truthfulness of the doctrines the music seeks to present; it's a truthfulness inherent in what the music is, in the unforced clarity of action with which it was created.

The three première performances of “Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . ,” given earlier this month by the Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta, might have been melancholy occasions, since they were taking place six months after the composer's death. But to regret the ending of a life that was so fulfilled would be hard—hard, and also disregarding of Messiaen's conviction about the eternity of human destiny. This was his greatest subject, suited to music that had reached the freedom from will and striving promised for the soul after death. One of his earliest works, “L'Ascension,” concerned the raising of Christ into Heaven. Another, the organ cycle “Les Corps Glorieux,” had to do with the power, levitational agility, and radiance of the body after resurrection. Later came the dazzlements

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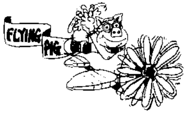

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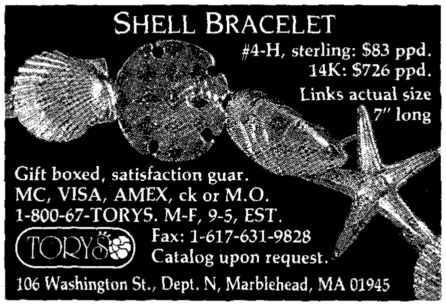

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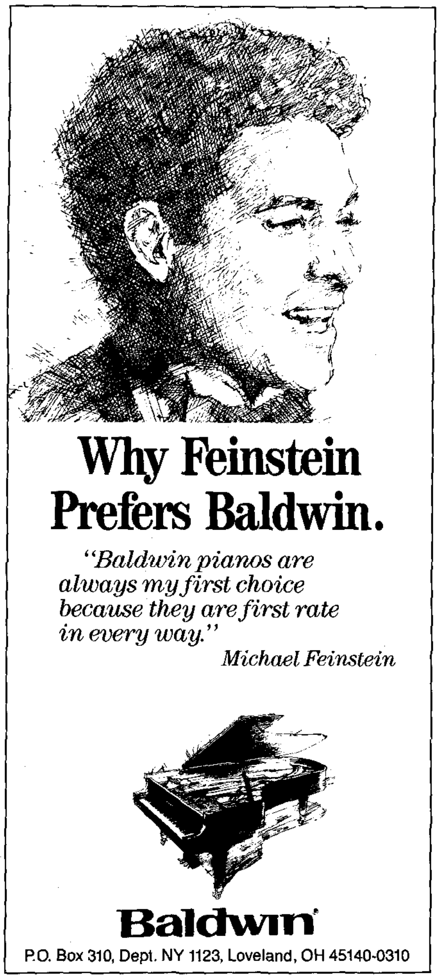
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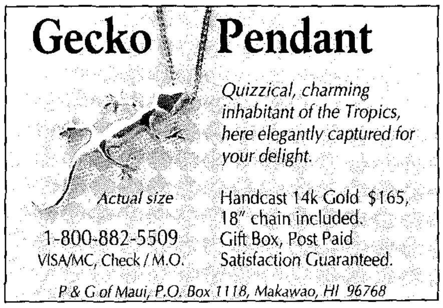
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of "Couleurs de la Cité Céleste," in which the chords and colors of a variegated instrumental ensemble build the jewel walls of the New Jerusalem, and also, looking more from the depths than to the heights, the massive chants of "Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum," scored for a solemn orchestra of winds and gongs. "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . " is the culmination, the furthest circle of outward growth, and, as such, it recalls these and other works. Part of the wonder is that nothing has been lost.

Other constancies include the Biblical inscriptions above the movements, the words coming most frequently from the book that Messiaen—drawn to the marvellous and awe-inspiring, as he was drawn to a time beyond human time—often quoted in his scores: Revelation. In many ways, the work that "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . " echoes most strongly is the "Quatuor pour la Fin du Temps," written half a century before and also revolving around the great pageant of the Apocalypse. But the new score welcomes, besides the words of St. John, the songs of numerous birds (again including favorites, like the Garden Warbler), and thereby allies itself with the more recent Messiaen. The presence of so many Australasian species has its practical explanation in the fact that the composer paid an eightieth-birthday visit to that region: he liked to go out and notate birdsong wherever he was, and one could map his travels from the new songs that arrived in his music. But there's also a poetic justification, in that the Southern Hemisphere birds of the new work represent a world beyond, as they did for St. Francis in Messiaen's opera.

Another glimpse of Heaven comes, perhaps more expectedly, from the heavens. Like "Des Canyons aux Étoiles . . . " (also written for Lincoln Center), "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . " has moments when the stars give voice: "God called the stars"—Messiaen quotes here from the Apocryphal Book of Baruch—"and they answered: 'Here we are!' " Their answer comes with a characteristic inversion of scale with respect to the birds, for where the birdsongs are often exultantly loud, resounding through great collections of winds and percussion, the galaxies and nebulae—smudges of light over darkness—are heard as smudges of sound over silence: murmurings from the cellos, a graze of violin harmonics in rotating slides. Equally characteristically, the stars and the birds can reflect one another, so that an ensemble of six flutes, warbling with birdsongs from Europe, Africa, and South America, can sound like a radiant constellation. Just as the work brings so much from an entire lifetime into a jangling simultaneity, so it rushes from cosmic distances down to the larynxes of birds. Particularities of time and space are likewise abolished in its vision of eternity.

THE opening movement, "Apparition of Christ Glorified," is both portal and introit: a chant sung in huge harmony by thirty-five wind instruments. According to the detailed program notes provided by the composer's widow, Yvonne Loriod, the melody touches on the plainsong Alleluia for the feast of Christ the King, though the parallels of musical character are with the hymns for massed woodwinds and brass in "L'Ascension" and "Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum." We've just arrived in a new place, a new time, but we could be back thirty or sixty years in Messiaen's creative life. We could, alternatively, be back in the age of the ziggurats and pyramids that provided some of the inspiration for "Et exspecto": primitive immensity is one of the gifts of the unself-conscious mind. The rough-hewn solidity—the shaping of each chord as a separate block, without the ligature of harmonic purpose—comes partly out of the absence of a traditional Western motivation from the bass: here, below the sure homogeneity, the tubas bulge out with their determined dissonances, and give these blown chords the thrumming inharmonicity of bell sounds. For all the ancient evocations, then, the music depends on an entirely twentieth-century understanding of harmony and timbre: times again are conjoined.

After this unanimity, the second movement breaks into a pattern of little verses for different ensembles, to represent "The Constellation of Sagittarius" (Messiaen's zodiac sign, and also the site of the center of our galaxy). This is where we hear the sextet of flute stars and the violin-harmonic nebula, together with melodies for winds and bells (on the medieval Indian rhythmic formulas that Messiaen had been using since the thirties), and a coaxing little theme for violins and violas. Messiaen, like a bird, is instantly recognizable from these songs of his, and the laying down of human and avian musics together—side by side or superimposed—is a gentle demonstration of his artlessness.

Then, in the third movement, comes a whole cascade of music from just one animal: the Superb Lyrebird, which, Mme. Loriod tells us, her husband heard and saw as it put on its show in a sunlit eucalyptus forest. Lyrebird motifs leap around the ensemble in a triumph of ornithological observation and orchestrational prowess: yelpings that land with a cheerful lopsided bounce on brassy major chords, rattling xylophone tremolos with a swish of strings in the background like a flurry of feathers. The joy and the glory befit the image of the title, "The Lyrebird and the Bride-City"—the image of the bird's plumage display as the Heavenly City's dressing of herself for espousal to Christ. But, quite unusually for Messiaen, there's a recognition of the absurdity of the moment: of the high metaphor, and of the Lyrebird's irrepressible song. The music smiles, and it's this humor that's the most remarkable last gain Messiaen's music could make.

The fourth movement folds back into abstraction. Like sections of "Chronochromie," which was Messiaen's only other major orchestral work without a solo piano part for Mme. Loriod, the music marks out numbers as rhythmic durations tolled by bells, gongs, and strings, as if it were some kind of computer making slow operations with sounds, while woodwinds and xylophone infiltrate birdsongs into the mathematics. The title, "The Chosen, Marked by the Seal," refers to the passage in Revelation where an angel places a seal or sign on the foreheads of the elect, but the music seems to be recalling another aspect of this episode: the holding back of the four winds by four other angels, "that no wind might blow or harm the earth." Abstruse and quiet, the piece suggests withdrawal and waiting.

What is awaited is the work's interior conclusion: the fifth movement, "Abide in Love," which is a long adagio for violins, violas, and cellos, as the eleventh and final movement will be. For the moment, though, the atmosphere is one of longing: we are not there yet. The droning C in the bass keeps the goal in sight, but the melody goes on with a marvellous freedom—on and up, in intensity and yet also in radiant certainty. The use of the strings here suggests at times the electronic cooing of the Ondes Martenot, and the long melody carries on from the Ondes music that the angel plays in "Saint François"—music that, similarly, has the purpose of revealing the slow respiration of celestial time.

The rapture dissolves, and is brusquely, dramatically replaced by the thump of a bass drum to start the sixth movement, "The Seven Angels with Seven Trumpets." This is another scene from Revelation, and one that Messiaen had pictured before, in the "Quatuor pour la Fin du Temps": the seven great fanfaring angels have come to announce the ending of time, the collapse of future into past, which "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . ," like all of Messiaen's music, is constantly expecting and celebrating. Here the angelic pronouncement is represented by a sturdy theme sounding again and again from a robust bass-register ensemble of fused horns, trombones, and bassoons. Angels in Messiaen have nothing Pre-Raphaelite about them: they're made of fire, and they roar. Meanwhile, finished time is figured in the symmetrical growths and decays of rhythmic characters marked out by the bass drum in sequence with gongs and the crack of the orchestral whip, or slapstick: time runs forward and backward through the same circuit.

Then comes the softest movement, and the one least like anything else in Messiaen's music: "And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes . . ." The tone of consolation, of cherishing, of God stooping to man is unusual for an artist whose spiritual eyes normally looked the other way, toward the grandeur, the mightiness, the bewilderment; and for anything like the tenderness of this movement one has to look back as far as the "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jésus." Violins set up a high trill (the trill is almost the musical signature of "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . "), preparing for a gentle condescension through woodwind chords, marked "like a caress" in the sketches, and beautifully made to fall through various colors from flute clarity to bassoon warmth: just this phrase could provide an object lesson in orchestration. After it comes a horn call, a tiny echo from Wagner, echoed in turn by flutes and cellos, and completed by a

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welcome from a xylophone's birdsong. After a blackbird solo on flute, and a little more of the xylophone, the whole first part is repeated. And that's all.

At this point, the double basses and the contrabass clarinet come in, forte, to introduce from the depths a four-note motif of tritones, a motif whose subsequent speeding up and lifting through the orchestra will generate the power to justify the title: "The Stars and the Glory." This is the biggest and boldest of the movements, setting its rugged main motif among refrains of diverse birdsongs and nimbuses of nebulae, and ending with a colossal chorale, the only point in the work where the whole orchestra plays together. The inscriptions come from Job—"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy"—and, for the great coda (again reminiscent of "Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum," which Messiaen imagined could be played on mountaintops), from the angel chorus appearing to the shepherds in Luke: "Glory to God in the highest!"

Once more, the work breathes back into itself, for the ninth movement is scored only for eighteen woodwinds, all playing different birdsongs: this is why there have to be ten flutists in the orchestra, mingled here with eight clarinets. The eighteen lines flicker and fade: only in the ear of God will each of them be honored in its turn, since in eternal time the simultaneous can be successive as readily as the successive simultaneous. Uniquely for this movement, Messiaen takes his inscription not from the Bible but from a French mystic, Dom J. de Monléon, who imagines the souls of the redeemed as birds in the branches of the tree of life, gathering its fruits and singing. There's a similar movement for independent string soloists in "Chronochromie," but "Birds of the Trees of Life" is an enhanced realization of the image, with the airy lustre of wind tone, and with the lines now released from conducted tempo, free to move and flex their wings of decoration.

The penultimate movement, "The Way to the Invisible," swivels back from paradise to review the difficulties of the approach. This, too, is a subject treated more than once in Messiaen's output: in the early orchestral piece "Les Offrandes Oubliées," for instance, or in the scene of St. Francis's stigmatization. But human failings were felt less closely by this composer than divine contentment, and the movement is the one slightly dim spot in a work that everywhere else has the effulgence of the marvels toward which he aspired, the marvels of rainbows and of stained-glass windows. The verse-refrain forms don't seem quite adequate to the task of presenting a constant search, and the yearning theme, together with its hammering answers from the strings, seems to be yearning for something outside the composer's range of reference. It must be hard to look away from Heaven.

In the final movement, Messiaen restores his gaze. "Christ, Light of Paradise" is the second string adagio, the definitive entry into bliss. As in the fifth movement, there are places where the melody comes to rest for a moment, but these are not now partitionings of a form: instead, they're pauses for breath along an endless path, a path that doesn't need to turn its steps upward anymore, a path that isn't really a path at all but only the protraction, in our time scale, of an instant. Above the violins there's the high trill of three triangles, like white light, or like a resonance that doesn't die away but continues, because time has stopped.

The achieving of the two string movements—maintaining their intensity even when, in the second, earthly attachments have fallen away—is probably the most important key to the work's performance, and the Philharmonic rose wonderfully to the occasion and the challenge. The sound of the violins, fiercely true in the upper reaches of "Abide in Love," was extraordinary; only an even slower tempo for the finale could possibly have added anything. (Mr. Mehta might also have measured the first movement in grander steps.) The orchestra elsewhere responded to the abundant treasures of the orchestration. Messiaen knew this would be his last work (he'd announced his intention of devoting his remaining time to a study of time—a treatise on rhythm, planned for decades), and he made of the music a catalogue of colors: clear, rainbow colors of winds, richly mixed colors of strings, and, most magical of all, complex colors of pitched tones from winds or strings mixed with the clatters, sizzles, and knocks of percussion. Voiced by birds, by stars, by numbers, by Messiaen himself, these were the colors of Heaven. ♦

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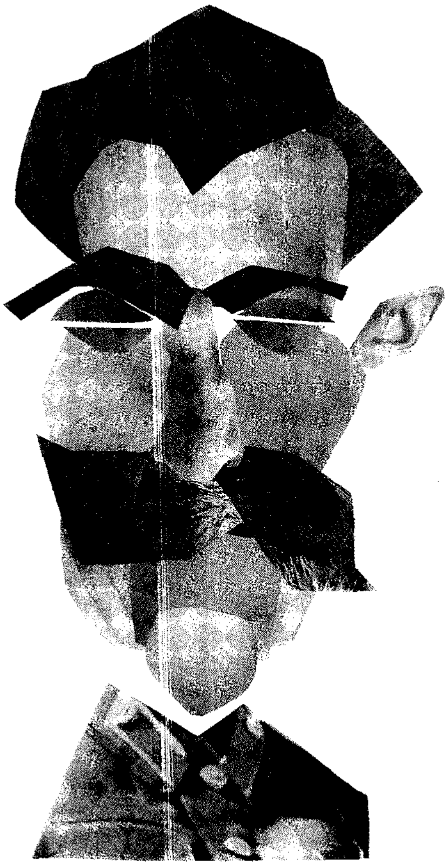
ON TELEVISION

UNCLE JOE AND THE BROTHERS J

by James Wolcott

NORMAN MAILER once compared Russia to a battered wife. For all its former Cold War bluster and military hardware, the country has always cowered inside, beaten blue since the time of the czars. The man who left the most marks on the body politic was Lenin's heir Joseph Stalin, who iced his competition in the Communist Party like Scarface and dominated the Soviet Union until his death, in 1953. Since the enormity of the misery he meted out swamps the mind, the makers of the HBO movie "Stalin" (premièring November 21st) decided to domesticate his brutality, give it a homier feel. As the producer, Mark Carliner, explained in an HBO promo, it's hard to comprehend a monster who murders countless millions, but everyone can relate to the story of a man who wrecks his own family. "He ruined everyone around him: his wife, his daughter, his sons," Robert Duvall echoed in a *Times* interview headlined "Playing Stalin the Man Not Stalin the Monster." A graduate of "The Godfather," Duvall mutters Stalin's dialogue like an aging Corleone as his cronies try to become inconspicuous cardboard cutouts of themselves, to no avail. One by one, Stalin eats his own—friend, foe, and family member alike. But if Russia as a battered spouse is an O.K. metaphor, does it truly function as a governing idea? Is revolution nothing more than a psychodrama everyone's forced to play? A lot of men tyrannize their families; only one became Stalin.



Stalin Dearest: In HBO's new movie, he becomes the Bad Father we can all relate to.

STEPHEN KRONINGER

There's nothing living-room about the look of "Stalin." Directed by Ivan Passer, who's had a rough patch in Hollywood since he fled Czechoslovakia after the 1968 Soviet invasion (his box-office laggards include the cult favorite "Cutter's Way"), "Stalin" was shot on location in Moscow by the master cameraman Vilmos Zsigmond, a Hungarian émigré. (The interiors include Lenin's actual apartment, and Stalin's wartime headquarters.) The cast is all over the map, too: Maximilian Schell, fitted with a huge light-bulb fixture of a head, portrays Lenin; Jeroen Krabbé, Barbra Streisand's cultured creep of a husband in "The Prince of Tides," is Bukharin; John Bowe, the killer in "Prime Suspect," squeaks through the purges as Voroshilov; and Joan Plowright purses her lips as Stalin's mother-in-law, Olga. The narration is by Joanna Roth as Stalin's daughter, Svetlana, who sounds orphaned. No wonder: her mother, Nadya (Julia Ormond), has been driven to suicide by her father, who keeps a shrine to Nadya's memory. Stalin's eyes also mist as he watches a ballerina. As Nabokov warned, beware the sentimentalists. Their tears are drawn from a polluted well.

Cheap sentiment has never been ascribed to Robert Duvall's acting. He's al-

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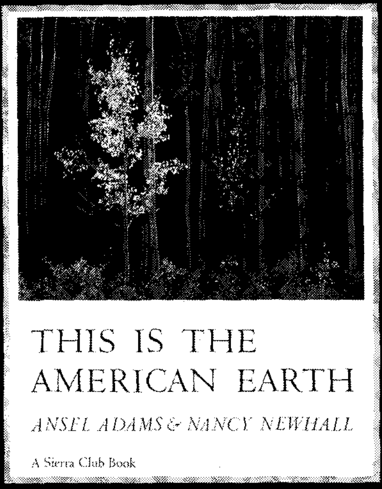

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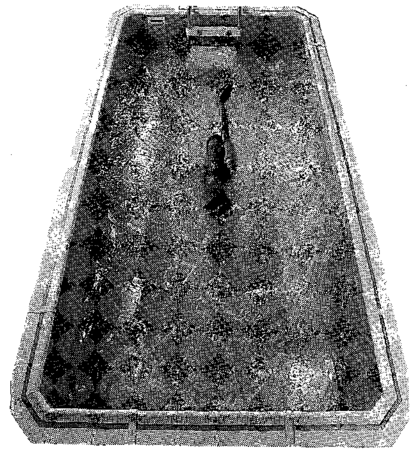

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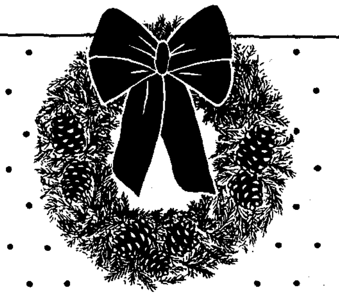

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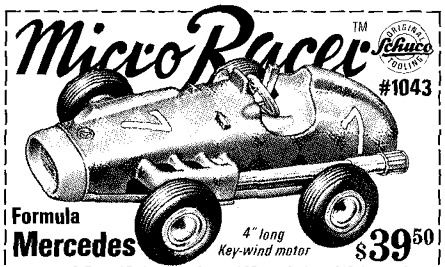

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ways been a clean, reclusive presence onscreen, his high forehead a police badge between him and the rest of humanity. When the role is right, he can seem to be holding a lot in. In the wrong role, he can seem to be keeping a lot out. Stalin is the wrong role. According to Milovan Djilas, in "Conversations with Stalin," Uncle Joe could be brusque and dogmatic but also funny, well informed, and, most of all, alert: "His reactions were quick and acute—and conclusive." He knew how to play those around him—not just military advisers and members of the Politburo but other world leaders, including Churchill and F.D.R. He was, the historian Robert Conquest observed, a bureaucratic mediocrity ("Stalin had a boundless faith in paperwork," one person recalls) harnessed to superhuman will. In his own stunted way, he was a visionary.

There's no scope to Duvall's Stalin. Buried under makeup, he looks rubberized, his head a square chunk of socialist-realist art, but with something farm animal way back in the eyes. He's a barnyard bully with a mind like a snout. There's little hint here of the seminary student Stalin once was, piling bricks of logic to build a prison. Even in early sections, when he's consolidating power, he seems to move at two-thirds speed. He claps his hands as if he were squeezing air together. Newsreel footage reminds us it's World War II. As host of late-night banquets for the high echelon of the Party while the people starve, Stalin rations his own intake as those around him drink themselves stupid. Their eyelids grow heavy—but not as heavy as ours.

RIPPED from its documentary format, "Stalin" represents the recovery era's belief that it is the Bad Father who is at the root of family suffering. Every moody dad lurches toward dictator. Fear and trembling at the approach of the old man's shoe leather supply the nightmare in "The Jacksons: An American Dream" (November 15th and 18th, ABC), a five-hour miniseries written by Joyce Eliason, directed by Karen Arthur. The dark cloud at the door is Joseph Jackson (Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs), who literally whips his boys into pop stardom as the Jackson 5. He doesn't spare the girls, either, applying an angry choke hold to one of his daughters for wanting to date. Jacobs, a former "sweat hog" on the sitcom "Welcome Back, Kotter," cuts the clowning to cast a strong shadow as this pushy patriarch. His naked face reveals a wider range of power than Duvall's inscrutable mask. But there's no way he can out-act the atomic Afro he has to wear once the Jacksons' saga reaches the bell-bottom seventies. Thick and full, this clump of curls could block a chimney.

To balance Joseph's Bad Father is Motown boss Berry Gordy's Good Father, who strokes the kids with kind words instead of switching their behinds. (As Gordy, Billy Dee Williams is so mellow that he seems to be modelling menswear.) The rest of the saga is standard soap-opera filler, as if any of us cared about Marlon's puppy love, or Randy's turn in the spotlight. Musically, the only male Jackson who matters is Michael: his abilities streak a different galaxy from his bros'. "The Jacksons" depicts him as a cherubic crybaby with a weird fantasy outlet. (He confides his hopes and fears to a pet rat under the kitchen table—a forerunner of "Ben's Song.") But what the miniseries can't bottle is the laser dazzle of Michael as a singing-dancing dervish. The restaging of his appearance at the Motown-reunion TV special is a stale potato chip compared with the original. Michael's artistic motivation is missing. To understand how he molded himself through plastic surgery into his ideal image, of a space angel, you'd have to consult Albert Goldman's appreciation in "Sound Bites" or Stanley Crouch's essay in "Notes of a Hanging Judge."

What's wrong with "The Jacksons" is what's wrong with so much TV docudrama—its mushy pop-psych emphasis on pathology over physicality, performance, and pure luck. It's as if no one ever released himself from early repression: the Bad Father is planted between us and happiness like a concrete suit. The hippest pop-music docudrama remains the Alan Freed story, "American Hot Wax," where every door seemed to swing open by itself. The walls in the next room rang with something new. In "The Jacksons," and in "Stalin," too, the rooms have the solemn hush of Historical Reënactment. ♦

BOOKS

GLENN GOULD'S NOTES

by George Steiner

IMMEMORIALLY, myth and legend have battened on virtuoso musicians. Orpheus charmed the underworld, only to be torn to bits by crazed Thracian women. Fable has it that songs kept pouring out of his dead mouth—an eerie intimation of the recordings that today give afterlife to singers and instrumentalists past. Marsyas, master of the flute, was flayed alive by Apollo; and to this day in Anatolia the players of wind instruments in the uplands entertain bitter feuds with the string players in the valleys. Painters, novelists, journalists of the Romantic period were mesmerized by Paganini. His inimitable virtuosity was held to be actually satanic. The Devil in person had varnished his fiddle and, in the gaslit shadows of the concert hall, lent Master Niccolò (itself a diabolical name) an extra finger with which to manage stops and chordal effects that no one, not even Kreisler, has ever reproduced. Franz Liszt, on the contrary, was thought to have commerce with angels; his Études Transcendantales were regarded as precisely that—feats of virtuosity divinely inspired and technically beyond the command of normal skills. Tenors whose high C could shatter church windows, ghostly pipers, organ virtuosos come back from the neighboring graveyard are staples of musical fantasy. Elvis lives.

Early in his career, the Canadian pianist Glenn Gould became the object of myth and fantastication. The spell that he casts on listeners, on certain other performers, on students and historians of music has, if anything, intensified since his early death (haloed with rumor), in October, 1982. The Austrian novelist Thomas Bernhard made Glenn Gould a recurrent presence in his fiction—a talismanic figure of supreme art and renunciation. Now, as Gould recordings previously in archives are pouring onto the market, and as conferences are held on his interpretations and his radical attitude toward public performance, the Glenn Gould industry and cult are snowballing. He is more vividly with us than he was during his years of reclusion, and the aura deepens.

The mesmeric interest of this survival lies not only in the fact that such a legend can gather around a modern persona, for hype and the new media of graphic or sonorous projection create instant idols. The Glenn Gould phenomenon touches on a rarer perception. Like no other composer or executant in our time, Gould gambled on just those developments in electronic gadgetry, in reproductive manipulation and collage, which at first sight look to be most inimical to the immediacy, to the charisma of the star performer. It was in conscious or instinctive imitation of those legendary heroes who ride into sunsets, who disappear into mountain caverns but carry with them the promise of radiant return, that Gould isolated

Glenn Gould: A new collection of the late pianist's letters elucidates his eccentricities and passions.

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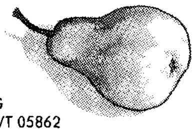

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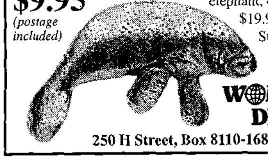

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himself, rejected public triumphs, sought out the core of privacy within the new technologies of fidelity and conservation. Like another eminent Canadian of his day, Marshall McLuhan (they knew and admired each other), Glenn Gould discovered for himself and his art the myth in the machine.

Hence the weight of ardent technicality in his "Selected Letters," edited and compiled by John P. L. Roberts and Ghyslaine Guertin (Oxford; $29.95). Pages are devoted to Ampex 440s and the variabilities of 175 tapes; to diverse Canadian Broadcasting Corporation consoles and the signal-to-noise ratios that they allow; to recording at 15 ips non-Dolby and the loss of the "206ness" of the 206 tape, which Gould judged to be vital to a just recapture of his playing of the Scriabin sonatas. With perfect logic, this same meticulous attention to the material means of interpretation and projection applies to the piano itself. A crop of letters, sometimes incensed, deals with the inadequacies of the instruments that Steinway provided for Gould. His knowledge of every nuance of touch and tension, of amplification and registration exceeded that of most acoustical engineers and craftsmen. Certain Steinways—notably the CD 318, which Gould bought in 1973—take on a legendary substance of their own. Others are assigned angrily to limbo. (Generations combed the tombs and sanctuaries of Greece and of Asia Minor for Orpheus' lyre or speculated on the mathematical mystery of its stringing.)

Glenn Gould's increasing obsession with the opportunities offered by computers and quadraphonic tapes for tonal fidelity and for the assemblage of bits of performance into an immaculate whole relates directly to his notorious withdrawal from the concert hall. He made his début on the organ, in Toronto, in December, 1945, at the age of thirteen. His last public performance took place in Los Angeles on April 10, 1964. Contingent factors played their part. An accidental injury to his left arm and shoulder, suffered at Steinway Hall in late 1959, continued to plague him. Causing a fracas, Leonard Bernstein had dissociated himself and the New York Philharmonic from the reading of Brahms's First Piano Concerto that Gould gave with them in April, 1962. A distaste for air travel, which grew fanatical, would have made impossible the continuance of a modern concert schedule. Eccentricities of manner, dress, and diet made even more complicated Gould's contacts with impresarios, concert agents, conductors (a perilous breed at their best), and the general musical public. But the abstention from live performance and the usual world of the virtuoso stemmed from a central vision.

As early as 1961, Gould could state his preference:

> Strangely, I have always preferred working in a studio, making records or doing radio or television, and for me, the microphone is a friend, not an enemy and the lack of an audience—the total anonymity of the studio—provides the greatest incentive to satisfy my own demands upon myself without consideration for, or qualification by, the intellectual appetite, or lack of it, on the part of the audience. My own view is, paradoxically, that by pursuing the most narcissistic relations to artistic satisfaction one can best fulfil the fundamental obligation of the artist of giving pleasure to others.

During a searching radio documentary on the effects of the recording industry on modern life, which he broadcast in January, 1965, Gould stated his credo. About his use of extracts from a Frank Martin recording by Ferenc Fricsay, he wrote, "I selected it because of its incredible balance of the three solo instruments, something which, as I point out in the script, would be virtually unobtainable in a concert hall and could only be done with such perfection before the microphone." For Gould, authenticity was the absolute contrary of spontaneity. Only repetition, electronic control, splicing in the quiet of the studio could hope to achieve both technical perfection and the undisturbed enactment of a personal style. The response of a Serkin or a Rubinstein to this credo can be readily imagined. But Gould proved uncompromising:

> At best the presence of the audience was a matter of indifference; at worst, impossible to reconcile with the essentially private act of music-making. In my opinion, music is much more cogently and creatively served by the recording studio or via any medium which permits one the luxury of second-guessing, so to speak, the interpretive decision. Obviously, film does this, as does radio and television and, for that reason, I've directed my activities toward those media exclusively.

There are haunting analogies with that other loner and virtuoso narcissist Bobby Fischer. Magicians of their complex crafts, scornful of yet hungry for certain orders of acclaim and notoriety, contemptuous of almost all their peers and of the public, both Fischer and Gould pressed performative detail to the pitch of lunacy. (How well Fischer would understand the celebrated legend of Gould's unwillingness to play because a piano chair was a sixteenth of an inch too high!) More essentially, each man knew and honored only one partner, an adversary—namely, himself. "Private act" rigorously defines the paradox of self-satisfaction and self-abuse at the covert heart of their eminence.

Idiosyncrasies at once ascetic and self-indulgent marked Glenn Gould's playing. His essays, articles, sleeve notes are eloquent, astute apologias for interpretations that struck many of his peers and listeners as wildly arbitrary. (No other piano virtuoso in our day, save Alfred Brendel, writes as persuasively as Gould did.) These letters also document the polemic stance Gould adopted in regard to rhythm, intonation, and register. "Organic unity" becomes the imperative criterion. Looking back from the vantage point of Schoenberg, a constant reference, Gould resolves to perform the classic nineteenth-century repertoire so that the determinant will be "organic unity and not the continual acknowledgement of the sort of coalition of inequalities which, it seems to me, underlies most interpretations," and he adds, "All that I am doing is deliberately reducing the masculine and feminine contrast of theme-areas in favor of revealing the correspondences of structural material between thematic blocks." Gould deplores "the impossibly teutonic and unrelenting manner which is so often applied not only to the stern granitular side of Beethoven but to the contemplative side as well." He will not defend the liberties he takes with the Mozart K.330 "on any grounds other than those of instinct," and he says, "However, when I do arbitrarily change a phrase marking or dynamic indication, I do attempt to integrate it into the concept of the work as a whole and not to allow it to be simply and exclusively a notion of the moment without relation to the total conception." Gould cheerfully admits that he possesses no metronome. He construes and translates into matchless technique an inward architecture of sound.

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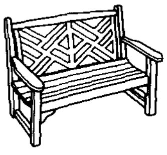

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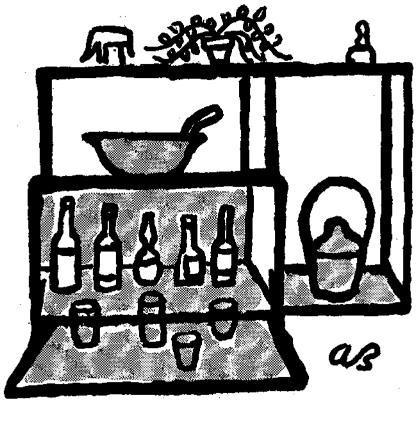
Gould had started his public career as an organ prodigy. Working and reworking Bach, he arrived at the view that if Bach was to be performed on a modern piano at all "one has to attempt to some degree to simulate the terraced registration of the harpsichord," and sacrifice, in some measure, the "colouristic qualities of the piano." And, indeed, in Gould's finest recordings of Bach there is a luminosity, sharp and dry and as strangely intoxicating as a Canadian winter morning, that implies the presence of the harpsichord. If he were required to spend the rest of his days on the proverbial desert island, Gould would play and listen to the music of one composer, Bach:

> I really can't think of any other music which is so all-encompassing, which moves me so deeply and so consistently, and which, to use a rather imprecise word, is valuable beyond all of its skill and brilliance for something more meaningful than that—its humanity.

An exact and moving formulation. Yet also one that leaves too much elided. There was no great composer more thoroughly steeped in public performance than Bach, none more masterly in his awareness of the physical, gestural bonds between a musical phrase and both the performers and the audience and community around them. "Humanity" is, moreover, almost paradoxical. Bach's sovereignty is scarcely separable from his vehement religious faith, from his conception of music as being in the exultant service of God. Gould's silence in respect of his own position remained, so far as I know, unbroken.



Of compelling interest is Gould's exploration and championing of little-known or neglected composers and works. This analytic ironist relished Richard Strauss, in whom he saw an opponent to the mainstream. He emphasized the Strauss fixation on tonality in contrast with "the restlessness of Schoenberg, the recklessness of Stravinsky, the cabalistic caution of Webern etc." He found dismissals of the later Strauss works as autumnal romanticism absurdly mistaken. Like Horowitz, Gould admired and performed the piano sonatas of Scriabin. Unfashionably, he strove to make the music of Ernst Krenek better known, particularly in the New World. Posthumous releases of Gould's playing include the virtually unperformed piano pieces by Bizet. He admired and played Oscar Morawetz, a Canadian teacher and composer. "My current enthusiasm," Gould writes in December, 1971, "is the music of Fartein Valen." The compositions of this Norwegian recluse impressed Gould as some of "the most extraordinary music of the 20th century." Concomitantly, Gould had no hesitation in judging negatively works that are conventionally regarded as supreme: "Some thoughts on the 'Hammerklavier': it is, as I'm sure you know, the longest, most inconsiderate, and probably least rewarding piece that Beethoven wrote for the piano." It is indeed "hopelessly unpianistic." From the very start, Gould had an explicitness and peremptoriness of opinion, be it with reference to classical music, to jazz, to the stock market, or to fellow-musicians, which simultaneously shielded and isolated his own jagged edges.

If music and its forms were the center, Canada provided the live context. Characteristically, it was to the Canadian Arctic that Glenn Gould turned for the embodiment of spacious solitude, of a severe grace and a quality of light that could be found nowhere else. He harvested these sensations in a memorable documentary. It was Canadian informality and Canadian skepticism toward an overwhelming neighbor to the south which quickened Gould's personal mannerisms and his relations with Columbia Records and American impresarios. Although a patron of much slenderer means, the BBC, in London, turned out to be a more creative partner. Like McLuhan, Gould bridled at Canadian philistinism and rejoiced in the robustness and privacies of Canada's emerging culture. The lectures, the recording sessions, the series on music (twenty-one programs at one go) which Glenn Gould made for Canadian radio and television are little short of monumental. Quite simply, they add up to a major feat of national education, of encouragement, by a teacher-patriot of rare devotion.

With very few exceptions, these published letters avoid intimacy. They deal with professional and public matters. Included are examples of Gould's sometimes wicked humor and skills at parody. There are flashes of macabre wit concerning his own infirmities, recurrent mists of depression, and even some of the eccentricities he cultivated with such tactical resource. There is only one instant of private mystery. It occurs near the end, in a letter found among Gould's handwritten journals and tentatively dated 1980. The editors speak of the identity of "Dell," to whom the letter is addressed, as "difficult to determine." Presumably, there are those who know. Gould speaks of being "deeply in love with a certain beaut. girl." He has asked her to marry him, she has turned him down, "but I still love her more than anything in the world and every min. I can spend with her is pure heaven." He pleads with Dell to let him know when he can see her. "If there were other such letters, they have not survived." (So the editors.) The echo of Beethoven is strangely apt. Here, also, there was the "unknown loved one"—the *ferne*, or distant one, in an existence otherwise fiercely cut off from intimacies. And here, as well, there is, perhaps, only one scrap of reliable evidence.

The essays on music, the films, the published pressings, and the treasure house of tapes constitute a formidable legacy. They will be played, imitated, argued over interminably, as will the undying games of Bobby Fischer. To many, "the Glenn Gould sound" is unique and indispensable. I am not trying to be clever when I admit that what I often miss when I listen to the recordings of other keyboard masters is the accompanying song or cadenced hum. There are those whom this Gould habit maddens. As with Pablo Casals, I find his "vocalizing" of a passage uncannily instructive and solacing. It is as if Gould were telling us that even his dizzying command of the piano was not entirely adequate to the richness of the piece, and that for all music it is the human voice that remains the source and the tuning fork. ♦

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PETER ACKROYD'S MUSIC

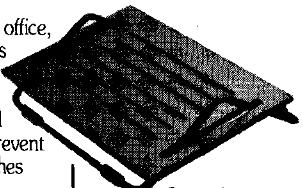
by Verlyn Klinkenborg

IN Peter Ackroyd's sixth novel, "English Music" (Knopf; $23), a great thickness of remembered time lies over the English landscape like a new fall of snow. "Yes," the book begins, "I have returned to the past." This voice belongs to Timothy Harcombe, narrating the events of his youth from a cavern deep in old age in 1992. Timothy is the son of Clement Harcombe, a fake medium who has prospered in London during the nineteen-twenties by using Timothy's (very real) psychic gifts, which the boy himself is slow to discern. Onstage at the Chemical Theatre, with his father as mouthpiece, Timothy deciphers the worries and heals the wounds of the small audience that assembles there. At home, the two talk about what Clement Harcombe calls "English music," by which, Timothy says, "he meant not only music itself but also English history, English literature and English painting."

It's one of Timothy's unworldly quirks that in every other chapter of "English Music" he has dreams or fits that land him in the midst of oddly jumbled settings, drawn from paintings he has seen or music he has heard or books that have been read to him at bedside by his father. (Timothy's mother, who died in childbirth, was named Cecilia, we learn; the reader begins to smell an allegory.) In the first of Timothy's dreams, he meets Lewis Carroll's Alice and John Bunyan's Christian. Later, he finds himself in a Gainsborough painting and on Crusoe's island and in the seventeenth-century classroom of the composer William Byrd. It's hard to tell whether these visions are meant to be some sort of curriculum or a sign of spiritual election. Then in the final dream, a pale echo of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," Clement Harcombe appears as the Maimed King, and the last words Timothy hears in it are his father's: "The old order changes, yielding place to the new, but I am eternal for I am Albion."

Clement Harcombe is not only eternal and Albion; he's also an inveterate gambler and a circus magician, one of a long line of circus magicians—though we don't learn that until late in the book. In early days, when Timothy and his father are still a team, a circle of misfits—people who have been healed of one ailment or another—gathers around Clement Harcombe; they attend impromptu evening sessions at his home, during which he "would lecture them, provoke them, teach them, prompt them, lead them forward into a world which they hardly knew to exist." A dwarf, a waiter, a man who pushes a tea van, a piano tuner, and a scornful beauty who later becomes Clement's lover: these are young Timothy's extended family. As his father becomes more elliptical, Timothy is sent to his maternal grandparents, for a conventional education. He grows up a little, he dreams, he grows up some more, he dreams, he takes after his father, and soon "English Music" has unwound all the way.

"What was the nature of inheritance?" Timothy wonders. That question, a good one, pervades "English Music." To whom do the riches of any cultural tradition descend, and by what right, and how are they passed down? But the real issue in this novel, as in all matters of cultural transmission, isn't inheritance. That may be the means, but authority is the end, and the two are inseparable. Timothy learns this not from his father but from William Hogarth, who pops up in another of Timothy's dreams, midway through "English Music." The painter leads the bewildered boy out of eighteenth-century Bedlam, where they have witnessed all the torments of hell, and they pass a mad fiddler sawing at his violin, wearing sheet music on his head. "En-



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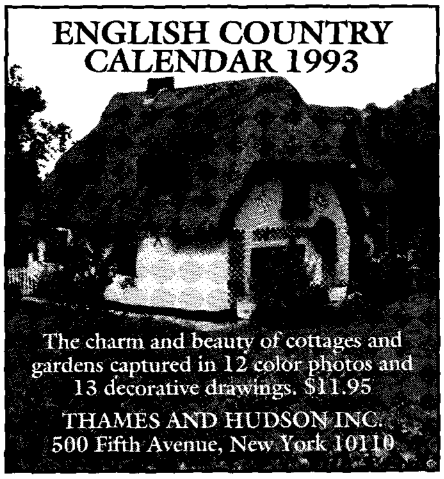

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glish music," Hogarth declares, "but played without any inheritance or authority."

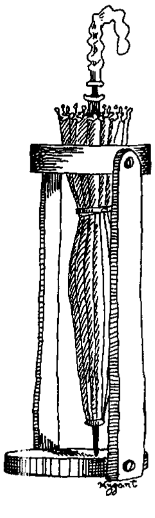
The anxiety of influence is one familiar model of inheritance—a model full of pompous poetic fathers and upstart poetic sons fighting over the literary estate. But Ackroyd's model of inheritance is benign, pre-romantic—a mixture of English rationalism and genteel baptism, like being dunked in a river of warm ink while the tribes of Helicon watch from the shore. His poets aren't loners, and they don't wrestle for their legacy; it envelops them at birth, like the green, rolling landscape of southern England. "Our English genius," Hogarth tells Timothy, "may flourish for a while and then decay . . . but its true spirit remains intact and ready to be gathered up by each succeeding generation even to the end of time—or of England."

How it is gathered up is another question. At one point in "English Music" Ackroyd employs an eighteenth-century subgenre called the progress poem, which was used to trace the evolution of almost anything—agriculture or liberty or, in William Cowper's case, the sofa. But the subject then was often the progress of poetry itself, tracing the line of true descent as it passed from generation to generation. The result was usually a narrow, fervid canon. In Chapter 16 of "English Music" the reader comes upon Ackroyd's progress poem: a literary imitation of Blake with a poetic genealogy that runs from Caedmon and Chaucer to Ernest Dowson, via Shakespeare, Donne, Milton, Dryden, and Thomas Chatterton (whose significance Ackroyd grievously overrates, as he did in the novel he named after that poet). What binds this literary succession together is the force of the English language. That, says Milton, who speaks in this chapter, "is the only substance, For everything exists there and not One note nor word nor work, Cadence or syllable, not one can pass away."

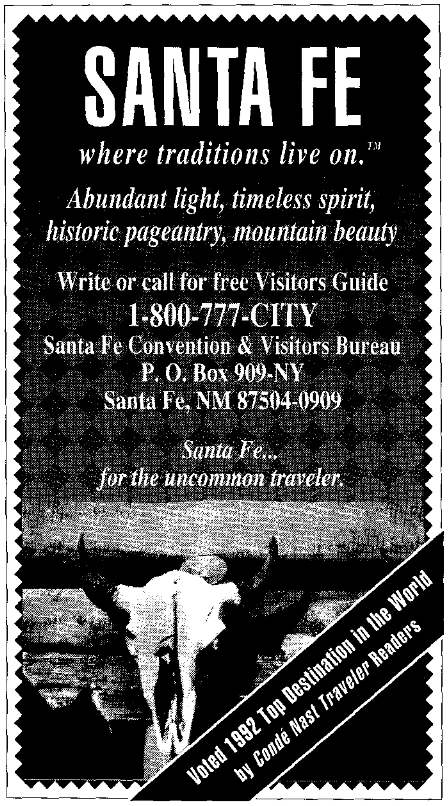
Obviously, Ackroyd's version of cultural dynamics is at once romantic and conservative, and perhaps not necessarily to be disparaged for being so. But what if you're not just nostalgic about English literature? What if you still feel the real force of Shakespeare or Milton—or even Dowson? What if the stuff *matters* to you? Then I don't think "English Music" can matter to you, too.

There's something truly demoralizing about seeing Timothy running around with Pip and Estella and Miss Havisham, as he does in Chapter 4. Read "Great Expectations" (or Bunyan or Blake or Defoe) and you can sense the kind of inheritance that's missing from the visionary chapters of "English Music"—a tradition rooted in expansiveness and depth, not mere learning. It sounds like a ridiculous question, but on whose authority do these characters from other works appear in Ackroyd's novel, anyway? Never mind the clever epistemological confusion that comes when Obstinate, from "The Pilgrim's Progress," says to Timothy, "You may turn out to be a character, after all." Timothy *is* a character—though only a provisional one from posterity's point of view—and listening to him talk to Miss Havisham is like watching Paula Abdul dance with the Gene Kelly of "Anchors Aweigh" in her diet-Coke commercial: it's a presumptuous equivalent.

But Ackroyd is partial to epistemological confusion, and his novels, including "Hawksmoor" (1986) and "Chatterton" (1987), tend to proceed in ways that suggest the permeability of ordinary time. The present, Ackroyd seems to feel, is the simultaneity of all the presents that belong to what we call the past. He's especially interested in the psychic interpenetration of creator and creation—so much so that in reading his rather numbing biography of Dickens one often came to feel that there was no distinction in Dickens's mind between the ghosts of his past, the characters he created, and the present-day reality of his own existence.



Though no one doubts the immortality of Magwitch and Pip, there is nothing illusory about maintaining that Dickens once existed in a different way from his characters. (Common sense isn't necessarily a form of surrender.) But in "English Music," as in "Dickens," they are all there together somehow, on the same plane: creators, creations, edi-



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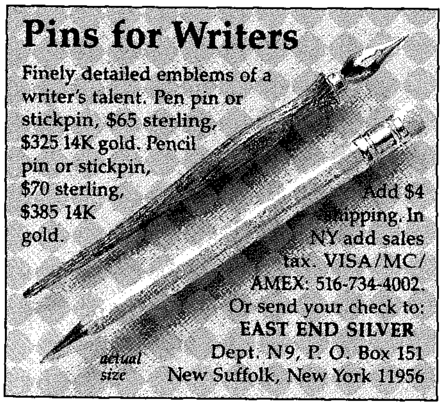

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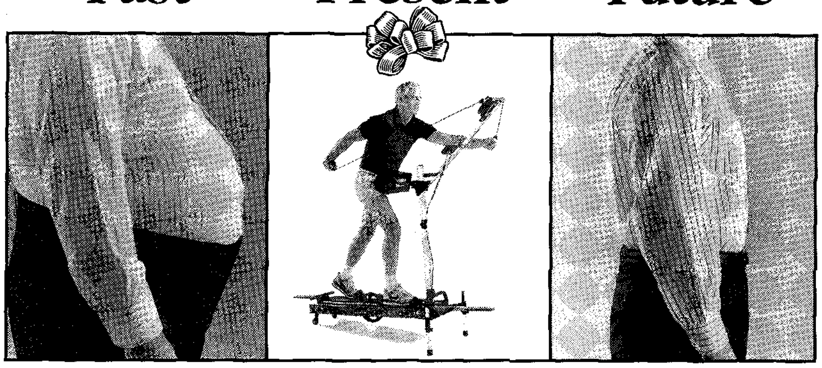

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tors, agents, readers, scholars, past, present, nouns, pronouns, all coexisting in a world whose "substance is language," which "In its light and life . . . ever remains unaltered." It is as if Ackroyd were trying to depict the power of religious faith by describing a Heaven no one would want to visit.

The borrowed characters in this novel—Alice, Christian, Miss Havisham, Albion—can be only as big as Timothy, after all, and that is not big enough. In "English Music," Ackroyd's imitations of Defoe and Blake and Dickens and Malory only remind the reader how wan these imitations really are. The story of English literature becomes a parlor game through which Timothy—the hero of what might have been a pretty fair conventional novel—sullenly wanders. In the end, Clement Harcombe's death reminded me of another scene of literary inheritance, this one from Dryden's great satire "Mac Flecknoe," in which Flecknoe, a bad poet, leaves his powers to Shadwell, a poet who is even worse: "The mantle fell to the young prophet's part, With double portion of his father's art." In Dryden's poem, every word of praise is twinned with an irony that undercuts it, and his meaning is never in doubt. But when Clement Harcombe passes his circus act on to Timothy the reader is left wondering: Is it princely succession, Albion bequeathing his powers to a new king, or just an old magician handing down props to his son? The problem is that in "English Music" it really doesn't matter: to name the poets is not necessarily to seize their fire. ♦

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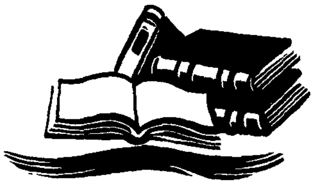

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Memories of the Ford Administration
by John Updike (Knopf; $23)

THE jacket art of Mr. Updike's new book—the left side of Gerald Ford's face aligned, in crime-lab fashion, with the right side of James Buchanan's—boldly announces the slightly schizoid nature of the novel within. "Memories" is half a "Couples"-like story of wife swapping and bedroom adventuring during the Ford Administration and half a meditation on the life and times, more than a hundred years earlier, of the fussy, priggish Pennsylvanian who was our fifteenth President. The immediate link in this unlikely pairing is one Alfred Clayton, a history teacher at a small New England women's college, who in a kind of extended "compare and contrast" term paper, complete with footnotes, interleaves recollections of his unravelling marriage and frantic love life with entire chapters of a Buchanan biography he was working on at the time. Thanks to Alf's free-ranging habits of association, the alternation is less jarring than one might suspect; nevertheless, the differences between the two eras are far greater than the similarities, and at times the whole enterprise seems a fierce, and even violent, yoking of opposites. What holds the book together is Alf's ironic, professorial personality and his (or Updike's) eye for telling period detail. Fittingly, in a book about the intersection of public and private, Updike has never been more lavish and meticulous in his evocation of interiors—from candlelit Lancaster drawing rooms, to Alf's junk-filled bachelor pad, to a mirrored and parqueted Russian palace, to a lover's insides, imagined here as a well-ordered little city.

GENERAL

Free Speech for Me—But Not for Thee: How the American Left and Right Relentlessly Censor Each Other
by Nat Hentoff (HarperCollins; $25)

WITH impressive common sense—and a lot of examples—Mr. Hentoff argues that all of us must resist the temptation to silence opinions that differ from our own. His book reports instances of suppression and censorship of speech, books, and expression, often in the name of some righteous purpose; in one of the first cases he cites, a child was forbidden to read his own Bible to himself during a free reading period in a public school whose administration claimed that it was thereby upholding the separation of church and state. Mr. Hentoff finds that college administrators have become tyrannical in their insistence that "hate speech" is taboo, and, in school and out, he is particularly critical of liberals who (for one example) believe so intensely in a woman's right to choose that they try to gag right-to-lifers. In many instances, he recognizes that there are balances to adjust—between, say, the right of parents to teach their children their own values and the duty of educators to teach masterpieces, such as "Huckleberry Finn." The effect of his evidence is cumulative: we find ourselves concluding that we must trust the free market in ideas or we won't be free at all.

The Wives of Henry VIII
by Antonia Fraser (Knopf; $25)

A BIOGRAPHY of six women—most of them unfortunate—recounted with the storytelling skill and the scholarship that we expect from this author. She emphasizes that although their lives and liberties were circumscribed by the subordinate role assigned to females in the sixteenth century, Henry's wives (with the possible exception of the fifth, Katherine Howard, who was beheaded for adultery) were intelligent and capable women. Fraser plays no favorites among them, and recognizes that the public has outgrown the religious partisanship that used to afflict writing about Henry's reign; hers is an up-to-date, feminist perspective. She offers social as well as political background, enabling us to appreciate the harsh, even brutal, human relations that accompanied the elegance, artistry, learning—the glamour—of a Renaissance court.

Japan at War: An Oral History
by Haruko Taya Cook and Theodore F. Cook (New Press; $27.50)

THE authors write that Japanese society—politicians, historians, teachers, ordinary citizens—has tacitly suppressed memories of the Second World War and evaded efforts to think critically about Japan's role. This book is an attempt to uncover the experience of that society before the last generation of witnesses departs. The gripping and disturbing interviews start with the Japanese attack on and occupation of Manchuria in 1931, recall the Japanese assault on China in 1937, and go on through the war that began on December 7, 1941. There are many recollections of atrocities, such as the Japanese habit of using live prisoners for bayonet practice, and some of patriotic exaltation. But although the Cooks try for diversity, almost all the people interviewed leave an impression of nearly unrelieved wretchedness and of fear—particularly fear of their own savagely repressive government. One man says, "If we'd won . . . we might have been more miserable. Maybe we should thank America."

Ota Benga: The Pygmy in the Zoo
by Phillips Verner Bradford and Harvey Blume (St. Martin's; $22.95)

THIS arresting story tells us that in September, 1906, the people of New York could go to the Bronx Zoo and see a human being on exhibition in the Monkey House. Ota Benga, a four-foot-eleven-inch Pygmy from the Congo, had been purchased and brought to this country as part of an anthropological display at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. In the zoo, Ota Benga had to go through a routine of antics and grimaces for the crowd. He created a sensation in the city, but little indignation; the only organized protest came from some black clergymen. The authors recount the details of Ota Benga's melancholy adventures in America after his "release," and much else besides: the beginnings of the era of World's Fairs; the exploration, and exploitation, of "darkest Africa"; missionaries; and Darwinism. What stays with us, however, is the image of the small black man looking through the bars of his cage. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

BROKEN ENGLISH

by Calvin Trillin

DURING a recent breakfast at the house of some friends in London, I was forced to ask my host, straight out, what "gormless" meant. I had noticed that one of the English papers, in its American coverage, described MTV as "the gormless pop video channel."

In England, I'm constantly asking what something means. As a result, reading the papers with me over breakfast is not considered a stress-free way of starting the day. Considerate American guests are expected to ask one or two initial questions at breakfast—say, about whether there is some nutritional purpose behind the English custom of drying out the toast thoroughly in one of those little silver racks before eating it—and then keep a decent peace.

In my defense, I should say that I had tried to puzzle out "gormless" for myself by tossing the root word around in a couple of forms: "I'm impressed that MTV no longer falls back on any cheap gorming," and "The man is completely lacking in common gorm."

I often manage to figure out a piece of English slang without assistance. The day before, it had been obvious to me what one paper meant by referring to someone as the new "supremo" of ITV—an English television channel that is considered at least marginally less gormless than MTV. (I can pass on that information with some confidence, because my host informed me that "gormless" means "lacking discernment or thought"—what I believe my daughters would call ditz-brained.)

Over the years, I've had only a mild interest in the differing usages that Americans have traditionally employed to make facile characterizations of the mother country. ("Where else would cops be courteous enough to refer to a lineup as an identity parade, and antique dealers be quaint enough to categorize old pitchforks as farming bygones, and restaurant proprietors be dowdy enough to include on menus a vegetable dish known as mushy peas?") I do like to keep up with the new slang, though, and on my recent trip I came to realize that I'm falling behind.

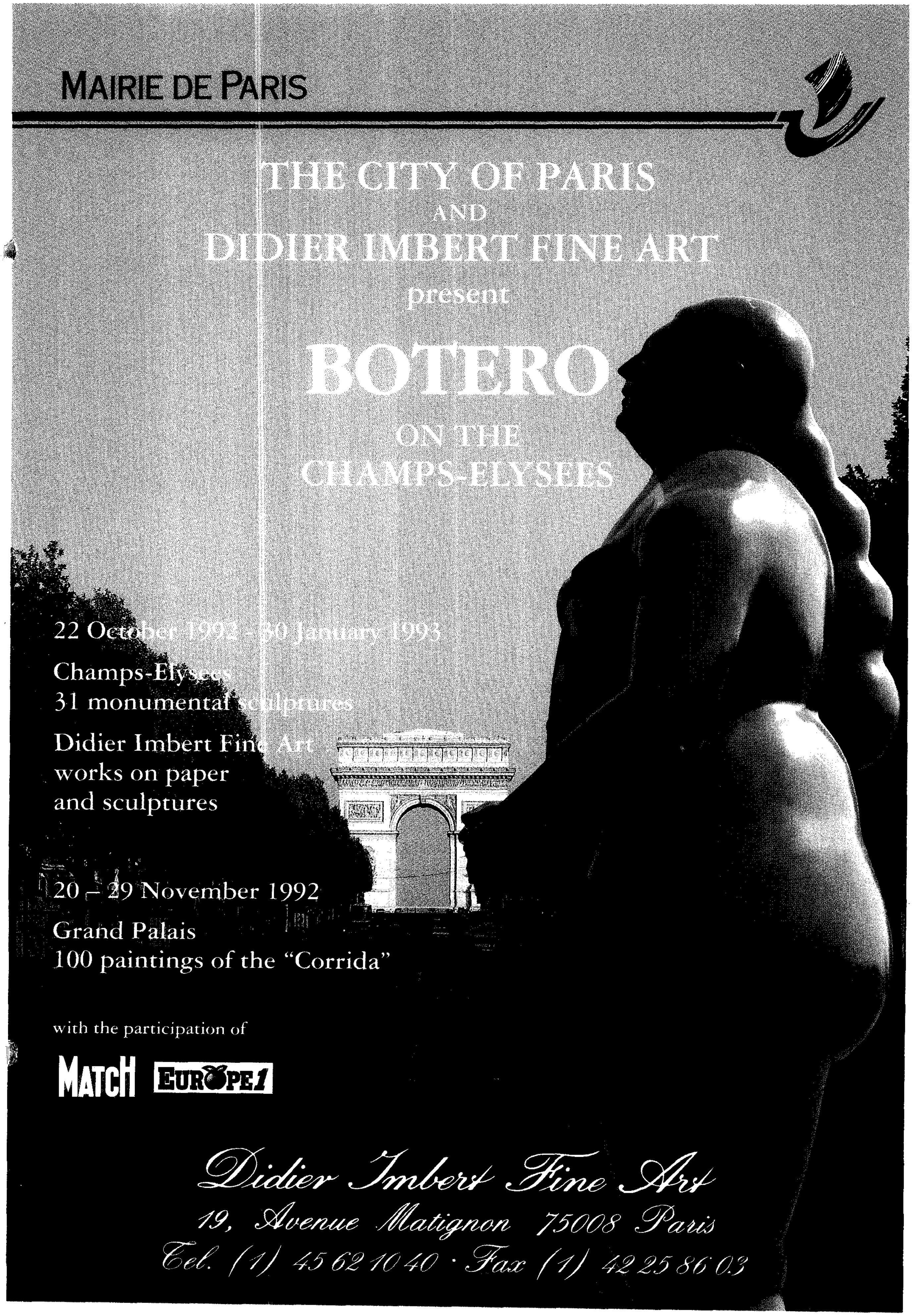
Some Britishers might be falling behind themselves. My host seemed to be on shaky ground when I looked up from the paper one morning and asked him to define "raver," which he thought of as a loud partygoer. When I asked the same question of my host's daughter, she left the impression that her father's answer had reflected a certain gormlessness. Analyzing ravers as a distinct subculture, she explained that they often go around in baggy black trousers, and sometimes carry whistles, and often take the drug Ecstasy during raves, and dance to music she doesn't happen to care for. ("It does my head in.")

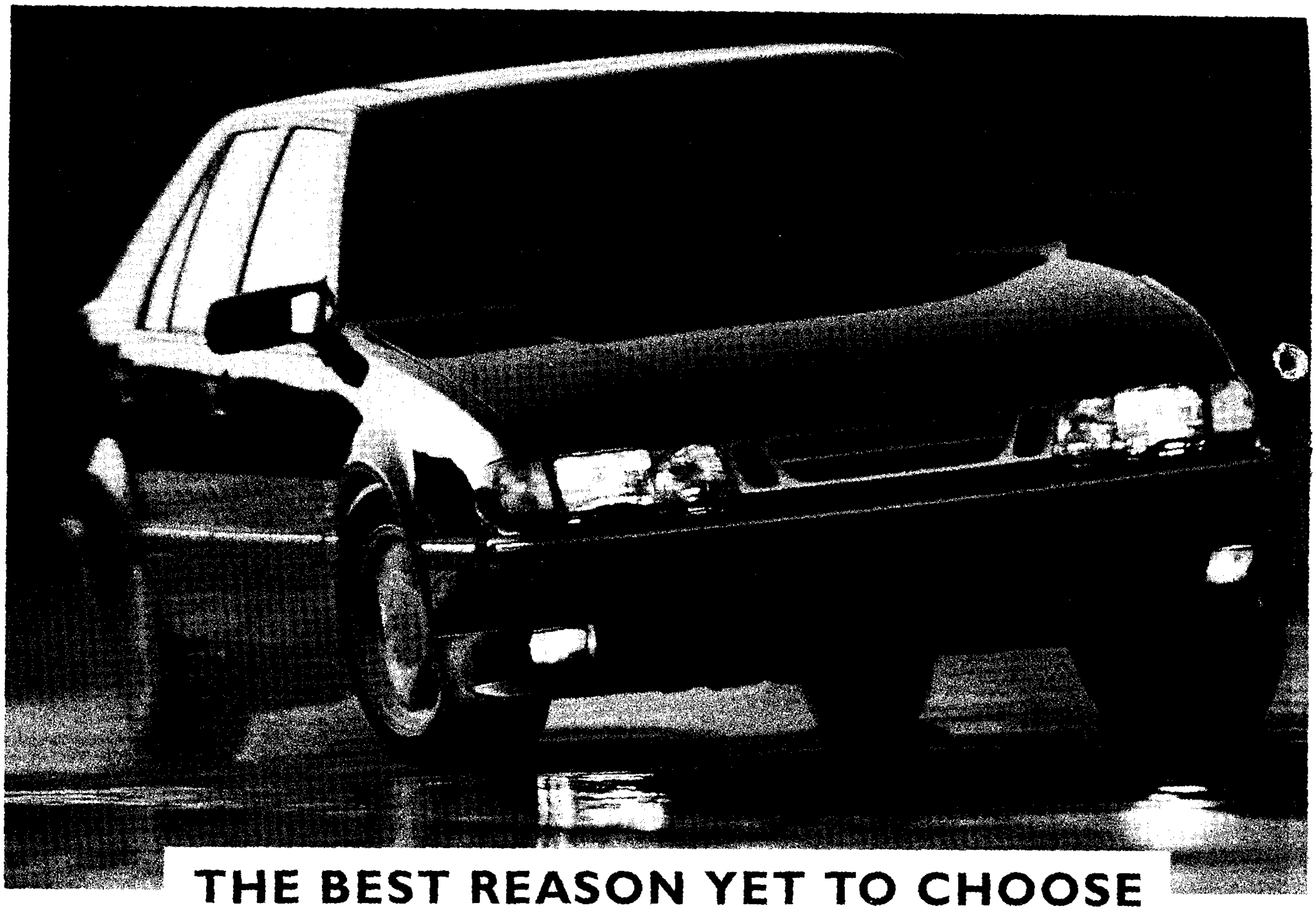
ANDERS WENNGREN

Her father had at least been on the right track. I would call him slightly out of date rather than ditz-brained. On the other hand, neither he nor anyone else in the family could identify a word I ran across in an *Independent* piece on Sir Nicholas Fairbairn, a Scottish Member of Parliament, who remarked that some of the women in the House are simply "cagmags, scrub heaps, old tattles." It was easy to get the drift of "scrub heap"; nobody wants to be called a heap of anything. I'm familiar with old tattles; I have even been tattled on by a few of them. But "cagmag"?

I figured it was a term like "sitcom," formed by putting together a couple of first syllables that might have done everybody a favor by remaining in their own words. I asked an assortment of Britishers, to no avail. I consulted a dictionary of slang, but it was silent on the subject of cagmags. As a last resort, I tried the Oxford English Dictionary, which informed me that a cagmag is a tough old goose—and has been, at least in parts of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, since the late eighteenth century. As far as I could gather, the opponents of Margaret Thatcher had gone through her entire reign as the country's supremo without that information on hand.

While I had the O.E.D. out, I looked up "gormless," just on a hunch. There it was—dated to 1883 in its current spelling, and to 1746 in a previous version, "gaumless." I found all that discouraging. I had been having difficulty enough keeping up with fresh English slang. Now it turns out that they're adding words from both ends. ♦





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